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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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QUEEN SIRIKIT'S MAGNIFICENT WARDROBE
Pages 10, 11

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDEN BOOK
PAGES 27, 29, 31, 33

£3000 RECIPE CONTEST—page 55

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OUR GARDENING BOOK

● Beginning in this issue, we present our regular gardening notes in a new form—specially sized so that you can cut them out and paste them in an exercise book.

IN this way you can make your own gardening book.

In the first section (pages 27 to 33) are 16 miniature pages, many of them color-illustrated.

And in them an expert begins your gardening book by answering the questions home gardeners most often ask.

Cut out and paste up the pages in this issue and add to your gardening book each week. All the information you'll collect will delight you.

Our cover

● Queen Sirikit in the brilliant orange organza gown she wore to "Orpheus in the Underworld" at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre. The Queen's sparkling diamonds and outsize white satin stole added to her fairytale appearance. Cover picture by staff photographer Don Cameron. More color pictures, pages 10, 11.

Next Week's Issue:

● Sewing for summer leisure

You can make your prettiest summer holiday wardrobe ever with a six-page "Sewing for Summer Leisure" section in our next issue.

Specially designed for the home dressmaker, it contains:

● Four-in-one pattern for three short-cut tunic tops and tailored slacks, all in one pattern for 3/6.
● Three-in-one pattern for three cute "breeze caps," 3/6.
● Crochet instructions for a high-fashion bolero and bag.
● A beach-towel cum muu-muu you can draft from diagrams and instructions printed in the paper.
● Full drafting and making details for an organdie cape-hood.

● Small cakes and biscuits

More than 70 recipes for small cakes and biscuits are in an eight-page cookbook in our next issue.

To serve at afternoon teas and other parties, to cater for the family appetites—you'll find a wonderful selection of recipes to please all tastes.

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WELCOME HOME, TANIA!

MISS INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY, Tania Verstak, looked radiant when she arrived home in Sydney last week from her triumphant trip to the United States. No, said Tania, she wasn't engaged — the ring she was wearing was a friend's gift.

Picture by staff photographer ERNIE NUTT

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After 5 years—a cookbook



● *Chef Arthur Nice . . . "I'd like to meet the man who could hold back a souffle."*

- ***How hot should a sauce be?***
- ***Who really named Peach Melba?***
- ***Are pimentos used to flavor Chicken a la King?***
- ***How to translate Mostele, Mustele, and Motelle***

. . . the correct answer to each of these questions has been sending England's master chefs into a frenzy.



● *Chef Dansie . . . "The truth (about Peach Melba) is not easy to unravel."*

● **For the past four years a committee of 19 of England's leading chefs and a French language expert have met with rigid regularity to compile a new cookery book. They will continue to meet for another year, after which the result of their research—"Codex Culinaris"—will be published.**

—*From*—
MAUREEN GREGSON, in London

THE first book of its kind, "Codex Culinaris" is being written to ensure that when a named dish is ordered it is made according to the authentic recipe.

No addition, subtraction, or deviation from the traditional method will be included—and thereby hangs a tale.

Every chef has his own idea of how each dish should be prepared and is willing to stake his white cap on being right.

Every chef is an artist to his fingertips.

So to make the decision on what is and is not correct is a courageous task.

Insults may be hurled, temperaments displayed, reputations won or lost in a half-hour sitting, but in the end agreement is usually reached.

So accurate

Chairman of the experts is Mr. A. E. Simms, the only British member on the Council of the Conseil Culinaire Francais, Fellow of the Hotel and Catering Institute of Great Britain (the body behind "Codex Culinaris"), head of the Department of Catering and Bakery at Portsmouth College of Technology, England.

Mr. Simms is ruthlessly benign with his committee, a tactful perfectionist who manages to extract the correct answers and soothe affronted members at the same time.

"As this is the first standard British textbook to be produced, it must be accurate in every detail," he said.

"Students and the public will expect it. Also we must try to avoid gastronomic criticism from people who have cooked the originals.

"Each member of the committee must be prepared for his work to be torn to pieces by the others, but I'm afraid some of them don't take too kindly to this.

"We've had quite a few little differences to overcome."

How hot should a hot sauce be?

This was the biggest little difference to date.

Could the word "boil" be used or should the sauce simply be "very hot"?

Controversy raged hot and fierce.

Some members supported the school of "a sauce boiled is a sauce spoiled," others replied "Nonsense!"

Wild verbal duels were fought across the table, experiences were quoted, and resignations handed in.

"If the completed sauce is boiled, it separates and becomes lumpy," said Mr. Simms.

"It is the base of the sauce which is boiled, then removed from the heat before the egg-yolks are added.

"An expert knows this, but an amateur might continue boiling while adding the yolks, which would then cook.

"After much heart-searching, we decided to use the term 'very hot.' Naturally, the tendered resignations were not accepted."

If a different dish were cooked for every day of the year, it would still be impossible to use every known Western recipe, so the book will contain only 15 detailed main recipes for each course from soup to sweet. These will be followed by a selection of other acceptable dishes.

The work is based on classical French kitchen cooking, but a chapter on international dishes will be included.

Every embassy in London was asked to submit six recipes used by the cream of caterers in their own countries.

Each recipe was then tested by the committee in a sufficient quantity to feed 12.

"The quantities were very awkward," said Mr. Simms.

"We had to find the happy medium between table d'hote and a la carte."

Escoffier, whose heyday at the Ritz in Paris was from 1870 to 1880, is quoted regularly at the meetings.

As the "latest master in the modern era," his name is mentioned with reverence, but even his legendary work is closely examined.

"There has always been some doubt about his Peach Melba," said Mr. Dansie, an expert on pastry and sweets, looking perturbed.

Mr. Dansie is chef and lecturer at the Portsmouth College of Technology.

"Both Escoffier and Cezar Ritz claimed to have created this sweet for Melba, and the truth is not easy to unravel," he said.

But it must be unravelled.

In the chapter on the interpretation of names, the origin of each dish must be traced.

It may have been named after a famous personality, or it may have been named after a restaurant named after a famous personality, and neither must be slighted.

The main books used for reference are those published in the 18th and 19th centuries before the world wars created a shortage of materials and a subsequent use of poor substitutes. Later books are suspect.

Mr. A. Nice, former chef to Sir Winston Churchill and one-time head chef at the House of Commons, dates the decline in haute cuisine from the depression in the 'twenties.

"That's when they started bringing cabarets and dancing into the dining-room," he said bitterly.

"Before then if a couple wanted to dance they went to a ballroom, which is as it should be.

"Now you're told to hold back the souffle till they return to their table.

"I'd like to meet the man who could hold back a souffle."

Mr. Steve Combes, linguist and author of several books on restaurant French, has his troubles, too.

How to translate Mostele, Mustele, and Motelle—three words used to describe the same fish dish.

"There are so many fish, but obviously reference books and dictionaries only detail those used every day," said Mr. Combes.

"We had to find the type originally used in the dish, but we were triumphant.

"Those words come from the Latin Mustela," he said.

Loves argument

Should one use rye whisky, madeira, or brandy to flavor the sauce of Chicken a la King and does it contain pimentos?

The answers—rye whisky and pimentos—will set the master chefs of London's Savoy, Dorchester, and Claridge's at each other's throat.

Each gave a different version of the dish.

So it has gone on for four years, with another year to go.

"Of course, the fun will really start when the book is completed," said Mr. Combes, who is prepared for the worst.

"You see, no one will agree entirely with our findings, and the catering world does love an argument."



● *Cooks confer. From left, French linguist Mr. Steve Combes, chairman of the cookery experts Mr. A. E. Simms, Mr. Nice, and Mr. Dansie.*

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Australian balletomanes will soon see Sonia Arova, who has been hailed in Paris as

THE LOVELY "SACRED MONSTER"

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Sonia Arova, who will be the first guest star of the new Australian Ballet Company, is proud of the title of "Sacred Monster," which Paris critics bestowed upon her.

POSSIBLY the world's most travelled ballerina, Sonia Arova will visit Australia with her favorite dancing partner, Erik Bruhn, for a season starting in November.

Her recent success at Covent Garden with the Royal Ballet was so great and her programme so crowded that I had great difficulty in arranging a meeting. After weeks of false alarms she let me know that she could fit in a luncheon between rehearsals.

"But I shall come all in a mess because there will be no time to dress up, and you will understand why I am one of Les Monstres Sacres," she said.

When a beautifully groomed, attractive redhead appeared in a geranium-colored silk suit of latest Paris design I could hardly believe this was a sacred monster.

Then it was explained. In December, Miss Arova, with Rosella Hightower, Rudolf Nureyev, and Erik Bruhn, formed a quartet to give a short season in Paris.

"Dropped dead"

"It was something that we had always wanted to do. We work well together, and we all feel creative about formulating a programme.

"We could have gone on doing it for the rest of our lives. But we would have dropped dead, because it was utterly exhausting.

"Critics were so enthusiastic that they gave us the highest verbal accolade they could, and from there on we were dubbed 'Les Quatre Monstres Sacres.' In Paris one can ask for nothing more wonderful."

This "monster" has been an exceptional creature since childhood. Born in Bulgaria, her parents had never had any ties with theatre or ballet.

Her father, a famous philatelist, spoke eight languages and entertained his friends from all over the world. When the great Russian bass Chaliapin came to Sofia, Sonia's father gave a reception for him.

Sonia was only five years old, but she loved music. When, after dinner, she heard the celebrated voice, she hopped out of bed and in her pyjamas crept down to the salon.

Unabashed by the glittering crowd of grown-ups, she walked right up to Chaliapin and stood staring up at him as he sang. He was entranced by her concentration and asked her to dance for him.

For the next hour and a half she danced with a child's utter abandon and joy. But to Chaliapin she showed more than just childish ability. He was fascinated and begged her parents to let her study ballet.

"Slavs can be very persuasive, you know," said Miss Arova, her enormous brown eyes opened wide. "I was too young then, but six months later my parents were still under Chaliapin's spell and I became a pupil.

"I, too, am still under his spell. He left me something I have never lost. A passion for singing. It is something not many dancers have."

When Sonia was eight her parents were told she should go to Paris to study. It meant complete upheaval, but they were convinced that Chaliapin was right.

"Really my father was magnificent. He had to leave a very good business and start all over again. They had to leave all their friends and family.



"But they did it without question."

Officials at the Paris Conservatoire backed their judgment straight away. Sonia was enrolled for ballet and music lessons.

"It was hard work, but a wonderful life for me. I had ordinary school lessons from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. At night I worked at the Opera Comique when they needed children. I learned piano from Marguerite Long, who was Debussy's last pupil."

For dancing lessons Sonia went to the famous Preobrajenska, who has taught all the greatest ballerinas of this century. There is no doubt that had it not been for the war Sonia would have remained in Paris and become one of the youngest ballerina assolutas.

False identity

But the war changed everything. When France was invaded she was visiting an English family in St. Malo. She could not get back to her parents in occupied Paris, so the family took her to England.

It was not possible on her own passport, but fortunately her hostess had two daughters and a son, all of whom were registered on her passport. The daughters were with her, but the son was at school at Harrow.

If she was to save herself, Sonia now had a chance to prove she was an actress.

Dressed as a young Harrovian, she boarded a Dutch vessel which usually carried 300 passengers. With 2500 frantic people on board she went unnoticed as a schoolboy, and Sonia landed in England to begin a brand-new life.

She trained with the International Ballet and then danced with the Rambert, Metropolitan, and finally Festival Ballets. She was a guest artist with the original Ballet Russe.

She took English citizenship during the war, but has starred in more foreign ballets than any other English dancer. She is equally at home in French, German, American, and even Japanese ballets.

She was the first Western ballet dancer to visit Japan since Pavlova, and was such a wild success there that she was asked to mount ballets for the Komarki Ballet in Tokyo.

"I think perhaps the Japanese are the most exciting audiences in the world for ballet. They are terribly enthusiastic, the wildest I have ever known.

"I like to work everywhere in the world. But especially I like to work before people who understand exactly what I am trying to do. I cannot stand an audience which will not use its own brains.

"In Israel, the public is so intelligent you can feel it coming over the footlights. That is wonderful stimulus for me."

Too busy

Arova has been invited to Australia twice before, but has always been too busy to accept the invitation. "I have always wanted to go because I know how much Australia loves the ballet. But this time it is a special reason.

"I love to dance with Erik Bruhn, because for me he is the greatest all-round artist in the world. He must have time to himself to interpret a part, and no audience or critics can budge him. He gives the most complete performance I know.

"Also I want to work with Peggy Van Praagh, because I have known her for a long time. She saw me dance with the Rambert and Festival Ballets and she knows my work from when I was a child. I know we can work well together."

Sonia and Bruhn have worked together since they met in New York at the Metropolitan Ballet in 1948. In Australia they will dance "Swan Lake," "Coppelia," and the pas de deux from "Don Quixote."

In between performances, Miss Arova plans to meet all the Australian animals she can, "except sharks, but especially koala bears!"

"Also I want to taste your Australian wines, which I know are very good."



BALLERINA Sonia Arova (left) in make-up for a performance, and above with Erik Bruhn, who will accompany her to Australia.

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Beauty begins at 40

says American beauty expert Lee Grant





LEE GRANT advises a client during a make-up demonstration. He knows of only one other male doing a similar job.

By CELIA HENDERSON

● "A really elegant woman of 40 can leave all the youngsters way behind," says Lee Grant, roving American beauty consultant for an international cosmetics company.

"THE young ones aren't the most interesting," he said. "They think they know it all, and they copy some style or star instead of trying to make the best of their own faces.

"A face should get more interesting as it gets older."

Blond, blue-eyed, and 32 (he was once a ski instructor), Lee Grant wanders the world as representative for his company. He is due to arrive in Australia on September 8 to advise Australian women on beauty problems.

To think that anyone as young and attractive as Lee is really interested in one's face gives it a lift to start with.

In Lee's view there's only one really unbeatable obstacle to beauty, and that's the "don't care" attitude.

Sometimes he thinks husbands and boy-friends are partly to blame.

"We must train them to take an interest," he says.

"After all, they have their own rituals — the stuffiest husbands are probably the ones who make the most fuss about their own haircuts."

Husbands who object to their wives using make-up usually admire other women who use more. "It comes to the point where it's all right for his secretary to use eye-shadow in the office, but not for his wife to use it at home."

It needs patience and perseverance, says Lee, to win these husbands over, but they generally begin to thaw when they find other people admiring their wife's new face.

On his travels Lee has found enormous variety of problems and techniques with different complexions in different climates.

He thinks England has the most difficult climate of all, because you never know what will happen from day to day, so the skin has to be so adaptable. The worst complexions, he thinks, are back home in New York City, and the best in Sweden.

'Husbands can be trained to take an interest'

Lee will be on hand to give advice and demonstrations on ordinary, everyday problems, and help on how to bring out the best individual points in every face — help which may well include advice on diet.

"You can tell a lot about a woman from her skin," he says. "Skin types are closely tied up with personality types.

"When I see a woman's skin I have a pretty good idea of what her reactions and answers are going to be, even before we start talking.

"There is the psychological approach, too. Sometimes women feel disinterested or defeated because, though they have forgotten it by now, their parents didn't approve of make-up or someone laughed at them when they first started trying it.

"You just have to show them that they can win, after all."

As far as he knows, there is only one other man doing the same job in the beauty trade, and Lee himself wandered into it through the side door, so to speak.

Born in New York of Canadian parents, he spent most of his childhood in Canada, where his father and uncle both ran newspapers.

The family planned for Lee something they thought more stable and white-collarish, so he trained as an accountant but felt he was missing out somewhere.

The world of fashion was more stimulating, and he spent some time as fashion buyer in New York.

What interested him even more than clothes was the face itself. Making women beautiful was the most rewarding occupation he could think of.

"My family thought I had gone right out of my mind," he said.

"My mother said, 'Just think of all the money we wasted on your education'."

But there are plenty of women — and there will be plenty more—who wouldn't call it a waste after they have profited from Lee's knowledge and enthusiasm. For him the scope of the job is absolutely limitless, because it deals with women of all ages.

Lee was formerly married to a New York model but is now a bachelor again. He spends most of his time travelling round the world.

This doesn't leave much time for hobbies, but he skis and gets in some swimming when he can.

If he ever had any solid spare time, he would like to join the growing army of Sunday painters.

"It isn't that I think I can paint well, but I just love doing it," he said. "I would like to take some lessons, but you can't carry all that gear round the world just hoping that sometime you can get out while the daylight lasts."

This is Lee's first trip to Australia, but somehow he always seems to have had Aussies around him, so he has been specially looking forward to it.

He first caught the urge to wander from an Australian friend in Canada, Alan Wade, now a television personality.

From Australia Lee goes to South Africa, then on to New York. After that comes another round of study to catch up with the latest developments in the endless search for more beauty.

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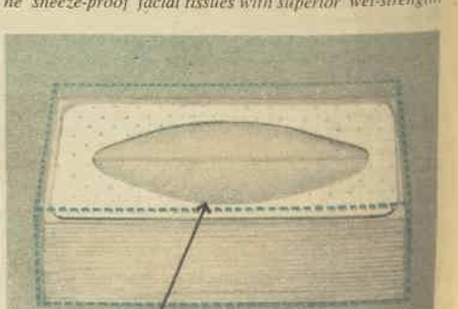
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Laboratory tests give a new gleam of hope for painless dieting

"Eat hearty, Mouse, and be slim!"

By CELIA HENDERSON, of our London staff.

● If present British and American scientific experiments fulfil their promise, we may be provided with a reducing pill that could almost literally melt away the bulges without affecting our appetites or eating habits.

THE human frame needs food and drink as a car needs petrol. But there's at least one big difference.

A car is protected from itself. It only gets as much food as is good for it, because this is controlled mechanically. However, human beings can overburden themselves with too rich a food mixture; as the cliché says, you can "dig your own grave with a knife and fork."

Every car needs a spare tyre, but many humans would be happier without one, and the problem of disposing of these takes up a lot of time and money and leads to many a war of nerves.

Looking ahead, there is a gleam of hope on the horizon. It comes from research now going on in the Middlesex Hospital, London, and in the United States into a recently discovered substance present in varying amounts in the human body.

This work, which is led in London by Professor Alan Kekwick, is based on the fact that the trouble with a spare tyre is just that it is spare—spare fat which the body is not using at the moment but keeping in store.

But this fat is not a lifeless, negative substance. It is always being changed and renewed like a good storecupboard.

It has its part in the metabolism, which is that perpetual process whereby the food we eat and the air we breathe are turned into substances that keep the body going and renew and repair the living tissues.

Mice lost weight

Everyone knows that when the food supply is cut down the body's spare fat is "mobilised" and gradually disappears, because it has been called into action to supply the energy the body needs.

What was not known was exactly how this mobilising action was produced.

Research has been going on for many years on the contribution of the various glands, particularly pituitary, thyroid, and adrenal.

But now Professor Kekwick and his colleagues are investigating a material simply known for the moment as FMS ("fat-mobilising substance"), which seems to do the job by itself.

It can be produced in small quantities from human beings in the "starvation" conditions when their spare or depot fat is being speedily called up.

The Kekwick team, using themselves as guinea-pigs, found that after they had gone without food for 36 hours a substance was produced in the urine which was not there when they were eating normally. It disappeared as soon as they started eating again.

This substance — the FMS — was isolated and injected into mice and the mice lost weight though still eating heartily and looking well.

Further research showed that this was because the mice's depot fat was also being mobilised just as it would be under starvation conditions and was concentrating in the liver, which is one of the body's most active agents in the metabolic process.

Tests were made with over-fat people who were on starvation diets. Their FMS produced similar results on other mice.

The next step, which is being taken in London and America, is the breaking-down of FMS to find out exactly what it is and whether it would be possible to re-create it in the laboratory so that eventually it might be manufactured in quantity.

Will scientists find THE pill?

At present it takes Professor Kekwick's team about a month to produce enough FMS to keep 10 mice occupied for two or three weeks—and there can be no sudden strides in this type of research.

The breakdown of the substance is being done at Cambridge by the university's department of chemistry, and is expected to take three or four years before there will be any attempts at building it up again.

Meanwhile, experiments continue and information is being passed across the Atlantic.

So far the actual production of FMS depends on the same rules that confront us in our slimming diet sheets, in that it is most effective when it comes from people deprived of carbohydrates.

The obese patients used in the experiment were all fed on a 1000-calorie diet, but when this was 90 per cent. carbohydrates they lost practically no weight, and their FMS was not much use to the mice, either.

Fat "put to work"

When the diet was 90 per cent. fatty foods they lost weight and so did the mice.

On this showing the FMS follows the normal pattern of metabolism, where what are called "fatty" foods (butter, cream, and oil) rarely turn into body fat because they are not such good material, though they produce plenty of calories, whereas the carbohydrates (starches, sugars, alcohol) are quickly broken down and put to work, so they build not only the body but the spare tyre as well.

FMS holds out the hope of putting all this spare material to work without giving it a chance to settle down on us.

The work on FMS may bring to light a lot of vital information on the chemical processes involved in fuelling the body with as little waste or surplus as possible.

If the work succeeds it will be a tremendous step in the medical treatment of obesity and all the troubles arising from it. In a wider field it might be the answer to many women's prayers and the dressmaker's dream.

But it is still a long way ahead. A lot more research has to be done on the effects as well as the nature of the substance. And for this the scientists will have to produce a big enough supply of FMS for long-term experiments over a wide field.

There have been no signs of any side-effects or allergies, but it has not yet been tried out on human beings and there is no means of knowing what its long-term effect may be.

The human frame is highly ingenious and adaptable, and a great one for having the last laugh. Sometimes, presented with some helpful and improving discovery by doctors, it will absorb it, think it over, and quietly produce an antibody which cancels out the whole thing so that the doctors have to think again.

Don't volunteer yet

All this has still to be found out, and the scientists working on it, knowing the importance of the work, will not be drawn into making forecasts.

Having an experiment work on an animal doesn't necessarily mean that in the near future it will work on humans. It takes years and years of research before scientists can get to the stage of saying "in the near future."

If you feel you can't bear the suspense, don't write, as hundreds do, and offer yourself as a guinea-pig. It isn't practicable and the correspondence holds up the work and drives the doctors mad.

Remember that research on this has been going on since the end of World War II, and it's now only at the point where doctors can help a mouse keep his weight down. When I look at a mouse and then at me I can see that science has a long way to go yet.

But in the meantime doctors assure me we could all pretend we were guinea-pigs and cut down on the carbohydrates.




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GLAMOROUS ROYAL VISITOR

BY DAY...



IN SYDNEY, for a Harbor cruise, a gently fitted wool suit with a patterned silk blouse matched to the finely pleated pillbox.
Sydney picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.



IN CANBERRA, visiting the Hill Corner Pre-School Centre, the Queen wore a blond mink stole over her sheath dress and waist-length jacket. Her tiny pillbox was pleated chiffon.

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BY NIGHT

Four of the beautiful ensembles worn by lovely Queen Sirikit.



NATIONAL DRESS at the State Banquet, Canberra. The blouse was crossed with a jewelled scarf; a diamond buckle fastened the front-pleated skirt. The material is gold-threaded Thai silk.



PARISIAN PERFECTION for the dance at Canberra — a glittering top and slightly flared satin skirt, with magnificent diamonds.

Canberra pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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AUSTRALIAN SKIPPERS Archie Robertson (left) and Jock Sturrock.

Limbering up for the America's Cup

By GEORGE McGANN, in New York.

● The hardest-working people in Newport, Rhode Island, are undoubtedly the crew of Gretel, Australia's challenger for the historic America's Cup.

WITH the aim of getting every bit of match sailing they can before the Cup races begin on September 15, the 26 Australians have been putting in 15-hour days on board Gretel and her chartered pacemaker, Vim.

Ironically, the youthful, fit, and always immaculately dressed Australian crew members are the most-sought-after party guests in Newport, which in the summer is the social centre of America. They are usually too tired to go.

One exception was a dinner party given by the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association chairman, Sir Frank Packer, for his own hosts and hostesses at many private parties in Newport, and for Gretel's crew. It was held at Baily's Beach, probably the best-known swimming club in America as far as the society columnists are concerned.

Many of the younger members of the crew have acquired girl-friends in Newport. For instance, there's Susan Lee, a waitress in the Hotel Viking.

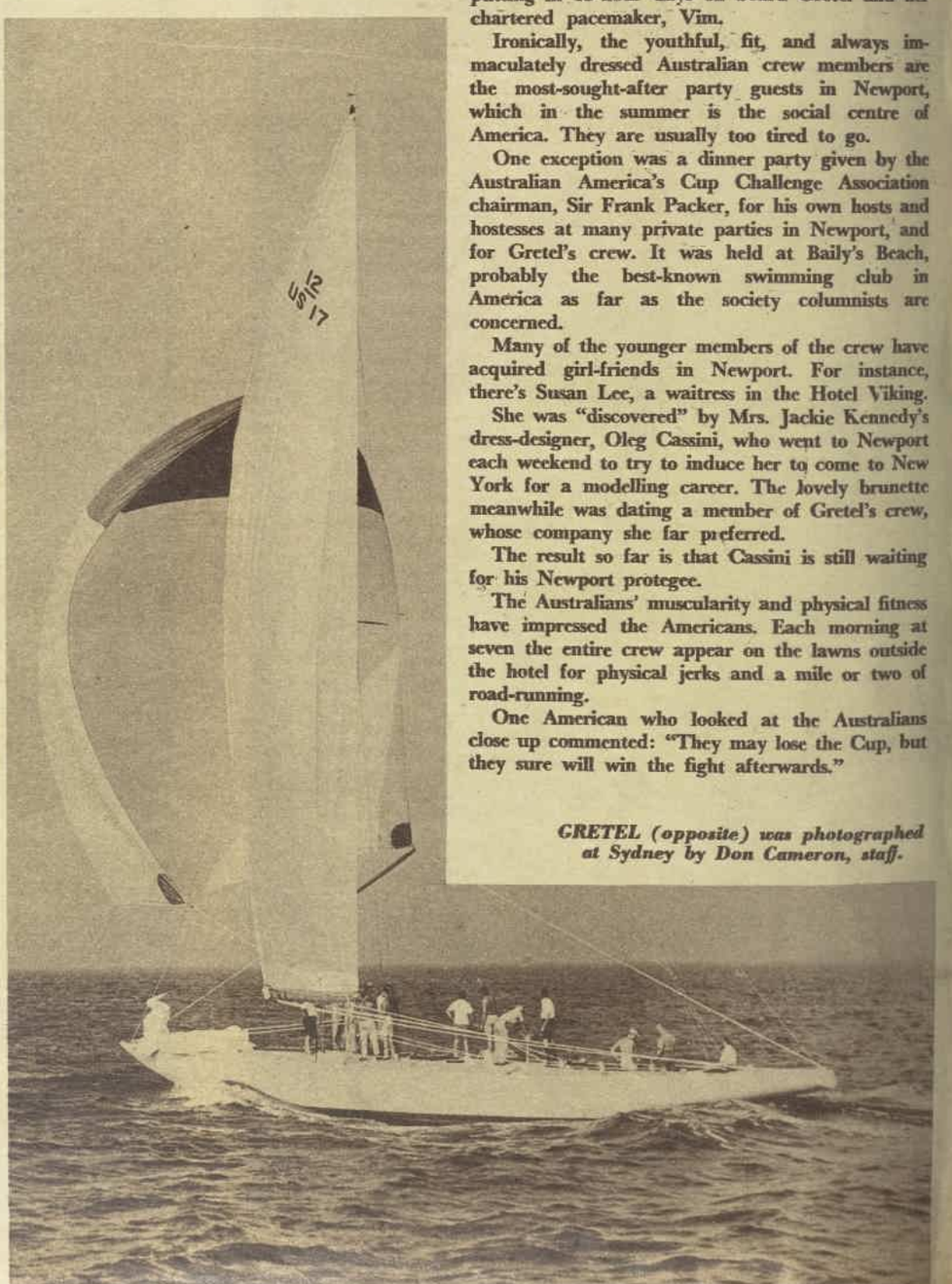
She was "discovered" by Mrs. Jackie Kennedy's dress-designer, Oleg Cassini, who went to Newport each weekend to try to induce her to come to New York for a modelling career. The lovely brunette meanwhile was dating a member of Gretel's crew, whose company she far preferred.

The result so far is that Cassini is still waiting for his Newport protegee.

The Australians' muscularity and physical fitness have impressed the Americans. Each morning at seven the entire crew appear on the lawns outside the hotel for physical jerks and a mile or two of road-running.

One American who looked at the Australians close up commented: "They may lose the Cup, but they sure will win the fight afterwards."

THE DEFENDER is the American yacht Weatherly (below), built four years ago.

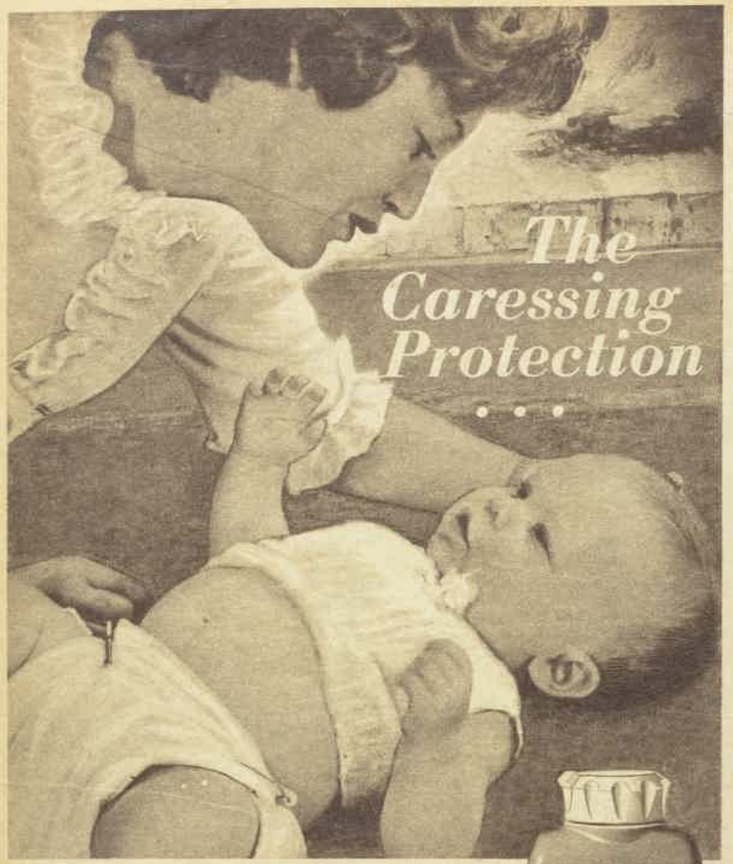


GRETEL (opposite) was photographed at Sydney by Don Cameron, staff.

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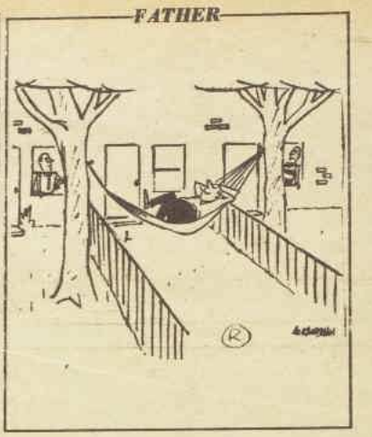
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"These poor kids are underprivileged . . . Their mother won't give them cake for afternoon tea!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

"IT looks a bit steep to me," I said. "It's okay," said the ten-year-old boy, adding, "Can you climb?"

"Of course," I answered, in the tone of one who frequents the face of the Matterhorn.

The boy bounded up the cliff track. Then he looked round and slid back. "Here, gimme your fishing rod," he said.

Relieved, I clambered onward, reflecting that I was supposed to be looking after him.

Perhaps the proper role of an aunt is to cook the fish, not to try to catch them.

By now we were on top of the headland, bound for the favorite rock.

"Can you run?" asked the boy.

"Of course," I said mechanically.

He had his line in the water by the time I caught up. The waves were washing dangerously round his feet. Well, I mightn't be able to save him, but it seemed better to share the risk.

I made a stab at my duties. "Look, you ought to stow your good pullover somewhere else," I said, peering into the fishing bag. "It shouldn't be on top of the bait."

"It's okay," said the boy, hauling in a bream.

* * *

AT the beginning of a fishing holiday I can hardly say the words "mullet gut," let alone use the stuff for bait.

Then someone braver catches a fish. So, with my head delicately averted and my nose pointing out to sea, I rebait my hook.

Three fish later the stuff begins to smell like Chanel Number Five.

* * *

THERE was a slight variation in the pattern of this year's holiday. I helped look after a dog.

In fact, 1962 ought to be the year I'll remember as the first time on skis (in June) and the first time I ever bathed a dog.

"He doesn't like it, so don't mention the word 'bath' in front of him," said his owner. "You put a cup of this stuff in two gallons of warm water and slosh that over. Then shampoo him with the soap and rinse."

I wrote it all down in a notebook, plus instructions about diet and grooming. It looked a formidable undertaking. Perhaps not as responsible as baby-sitting, but a baby doesn't want to fight everybody twice his size within a radius of ten miles.

However, everything went well. Even the bath, with three pairs of hands, was successful. He didn't struggle in the tub. He was merely rigid with resentment.

At the end of ten days his owners returned. We stood back to watch the ecstatic reunion. In an hour he had settled back into perspective, just a dog around the place. It was nice to be rid of the worry, we said.

When we left he tried to get into the car. It was the car he liked, we assured each other. But we were flattered, all the same.

I BOUGHT that weighing machine just in time. Among the free weighs I used to treasure were those at airports, but at the new terminals they are a thing of the past.

Those lovely big, open-dialled baggage scales are being superseded. Their replacements, the secretive under-the-counter machines, are doubtless more convenient for the airport employees, who are no longer harassed by female customers hopping on between suitcases.

It isn't that I don't appreciate the new terminals. When I left Sydney this time I spent half an hour wandering round and admiring the place. In Brisbane, too, the airport lounge had been considerably smartened up since my last trip.

My only criticism is that if the children can have slippery dips to play on while awaiting planes, the grownups could have one of the old weighing machines for their personal amusement.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN capital city airports are today to be seen at their best. They are in the main cheerful and convenient, and the arriving and departing planes provide a sense of excitement.

But when airports become really big, like Idlewild (New York) or London, excitement gives way to an almost nightmarish quality. Malcolm Muggeridge once wrote a piece comparing London Airport to a concentration camp. He exaggerated a bit, but those disembodied voices directing you to queues in long tunnels make you appreciate the intermediate stage that we have at present in this country.

* * *

"THE weather will provide a premature glimpse of spring today, with the temperatures in the high seventies"—from a news broadcast in Sydney last week.

The show's familiar, but it never palls,
Dramatic, but yet gentle in its mood.
Everyone has a front seat in the stalls,
But why go on? It's been quite well reviewed.
Only one drawback to this sparkling show,
You can't be sure about its opening day.
It might be now. It might be later, so—
Let us enjoy the preview while we may.

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Thai Royal Visit

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

A ROUND of glamorous social functions marked the visit of the King and Queen of Thailand to Canberra and Sydney. The tiny Queen dazzled the crowds with the most fabulous wardrobe ever seen in Australia, but her enchanting smile outshone even the glamor and glitter of her jewels.

The famous smile doesn't flash like a toothpaste ad., but comes slowly and shyly to light her eyes. You feel she smiles because she's happy, not because she thinks it's expected of her.

Wherever the tiny Queen appeared, sighs of envy followed her as women guests goggled at her clothes, shown off to perfection by her 34½, 23, 36½ figure.

★ ★ ★

HER furs really are fabulous. And there's a whole wardrobe of them. The glossy black diamond mink coat she wore for the arrival in Canberra and to the Ceremonial parade at the Royal Military College, Duntroon; the white mink wrapped round her shoulders to drive from dinner at the Prime Minister's Lodge to the dance given by Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks at Government House; the blond mink worn earlier that day on visits to pre-school centres.

★ ★ ★

BUT perhaps the most imaginative fur of all—the dress and coat of sleek black broadtail the Queen wore to the women's luncheon given by Dame Pattie Menzies at the Hotel Canberra.

The dress was starkly simple and cinched by a two-inch black leather belt. The coat was dramatically trimmed with bands of white mink round the cuffs and collar.

(By the way, glimpsed Mrs. Peter Snow, of Cuppacumbalong, at the luncheon. Remember that was the property visited by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their Royal visit in 1954. Mrs. Snow chose a pretty spring outfit for the luncheon—a wattle-yellow wool suit and a pretty flowered hat.)

★ ★ ★

ISN'T it wonderful that the Queen will be taking back a blond kangaroo fur coat as a souvenir of her Australian visit? The Thai Ambassador, Mr. Vadhana Asarabhakdi, and his wife presented the coat to Queen Sirikit at a luncheon at the Thai Embassy.

★ ★ ★

FIRST breathtaking glimpse of Sirikit's evening elegance was at the Government House dance. The Queen took the floor with Sir Dallas Brooks (to the tune of "I'll See You Again") after a wave of curtsies and bows from the guests as the Royal party entered the ballroom.

★ ★ ★

HOSTESS Lady Brooks greeted the 200 guests in a white chiffon dress, embroidered with tiny clusters of pink beaded flowers, and a floating white stole. Mrs. William Battle, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, looked like a real Southern belle on the dance-floor — her dress combined white organza and black lace, and diamonds sparkled on the black velvet ribbon tied round her neck.

Everybody at the dance was dressed in their glamorous best—but in the grounds outside all sorts and sizes of cars were parked bonnet to bonnet—everything from Duncan Osborne's ute to the Prime Minister's long black Cadillac.

★ ★ ★

THERE was even more evening glitter the following night at the State banquet at Parliament House. And a special cheer for a charming gesture by Dame Pattie Menzies.

As Dame Pattie arrived—in a peach-pink chiffon gown, crossed with her Order sash and a tiara shining in her hair —she noticed Mrs. J. G. Gorton shivering on the steps of the House, waiting to receive official guests with Senator Gorton and Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick. "It's freezing out here," said Dame Pattie, and took off her mink stole and gave it to Mrs. Gorton, while the watching crowd gave a cheer of approval.

★ ★ ★

MRS. H. C. COOMBS "caught up" with her husband, who had already met King Phumiphon at the Australian National University in Canberra, when she and Dr. Coombs were presented to the King and Queen at the gala performance of "Orpheus in the Underworld" at the Tivoli Theatre. Also presented to the Royal couple were the Garnet Carrolls and the Lloyd Martins — Mrs. Martin looking superb in a short theatre coat of coral Thai silk.

Dressing was certainly mixed on this royal occasion. Black ties were sprinkled through the audience, alongside jumpers and skirts and sports clothes — as most of the audience had booked for an "ordinary" performance, not knowing that the Royal Box would actually be occupied by visiting royalty.

★ ★ ★

HEAR that Vicki Edwards is now the envy of all the schoolgirls at Wenona—Vicki was chosen to show Queen Sirikit a project during her visit to the Sydney Red Cross Centre. The project book was sent to Australian school-children from a Thai Junior Red Cross group.

— PATRICIA BEST



IN CANBERRA. The King and Queen of Thailand greet Mrs. K. Rukmini Menon, the Acting High Commissioner for India, at the receptions of heads of diplomatic missions in Government House, Canberra. Seen in the background is Sir Garfield Barwick, Minister for External Affairs and the Attorney-General.



ARRIVING at Government House, Canberra, for the dance in honor of the King and Queen of Thailand, Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown, of "Springfield," Goulburn, is escorted from her car by A.D.C. Flight-Lieutenant Stewart Back.



GUESTS at the Government House dance given by Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks were (from left) Miss Jill Magennis, of "Jeir," Yass, Captain R. J. Moyle, and Miss Robin Knights, Canberra.



AT THE TIVOLI. Mr. and Mrs. Max Sturzen were among the audience at "Orpheus in the Underworld" when it was attended by King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit. Mrs. Sturzen's theatre coat was pink brocade, collared in blond mink.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Howell arrive at the Tivoli Theatre for the royal performance of "Orpheus in the Underworld." Mrs. Howell covered her melon-pink silk frock with a mink stole.

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With Dawn James

Joan Sutherland to sing for Channel Nine

● Joan Sutherland will appear in Sydney for one hour in mid-November—on your Channel 9 TV screen.

THE famous Australian soprano has agreed to make an operatic programme for TCN, Channel 9, that will make TV history.

It is the most ambitious and the most expensive show ever attempted by an Australian station. And it will be made in England.

Negotiations with Joan Sutherland began about six months ago when a back injury forced the cancellation of her proposed Australian concert tour.

Letters streamed to and fro. Sutherland said she would certainly like to make a TV programme for Australia, and TCN took it from there — the mammoth job of planning a show 12,000 miles away.

With the responsibility of producing the programme on his shoulders, TCN's senior director, Peter Benardos, left for England early this week.

Beforehand, he talked about the show, about the planning of the last few months, and of the weeks ahead:

"We had to find a studio big enough. This programme will be produced solely by TCN; not filmed by—for example—the B.B.C. for us. So we couldn't use any of the major London studios.

"We looked around and we found a beauty, an independent TV studio (like Artransa here) in Bristol.

"But they said they could give us one day only—October 14.

"Sutherland — with all her commitments — had to agree to fit in with them. Which she did.

"So did Margarita Elkin, the young Australian soprano who is now singing leading roles at Covent Garden. She will sing two duets with Sutherland.

"The orchestra will be the London Symphony, with 65 musicians and the celebrated conductor Pierre Monteux.

"That was a bit of luck," said Peter. "They'll be in Wales at the time and apparently that's only a hop, step, and a jump from Bristol."

TCN have still to find a host for the show. It will be an Australian, and "we're trying to get Peter Finch."

A few days after he arrives in London, Peter Benardos will fly off to Switzerland to meet Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, who may conduct some segments of the programme.

"We'll have to get to know each other awfully quickly," he said.

"We have to plan the programme, I have to find out when she gets 'in voice' (some singers can't sing a note before 4 p.m.); we have to talk about the costumes . . ."



JOAN SUTHERLAND is congratulated by opera star Robert Merrill after her triumphant debut in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at New York's Metropolitan Opera House late last year.

At the moment the planned finale is the classic "mad scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

"You know," said Peter, "when Lucia murders her bridegroom, goes quite barmy, and walks down the staircase with her wedding dress spattered with blood. You can't create the same effect with a couple of columns and a drape."

Back in England, Peter will have four weeks to organise the show. This may sound a long time, and a whole day may sound a long time to produce one hour of opera — until you consider that the "Judy Garland Show" took *three* days to film.

In Bristol, Peter has to get to know his studio crew: the lighting and sound men, the stagehands, the cameramen, the musical director, and the designer.

(TCN's Sidney Fort has designed the five sets. But they have to be built.)

And there is no time for a rehearsal at the studio. "But I can have conferences and rehearse on paper," said Peter.

The studio crew, the orchestra, and Sutherland will meet for the first time on October 14.

On October 15 Peter Benardos will be able to take a deep breath and relax.

The show will be on two rolls of videotape. Peter will take them (probably wrapped in cotton-wool) to London, where they'll be put on 35mm. film for overseas distribution.

And then he'll come home.

Singalong — junior style

AFTER dropping the "Johnny O'Keefe Show" with a resounding crash, ATN, Channel 7, decided to invade the singalong market.

The result is "Sing, Sing, Sing" (Fridays, 7.30 p.m.).

It is possibly unfair to judge a show of this type on its first effort. But "Sing, Sing, Sing" seems to be a sort of juvenile singalong—minus that relaxing soporific quality and plus most of the local teenage recording idols.

The show is compered by Lionel Long (who is quite unnervingly like Mr. Rod Taylor). Mr. Long is a highly talented young man who sings—unlike most of his contemporaries—both understandably and in tune. He is GOOD.

But he doesn't sing enough. The other kids sing, sing, sing like mad.

WHY, for pity's sake, was Mr. Long restricted to two numbers?



LIONEL LONG



Peter Benardos, TCN director.

Bolshoi Ballet on Nine

THE Bolshoi Ballet appears in the "BP Super Show" (TCN9, Monday, September 10, 9 p.m.) They're dancing excerpts from some of the world's most famous ballets. But I am waiting, with bated breath, for one of the short ballets on the programme, "Humpback Horse." Now, what on earth . . .?

★ ★ ★

ABN2 presentation announcer Bruce Webster has been chided for saying chummily, "This is A.B.C.-TV—two's company!"

Usually I have merely winced slightly; a soupcon of joie-de-vivre is O.K. with me.

However, recently I was moved to scream aloud.

Mr. Webster MUST NOT chirp, "And remember — all together now — two's company," and then begin to clap.

Viewers are viewers, not an A.B.C. chorus-line.

● *Nan Musgrove is on holiday.*

Custard pies in again

SPIKE MILLIGAN'S one-shot B.B.C. show, "A series of unrelated incidents," may very well have developed into rich humor (ABN2 last week).

Since I left the TV set rapidly after one of the goons was sloshed in the face with his second custard pie, I am unable to say.

I have been brooding about the custard-pie incidents for some time.

Pies seemed mercifully out of fashion.

But are they "in" again? (Heaven help "Pick-a-Box" contestants if Mr. Bob Dyer hears about it.)

Was this exquisitely funny goon-type humor with subtle nuances of meaning which shot straight over my head?

Announcing Mr. Milligan's "unrelated incidents," Channel 2's James Dibble invited everyone to "stay around, or even if you're a square."

Mr. Dibble, I am so square I'm next door to oblong.

★ ★ ★

IT'S the subtle touches that count.

"You're the most untidy man I know," said Dr. Elizabeth Cullus to Dr. Anthony Tredman on "Doctor Kildare" (ABN2, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.).

They were dining in his apartment and she began to tidy the room in a rather proprietary way. (Note: Girl lost boy in the end, and serves her right.)

Anyway, she gathered up some papers, and some books . . . and a skull.

I AM indebted to the TCN9 "Friday Special" (10.30 p.m.) called "The Vanishing 400."

It was a waspishly entertaining piece on American society, written (in acid, I should say) by a Mr. John O'Toole, who was perhaps frightened by a socialite at an early age.

The show imparted the stirring information that there are at least 100,000 millionaires in America.

Mr. O'Toole describes new ones as "Midas-come-latelies."

This may appear harsh. After all — to quote him again — "One man's elite is another man's poison."

The hands that floated

"WE discovered him on 'Bandstand'," quoth Mr. Graham Kennedy, introducing a new singer (Mr. Ron Polson) on "The Best of Kennedy" (TCN9, Mondays, 10 p.m.) last week.

Mr. Polson is a good-looking young man. He has a pleasant voice. And he sang two numbers — but I have no idea what they were.

I was too mesmerised by his hands. Mostly, they floated near his midriff in ye olde classic operatic pose.

But they did move — or rather, jerk — occasionally. (He may have been pointing at something, of course. Or possibly waving someone out of the way.)

Pale hands, I may love thee . . . in thy place, that is. Which is NOT waffling round aimlessly on my TV screen.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ TUNES OF GLORY

Brilliant acting from screen giants Sir Alec Guinness and John Mills in this dramatic British masterpiece. Centred at a wintry Scottish barracks, the film is an excellently drawn character study of the men—Sir Alec, the fiery Highlander demoted from his popular command, and Mills, his varsity-polished successor. Lesser brass and pipers are well cast and complemented to balance tension and add color without detracting from the focal theme.—**Embassy, Sydney.**

In a word . . . **MEMORABLE.**

★ THE MAGIC SWORD

Wacky sorceress Estelle Winwood matches spells with evil magician Basil Rathbone in th's knights-of-old farce. Estelle's mortal foster son—a shining knight—braves innumerable near-misses to rescue his fair princess from Rathbone's castle. The thrill-less adventure comes complete with cynical script and players and a plaster-cast backdrop.—**Esquire, Sydney.**

In a word . . . **FANCIFUL.**

JILL ST. JOHN and husband Lance Reventlow are closer together now than they were before they decided to try a trial separation. The estranged pair recently did the Hollywood restaurants before going to Santa Barbara for a road-racing contest the following weekend.

★ ★ ★

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD French actress Elizabeth Eroy had the ideal kind of birthday present recently when she flew to London to be considered by producer Carl Foreman for a role in "The Victors," which will star Vince Edwards, George Hamilton, and Melina Mercouri. Elizabeth flew to London in the morning, had a screen test, and signed a contract over dinner before flying back to Paris to end her birthday.

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● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The eyes have it

AFTER working 20 years at various firms with various bosses, I've noticed that the brown-eyed or grey-eyed bosses are far nicer and more considerate than bosses with blue eyes. Have others come to a similar conclusion?

£1/1/- to "Observer" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Historic wedding lines

AWAY back in 1909 I married a German girl and took my bride and our German marriage certificate back to England with me. In 1914 my mother-in-law wrote to tell me she'd discovered our certificate should have been counter-signed by the British Consul in Germany, and that, as it stood, we were not legally married in England. We sent it back for correction. When my sister-in-law took it to the Consulate, she found the place in a fever, but they nevertheless obliged and signed on the spot. A few minutes later she heard the news that Britain had declared war on Germany. The Consul's signature on our certificate bears the historic date—August 4, 1914.

£1/1/- to Mr. G. Birks, New Farm, Qld.

Eating at the pictures

DO people in other parts of the world eat as much food in places of public entertainment as Australians do? Glance between the rows as you leave a picture theatre and you'll find the floor littered with a depressing array of empty cartons and wrappers. The early part of the second half of programmes is usually marred by a continual crackle of paper.

£1/1/- to B. Rixon, Rocky River, S.A.

Grandma's bombshell

CALLING at the butcher's, my Scottish granny asked for a piece of suet "to rub over her girdle." It wasn't until she got home that she understood the surprised looks she got. My mother told her a girdle is a foundation garment here; in Scotland a girdle is used for baking scones.

£1/1/- to "Granddaughter" (name supplied), Fulham, S.A.

Not troubled by The Joneses

WHEN I admitted at a recent gathering to using an ice-chest the reaction was mixed. Some people were amused, others sympathetic, scornful, or frankly disbelieving. One well-meaning woman went so far as to explain the hire-purchase system to me, and offered to send a refrigerator agent around to give me a quote. What's so socially unacceptable in the preference for complete ownership of an ice-box to a small stake in a fridge?

£1/1/- to "Sub-Zero" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Wedding costs

I AGREE with Mr. C. Ephraim (England), the father of four married daughters and one to go, that the custom of fathers paying all wedding expenses is hard on the "old man." But, as he provided weddings for four daughters, he should be prepared to do the same for his fifth—and not just shout drinks as he plans to do. If he had insisted that his first daughter have a quiet wedding, the others would not have expected anything more.

£1/1/- to J. M. Blokland, Price, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE the burden of costly weddings could be lessened if parents took out insurance policies when their daughters are born, and plan to give each daughter a similar wedding. Another idea would be to bank part of daughter's board each week in a special account to offset hardship. Then even Dad could enjoy the big day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Downs, Eastlakes, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT'S most unfair for the father of the bride to have to foot the bill. I suggest it be divided four ways—between both fathers, the groom, and the bride. Girls earn nearly as much as men these days, and spend most of it on clothes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Amos, Glen Iris, Vic.

★ ★ ★

BY the time his daughter marries, a man has had time to save for her wedding. My father had eight daughters, and, although he earned only the basic wage, never once did I hear him complain about wedding expenses. At each of the eight weddings he was the happiest and proudest of men.

£1/1/- to "Greta" (name supplied), Adelaide.

★ ★ ★

I EARNED more money than my parents, who are pensioners, yet when I asked Dad if I could pay for our small reception he refused—saying he'd paid for my sister and would do the same for me. Several months later I found out my husband and Dad had had a man-to-man talk about archaic wedding customs and had shared the expenses. His understanding action has made our two families very happy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Watson, Gymea Bay, N.S.W.



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CG4

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE are two kinds of motorists — those who know how the car works and those who don't.

I am one of the second class. I admire people who understand their cars, but in my case it is too late to start. I have my hands full driving and stopping the passengers from standing on the seats or falling out of the doors.

People who know how cars work prefer to have old models, which offer more of a challenge to them. Young Harold Spink, who lives near us, is like that. He has a 1938 Scrapmobile.

Whenever I go past I see him lying under it or peering at its engine. I have never seen him driving it. I doubt whether Harold's car will ever go, but it has given him a lot of fun.

I never look under the bonnet of our car. The man at the Zippol service station does that on Saturdays. I sit inside sorting out the family orders for the swopcards, projects, passports, and riddles which are given away as part of the friendly Zippol service.

I have found that you can get along without understanding the car so long as nothing goes wrong. When trouble comes you feel rather baffled and helpless, like a seagull with a broken wing.

THE MYSTERY CAR

Last summer the car started making a clat-clat-clat noise. I took it to a garage and the man said: "Your universal joint has gone"—



as if that explained everything.

"I don't know what a universal joint is," I muttered to my wife.

"It sounds like a night-club everyone goes to," she said.

When the garage man had put in a new universal joint he gave me the old one as a souvenir. It was a cross-shaped thing.

"Just have a look at it," he said. I nodded in a knowing way, but it meant nothing to me.

Another thing garage men are fond of talking about is the big end. I don't know what it is, but they say you are in serious trouble if your big end is out of order. Strangely enough, they never mention the little end.

There is one advantage in knowing nothing about the works of cars. You don't waste time trying to fix them yourself.

A few weeks ago I was driving through the shopping centre when I noticed I couldn't change gears. I tried to go into second, but the car went into neutral. It was making that futile, complaining noise which cars (like countries) make when they are neutral.

If I had been Harold Spink I would have stood in the rain and taken the car to pieces. Instead, I just rang and got someone to tow it away.

"Your tube's gone," the man at the garage said. I listened with a wise expression, as if to say: "I thought as much."

Next time, I suppose, my gudgeon pin, or my cam, or my manifold will go. I can't hope to understand it—only to pay for it.

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Canned peaches pears & apricots

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SPRINGTIME DELICE

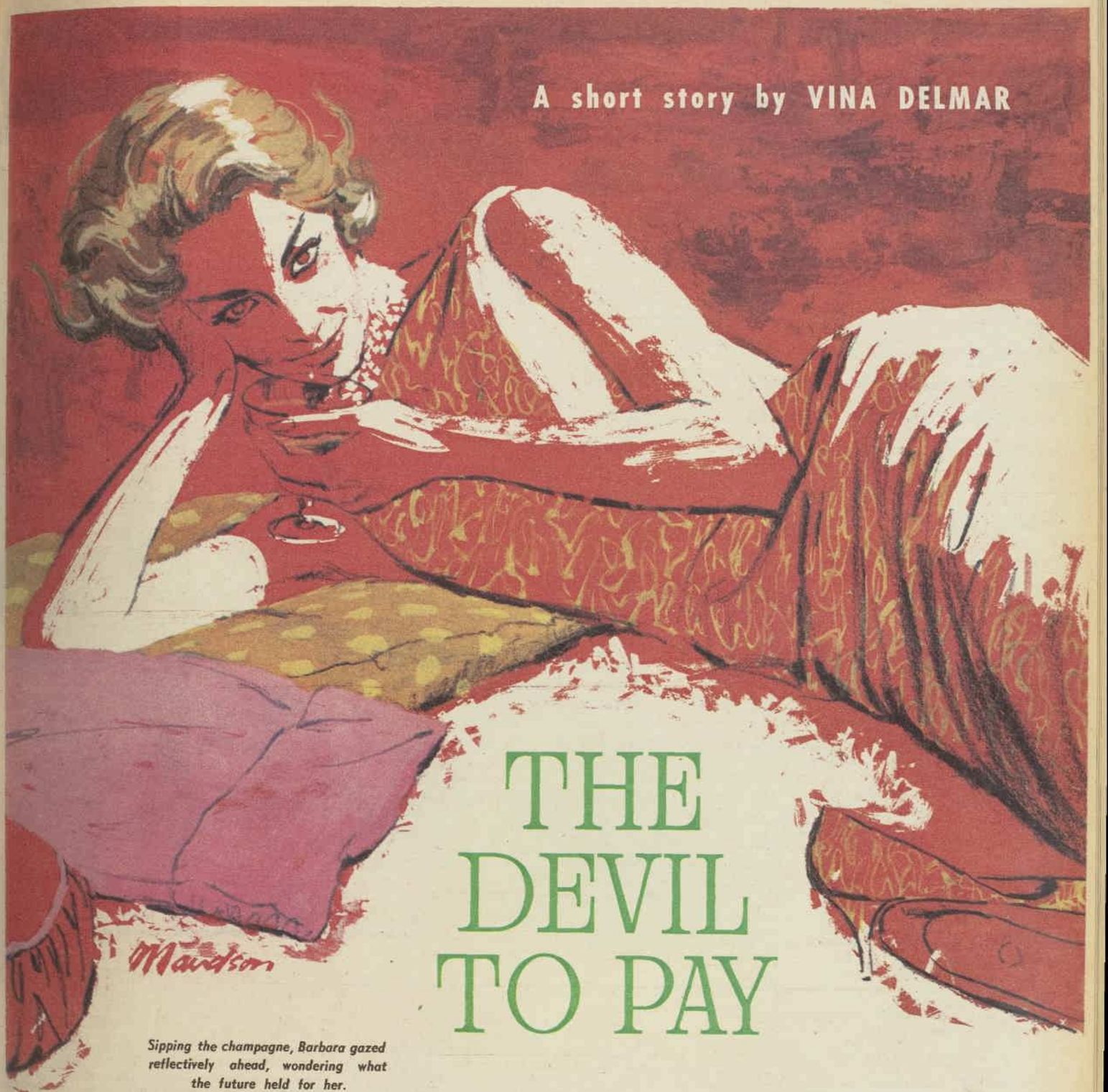
INGREDIENTS: Crust: 1½ cups semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, ½ cup melted butter. Mix well, press firmly into a greased oblong tin and chill. **Topping:** 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 can peach slices (drained), 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup sugar, whipped cream and cherries to decorate.
METHOD: Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, half the peach slices, lemon juice, lemon peel and ¼ cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add cheese, beat until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff and gradually add ½ cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture and pour onto remaining peach slices; fold through lightly. Fill into prepared tin and chill until firm. Cut into squares to serve and top each square with cream and a cherry.

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A short story by VINA DELMAR



THE DEVIL TO PAY

Sipping the champagne, Barbara gazed reflectively ahead, wondering what the future held for her.

FOR him, the light facing north turned red, so he stopped his car. For her, the light facing west turned green, so she stepped off the kerb. He heard an agonised little groan and there she was back on the kerb again, sitting down this time, clutching her ankle in anguish. As he jumped from the car he observed that her billowing skirts and her tiny leaf-colored hat created the impression that a fantastic flower had somehow burst into bloom at the corner of Dillon and Sixth.

He extended his hands to her. "Let me help you." The pink velvet lips were trembling with pain. The lavender eyes had been stung with sudden tears. "I don't want to be a nuisance. Just get me a taxi, please."

There were no taxis and no public telephones close by and the light for which he had stopped was green again. She permitted him to help her into his car.

"I am Richard Margate," he said when he had settled her on the carefully selected upholstery of his middle-sized, middle-priced sedan. He smiled at her reassuringly. "You're in safe company."

"You're sweet to mention that," she remarked. "In any case I couldn't have walked. Even though I live quite near here, I couldn't have managed."

She mentioned the name of her apartment building and it was familiar to him. Three blocks away. Very fashionable. Very expensive.

"You are Mrs. —?" he asked.

"I am Mrs. Nobody, Mr. Margate. I am Barbara Bliss. Miss Barbara Bliss."

"How do you do, Miss Bliss," he said. It sounded silly and very gay. He took his first really good look at her. She was incredible. The most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life.

In front of the building he removed her gently from the car and assisted her to the elevator.

"Will you be all right now, Miss Bliss?"

"Perfectly all right," she said brightly. "If the pain should cause me to faint in the elevator, some tenant would find me sooner or later."

He rode up with her in the little golden cage.

"Do come in a moment," she said to him when they reached her door.

He followed her into her apartment. It was done in three shades of amethyst, had high ceilings, a stately fireplace, and huge glittering windows. It smelled of lilacs and martinis. Richard Margate did not notice. He was staring at the furniture in the living-room.

"Why, it's all handmade!" he gasped, his eyes darting from an impressive bureau to the tall clock case with feathered edges.

"In the dining-room and bedroom, too," she said smugly.

"But handmade furniture is my hobby!"

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. I have a workshop, and though I've never done anything as splendid as all this —" He dashed about inspecting the rich floral marquetry on the bookcase, the tassle and ruffle motif of the cabinet, and the turnings, chamferings, and mitre of the chairs. "I never saw such channelling points or such gadrooning!"

Barbara Bliss smiled at him. "Feel free," she said,

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THE VERY SMALLEST LITTLE WEDDING OF THEM ALL

When people marry it is their love for each other which outshines the glitter of the ceremony . . . a romantic story

BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL



Betsy and Bill danced blissfully to the strains of the lovely waltz while the wedding guests looked on.

DAVID HALLIDAY reached an instinctive hand toward his coffee cup and brought it safely to his lips without removing his eyes from the morning paper. A strong, satisfying sense of well-being possessed him. He had had a fine night's sleep — he hadn't even heard Betsy come in — the September day was perfect for a round of golf if he knocked off a bit early that afternoon; his breakfast had been excellent; and the editorial under his gaze was entirely in agreement with his own views.

Moreover, there was a pleasant warmth within him, in addition to that caused by the hot coffee. For the first time in a number of years this September would bring with it no packing of trunks and flurry of departure, leaving him unadmittedly desolate in the big house.

Being a bachelor, he never dared plead loneliness. Betsy, his niece and ward, had been graduated from college in June and would now be home, at least as much as young women of that age ever are. He had told her to take her time and enjoy herself before settling into any kind of work. After all, a girl is only young once.

There was a sudden scuffling about in the upper hall, and then the sound of precipitate descent down the stairs. In a second, a slim figure, clad in pyjamas and a flying bathrobe, swooped upon him, hugged him rapturously, and then settled on a chair. Her hair was nipped tightly to her head by bobby pins and her only make-up was a tremendous light upon her countenance.

"Uncle David! If I'd missed you this morning I'd have died! I set the alarm and the darned thing never went off. The most terrific thing has happened. I'm so happy I could scream. Oh, Sa-rah, I'm down! Bring me everything, please. Bring me the works. Did you ever see such a gorgeous morning? Oh, I'm so in love!"

David gazed at her affectionately and grinned. "Those words have a faintly reminiscent sound," he said with composure. "Is there anything different —"

"Different!" Betsy all but screamed her reproach. "Oh, Uncle, I thought you'd know the minute you saw me. I'm engaged! He asked me again last night and I said yes and we're going to be married next month. That will give us just six weeks, but I think we can make it. We'll get Miss Thorne. She's absolutely the —"

"Betsy!" David exclaimed. His face had gone white. "Who is the man?"

"How can you ask that? Who could it be but Bill? He's been around all summer."

"They've all been around all summer. I can't tell one from the other. They come in and sit on the edge of a chair and look at me as though I were poison till you come downstairs, and then they shoot off like rockets. Which is Bill?"

"Bill Kinkaid, and you know him perfectly well. He's always wonderful to you. He likes you and he's coming to talk to you, and you're just putting on a show and —" She paused, studying her uncle's face. Her voice dropped a little. "Don't mind, you sweet thing. I won't love you any less just because I love Bill so much, and I'll actually be home lots more than when I was in school."

Because David's voice was unsteady he made it harsh. "What's all this about a wedding in a few weeks? That's nonsense. If you have to be engaged, wait and be married in the spring. I want no precipitous haste."

Betsy got up and kissed him on the forehead. "You can't fool me with your objections. You'll do what I want, like the darling you are. We can't wait till spring. We're going to be married on October twenty-seventh. We settled it last night. And, Uncle, I want ring, bell, and book. The whole show. We can send the announcement of the engagement to the papers right away. Then we must see if we can get Miss Thorne. If not, we'll have to change the date. We simply have to have her."

"Who the devil is Miss Thorne?"

"She's the one who runs all the big weddings. She's expensive, but she's so worth it."

David wiped his brow. "Wh-what sort of wedding were you thinking of?"

"Now, that's better," Betsy said. "We'll be married in Saint Luke's, of course, and have everybody. Then, for the reception, I thought we could have about a hundred and fifty here at the house or about three hundred at the club."

"Good heavens!" David said brokenly.

"It will cost a lot, but you have only me in all the world."

"You don't need to emphasise it!"

"Now, don't worry about that, darling. I won't be far away. And as for the wedding, you won't have a care. Miss Thorne takes complete charge of everything. I'd better call her right away."

David could hear her at the library phone as he sat, limp and dejected, in his chair. Sarah, who had heard everything, came in and poured him a cup of hot coffee. He drank it gratefully. He needed it. He had just received what felt like a death blow. Betsy, married at twenty-two! It was absurd, unthinkable. He'd simply have to put a stop to it.

Betsy suddenly slid into her chair again. "It's fabulous! She's free on that date and will be delighted to run the wedding. She's coming over this morning to see me."

"Betsy, listen to me. You can't — I won't let — I mean, what I want to say is, are you sure you really love Bill?"

Her eyes dazzled him. "I'm so sure, it hurts. You'll soon be used to the idea and, next to Bill, you'll be the best-looking man at the wedding. Won't you love going down the aisle with me?"

"What time will it be?"

"Four o'clock. You'd better order a new suit right away. Your old one's out of fashion. Miss Thorne's even going to help me choose my wedding dress and veil. She's simply fabulous. You'll like her."

"I hate efficient, bossy women. I've got to go now. I've missed two trains."

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Betsy hung on him at the door. "I think we've settled a lot this morning, don't you? It's been terrific."

"It certainly has," he muttered. He kissed her and went for the car.

As on any day, David reopened his paper as he settled down in his train seat, but today he didn't see a single word. The letters blurred. Betsy was going to be married. His home, hers since she was six, would be hers no longer. Her room with its girlish clutter would be empty; she would be gone. He had to face it.

But another, even deeper, pang rent him. He must now take second place. Even though he was a bachelor, he was no fool about marriage. He knew that a husband and wife experience a subtle but unmistakable withdrawal, even from those who, before, were their nearest and dearest. He hated the word jealousy, but it reared its head nonetheless. This Bill. Who was he that he should come between him and his precious child? A good-looking young squirt, but immature. The idea of entrusting her to Bill's care was preposterous. There must be some way to put a stop to the whole thing.

He opened his office door, bearing the name Halliday & Hawes, Corporation Lawyers, and entered with a face so grim that his secretary, Miss Mills, asked if he were ill.

"No, not ill. At least, I guess not," he said. He went into the inner office.

Later in the morning Miss Mills was all smiles as she came into his office. "Your niece is calling, Mr. Halliday, and she's told me the news. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"You think so?" he said. "Well, put her on."

Betsy's voice came lilting to his ear. "Uncle David, she's just left and I had to call you right away."

"Who's left?"

"Miss Thorne. We've talked over the main points, but she wants to see you soon, and I suggested this evening. Will that be all right? She's really wonderful. Such efficiency!"

"I loathe efficient women — outside an office."

"Well, you'll like her. And, Uncle, we've decided on the club for the reception, since I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the list went over three hundred. Miss Thorne says —"

"All right, all right," he answered irritably. "Why not just say that Miss Thorne's running everything and let it go at that?"

That evening on the way home he decided to make one more effort at delay. Dinner conversation was limited to a panegyric from Betsy on Miss Thorne and Bill; but when they were in the library having their coffee David spoke seriously.

"Betsy," he said, "I'm not satisfied about the haste with which this wedding is being planned. You are not only very, very dear to me, but you are my legal ward. I'm asking you now to rely on my judgment and postpone this marriage at least until spring."

She went to him and caught his arms. She was serious, too. "Uncle David, if there were any real reason we should put it off we would wait. But since there isn't, and since Bill and I love each other so terribly, we thought it would be sweet to be married soon. Okay?"

He hesitated, watching her shining face. His voice, when it came, was husky. "All right, Betsy," he said. "All right."

It was only a few minutes later that Miss Thorne arrived. She was small, dark-haired, brisk, and pretty.

David, who had expected an overpowering Amazon, was taken aback; but still he did not like her. "So you're the marriage-maker," he said crisply when the introductions were over and they had sat down.

She smiled — at Betsy. "I don't believe they are being used much this year. I'm just a wedding consultant. I'm so glad you were free this evening, Mr. Halliday. We should get all arrangements made at once." She opened a businesslike notebook. "Now, if you're ready, we'll start."

She was, indeed, efficient. Steadily, calmly, and knowingly, she proceeded with the details, allotting to David, Bill, and Betsy their various duties. She wrote busily on a slip of paper and then read her notes aloud before handing it to David. "So you, Mr. Halliday, will attend to the newspapers, the church, and the minister, the club, the champagne, the florist, and the rehearsal dinner. Betsy will confer with you about everything if you're in doubt. I will take care of the catering and engage the orchestra. Are there any questions, Mr. Halliday?"

"There is one," David said grimly.

"Yes? What is that?"

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Continuing . . . THE VERY SMALLEST LITTLE WEDDING OF THEM ALL

"Have you any idea what a wedding for three hundred and fifty people is going to cost me?"

She started to speak, but Betsy broke in. "Don't pay any attention to him, Miss Thorne. He has plenty of money. He's just teasing you."

Miss Thorne smiled again, slightly at David first and then full at Betsy. It was, David had to admit to himself, a rather nice smile. It managed to be conspiratorial. It said to him, "I can see how much you love her, and no wonder!"

"But," Betsy was going on earnestly, "there's one thing, Miss Thorne, that's very important to me. I do want my wedding to be different. Big weddings are all so alike. Couldn't we think of something unusual for mine?"

"I could go in Bermuda shorts," David suggested.

Miss Thorne smiled again, and David, to his surprise, found himself returning the smile.

"I'm not sure, Betsy," she said. "There's a set pattern for church weddings, you know, and there's not much we can do to change it. We'll talk about color schemes, though, and see what we can dream up." She looked at her watch. "I have another appointment," she said, "so I must go. But I think we've made a good start. Goodnight, Mr. Halliday. Good night my dear. We'll meet at three tomorrow to discuss the gowns."

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Bill came then, and while Betsy ran upstairs for a wrap, he stood—tall, handsome, and nervous—before David. "Mr. Halliday," he began, swallowing hard, "I'm no prize, but I know I'm getting one. I can only say I love her more than—more than my life."

And David, who was prepared to be sternly practical, even a little severe, merely wrung the young man's hand and turned suddenly to hide the mist in his eyes . . .

The weeks flew by. Acceptances came in, and presents also. One thing, at least, had eased David's troubled heart. He had begun not only to approve of Bill but to be fond of him.

Betsy gloated over their growing friendship, but admitted to two clouds in her otherwise cerulean sky. "Uncle, I wish you'd be nicer to Miss Thorne. You're hardly civil."

"She's bossy."

"No, she isn't. She's only doing her job. And do stop calling her the marriage-maker. She doesn't like that."

"That's the way she seems to me."

"That's silly. She's Susan. Why don't you call her that?"

"Never liked the name."

Betsy stared at him thoughtfully. "In all the years," she pronounced, "I've never known you to be difficult about anything." Then she kissed him to take out the sting. "But," she went on, "there's one thing about the wedding that does disappoint me a little."

"What is it?" David pounced at once. "I'll speak to her myself. She'd just better do everything you want!"

Betsy waved a deprecating hand. "Oh, she has. She's been so kind to me I just love her. It's just that I wanted my wedding to be different. Miss Thorne's done her very best, but I guess it will still fall into the usual pattern. Well, that's a small thing isn't it?"

That night, when Miss Thorne dropped in, David swallowed hard and finally brought out the words, "Good evening, Susan."

"Why, hello, David," she returned with a smile that enhanced her normal prettiness. She went on quickly, however, with the business she had to discuss with Betsy. "The caterer I've wanted all along is suddenly free and can take the wedding. It's Bentley, in Harewood. Of course, he's the farthest away and quite a bit more expensive." She turned her eyes on David. They were violet-blue with dark lashes.

He promptly looked at the ceiling. "Well," he responded, "let's have the best."

"I felt you would say so. I know you'll be delighted with his work."

Betsy bore her off to see the presents, but, later, as Miss Thorne was leaving, she looked into the library. "Good night, David," she said.

"Oh, good night, Susan."

When the outer door closed, Betsy fell upon him rapturously. "Oh, Uncle David, did you see how pleased she looked when you called her Susan?"

"I didn't notice."

"Precious liar," said Betsy.

The day before the wedding dawned at last, with the rehearsal dinner to culminate it.

"I've been thinking," Betsy had remarked a week earlier, "that it might be nice to have Susan at the dinner. She's alone, too, as far as family goes, and she's been so terribly kind to me. Let's invite her."

"Oh, by all means, we must have the marriage-maker."

"Oh, you!" Betsy said, but went promptly to call Miss Thorne, who as promptly accepted the invitation.

THE rehearsal was at seven, and all the young people were on time. Oddly enough, it was Susan Thorne who was late—only a little, but enough so that all eyes turned on her as she entered. David felt a queer constriction within him. He had never before seen her in anything but tailored suits. Now she wore a clinging rose dress, with pearls at her throat and her hair waved softly about her face. She didn't look bossy; she didn't look efficient! She looked entirely feminine and very beautiful.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," she said a little breathlessly, "but an important call came just as I was leaving. Good evening, Dr. Wallace. I'll get everyone lined up now and we can start."

The rector proceeded with his general instructions. But Miss Thorne was a perfectionist, and they had to do it over three times before she was satisfied. Then Dr. Wallace disappeared and the others gathered at the front entrance.

"You didn't drive over, Susan?" Betsy asked anxiously. "I forgot to tell you Uncle David would take you to the club."

She forgot to tell me, too, David was thinking, but not, he discovered, with any real distaste.

"No," Susan smiled. "I took a taxi. I thought I might get a lift from here."

So when they all paired off, David found himself helping the marriage-maker into his car. To his surprise, conversation was easy. Betsy, of course, was the chief topic.

"She's a darling," Susan said eagerly, "and, David, don't worry about Bill. He's a fine boy, and

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Crumbs — it's a good idea!

CORN-CRISPED COOKING



Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1 — 2 — 3! Try it and see.

Easy as 1·2·3
No shortening!
No frying!
No turning!

BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES
(Vary baking times according to taste)

Fish	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages	40 mins. at 350°F



DIP pieces in Nestles* Ideal* Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).



ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's* Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



BAKE on Alfoil to golden crispness . . . see baking chart above.

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Now!!! REAL MASHED POTATO ...in seconds

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Imagine! Real mashed potato—in seconds! A new, quick way to serve your family the best farm-fresh potato . . . mashed, the way they like it best! Simply take boiling water, add milk and gently stir in Deb pure potato flakes! That's all. No peeling. No washing. No mashing. Wonderful new convenience for you. And wonderful nourishment, too. Your family will love Deb. Ask for Deb Instant Mashed Potato at your store soon. *Four man-size servings to every packet — light, fluffy and delicious!*



Betty King says: "Good nutrition is important. That's why Deb is so wonderful. You enjoy the pick of Australia's finest potato crops in Deb Instant Mashed Potato. The flakes of pure potato retain all the delicate flavour cells intact. Just follow the directions on the packet to make real mashed potato, in seconds. Creamy-white and fluffy—the finest you ever tasted. Try easy-to-make Deb soon."

Betty King — *Australia's leading home economist*

DEB-made from the best Australian-grown farm-fresh potato

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Worth Reporting.

THE biggest Italian trade exhibition ever staged in Australia will be a highlight of the Adelaide Royal Show, which opens on September 6.

It will be the first time a guest nation has exhibited at the show—and it's at the invitation of the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society of South Australia.

The exhibition has been organised by the Italian Government.

More than 80 firms will show their goods, believed to be worth £500,000.

. . . Goods which range from examples of the goldsmith's art from the famous goldsmithing centre of Valenza to knitwear, textiles, cheeses, sewing-machines, heavy machinery, even shotguns.

The exhibition will be housed in the same huge pavilion used by the Russians last year at the Sydney Trade Fair.

Adelaide Show organisers bought the pavilion at a cost of about £40,000, transported it to Adelaide, and erected it in the showgrounds for another £10,000.

The Italian Government Commercial Representative in Adelaide, Mr. A. Giordano, said that Italian firms had been so keen to show their goods in Adelaide that the exhibition organisers had been "inundated" with requests to take part.

To prepare the pavilion for the exhibits, an architectural draughtsman, Mr. R. Lilli, and five special exhibition workmen were sent from Italy.



● *Mr. R. Lilli . . . preparing the Italian trade exhibition at the Adelaide Royal Show.*

Mr. Lilli, a non-English-speaking bachelor of 30, said through an interpreter that he belonged to the technical office of the Italian Commercial Institute, which organised all fairs such as this for the Government.

In the past six years he had prepared 30 Italian exhibitions in foreign countries, from North and South Africa to Cyprus and Turkey.

He spent six months a year away from his home in Rome. But some workmen with him had worked on as many as 150 exhibitions.

Mr. Lilli explained that flying five workmen from Italy was not such an extravagance as it seemed.

He said: "These men are such specialists in preparing exhibitions, they are so familiar with the equipment and materials, that we find it is cheaper in the long run to send them wherever we need them."

WELL, well, well. In England, jewelled surgical plasters are being marketed. Inventor Lee Griffiths said: "In the old days, many women had servants to do the housework while they went out. They still go out, but they have to do the housework first. And what if they cut themselves doing it?

"Something had to be done.

"I mean you can't go to a party and shake hands wearing an ordinary plaster, now can you?"

Can't you?

Every bit counts

NEXT time a waste-paper appeal comes your way, don't bypass it because you think your little bit wouldn't help.

The Combined Hospitals Waste-paper Appeal in Sydney collects about 600 tons a week, earning for the hospitals about £600.

One hundred and sixty people are employed, and it takes 60 trucks to collect the paper for the mills, which repulp the waste for cardboard.

Although a lot of the paper comes from industries, shops, and factories, the bulk is from individual householders who save wrappings and newspapers.

New model triumph

NO matter how often models tell us their work is a round of back-rooms, rush, and fatigue, they cannot completely shake off their aura of glamor.

That's why we were thrilled to hear that Queensland farmer's daughter Elizabeth Cox, right, of Tara, is now "in" in Paris.

She is working with top couturier Jacques Griffe.

Before going to Paris, Elizabeth had only three months' experience as a photographic model in Australia.

"My French is very shaky," Elizabeth said. "I learned it at school and I'm out of practice. The worst part is mustering up enough courage to speak."

She did not arrive in Paris early enough for the dress fittings, so has mainly been modelling hats.

"That's why I have my hair dragged back," she said. "I normally wear it down.

"Paris quite took my breath away the first time I saw it.

"I like the style and pace of living, the cosmopolitan atmosphere, the French people—and their food.

"But it's terribly expensive. Almost twice as much as in Australia."



● *Elizabeth Cox . . . now a Paris model.*

It's just hard work

INSTANT shorthand — that's what we hoped to acquire when we rang Mrs. Elizabeth McMillan, who recently achieved a speed of 200 w.p.m. over five minutes with 98 per cent. efficiency. (The test was held by the Commercial Education Society of Australia.)

"It just takes practice," Mrs. McMillan said, and we groaned.

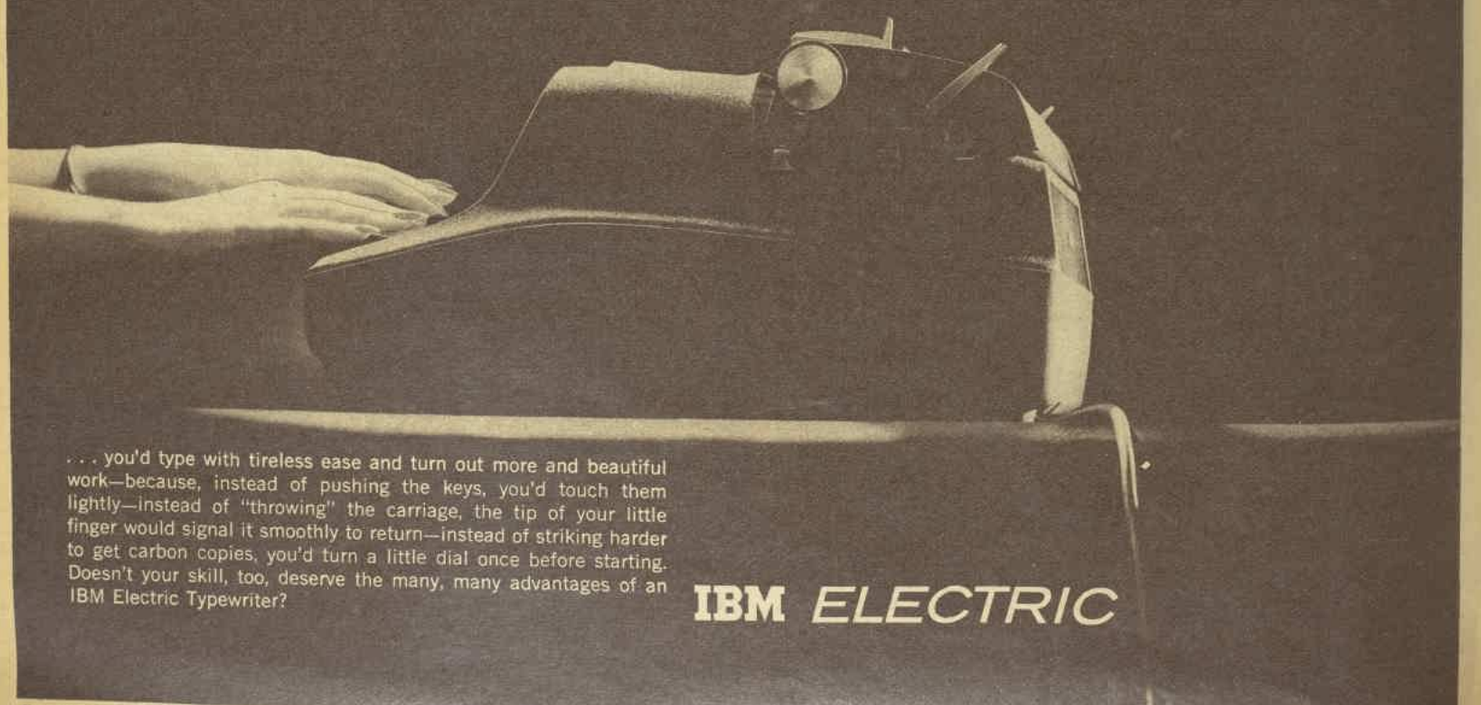
Mrs. McMillan, who has been a court reporter for 10 years, recommends taking down the news or the pop-song words from the radio.

"After a while you'll develop your own little tricks," she said. "It's taken me years to get to this speed.

"But," she said, "I was a dunce at school. The teachers said I'd never be a shorthand writer.

"I showed them!"

If these were your hands



. . . you'd type with tireless ease and turn out more and beautiful work—because, instead of pushing the keys, you'd touch them lightly—instead of "throwing" the carriage, the tip of your little finger would signal it smoothly to return—instead of striking harder to get carbon copies, you'd turn a little dial once before starting. Doesn't your skill, too, deserve the many, many advantages of an IBM Electric Typewriter?

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Illustrated is the Luxaflex automatic style. Raises automatically with the window.



HINGED DOORS—*illustrated is style 'D' featuring an elegant full grille pattern. All hinged doors include closer, latch fittings and hinges in price.* **NO EXTRAS.**
SLIDING DOORS—*priced from £12.15.0 each (plus track).*

Choose from **ROLL-UP** — finished in smooth white enamel, for any window including casement and hopper windows. **FIXED** — for sash or sliding windows — fits inside or outside. **AUTOMATIC** — smooth white enamel finish — perfect for sash windows. **SLIDING** — slides smoothly and silently, single or double track styles. **HOME ASSEMBLY PACKS** — easy to fit, save you real money.
HINGED DOORS — six distinctive patterns in full and half grille styles with attractive corrosion-resistant finish. **SLIDING DOORS** — the only sliding screen doors that effectively insect-proof terrace doors and french windows, cannot interfere with drapes and venetians. Go perfectly with sliding glass doors. All Luxaflex insect screens and doors feature aluminium frame, fibre glass wondermesh and slim line styling. Your Luxaflex retailer will show you how Luxaflex quality is better economy. See him today or write to Luxaflex, Box 31, P.O., Rydalmere, N.S.W., for the colourfully illustrated free insect screens and doors brochure.

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ALL-AUSTRALIAN FASHION PARADES

Lovely models from France, America, England and Australia use and recommend Helena Rubinstein's

Fashion stick



JANICE WAKELY of Melbourne says: *"Fashion Stick, my favourite lipstick. It's so easy to give my lips a perfect outline. The colours for summer are marvellous, too."*



JILL STINCHCOMBE of England says: *"I think Fashion Stick's nine summer colours are wonderful and exciting . . . and there's a nail lacquer to harmonise with every shade."*



EMMANUELLE GASSION from France says: *"I am never without my Fashion Stick and it has more lipstick than the ordinary kind. So much easier to use. The case is such an elegant accessory, too."*



JOAN GREEN from Melbourne says: *"I love the creamy texture of Fashion Stick. It smooths on so easily, outlines so perfectly, and lasts much longer."*



KAIA STANFORD from Sydney says: *"I would not be without Fashion Stick because it's so easy to outline and colour my lips now. The lovely summer shades are just right for me, too."*



CAROL ASHMONT from America says: *"Fashion Stick is the most exciting change in lipstick ever . . It gives me complete control in shaping my lips, and did you ever see such exciting new colours."*

Helena Rubinstein

All-Australian Fashion Parades sponsored by the Myer Emporium Ltd. in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly

THE MYER EMPORIUM LTD., MELBOURNE—
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THE MYER EMPORIUM (S.A.) LTD.—
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The unsigned letter

Much to his wife's annoyance Norm was a hoarder, but for once it paid dividends



A short short story

By DON STANFORD

THE spring and autumn housecleaning seasons are likely to be times of tension around our house because, if the truth be told — and it will be as long as my ever-loving wife has a tongue in her head — I have the instincts of a squirrel storing nuts. I cannot bring myself to throw things away.

I have all my old Boy Scout uniforms and gear, not to mention collections of shells and rock specimens and handicraft articles made at Scout camp; I have just about every letter and postcard and Christmas card I've ever received, too.

I would feel stripped naked without my atticful of frayed and faded reminders of hours I have savored and will not taste again. This is something that can't be explained to an ordinarily reasonable woman. I know; I've tried.

However, we have just come through the semi-annual battle and I think I have won a signal victory. I do not for a moment believe that the enemy within my walls is routed, but I have gained a lot of ground. My nest is safe for another six months and I anticipate that future attacks will be somewhat less vigorous than past ones.

Housecleaning went on here last Thursday and Friday — days I took off from work over Glory's protests — and Saturday. Results were as usual, and Sunday I spent slinking about the house, pretending not to realise I was being glared at and not spoken to.

I was greatly relieved when my sister and brother-in-law dropped in about mid-afternoon and took a little of the pressure off. Helen was giving Ron kind of a thin time, too, I saw, though for what reason I know not. In any case, since misery loves company and cold beer, Herb and I executed an orderly withdrawal to the garage and left our ladies to let off steam together.

We were feeling pretty lighthearted by the time they called us into supper, and not even momentarily crushed when the girls declined to rise to a little affectionate jollying.

In fact, it struck us as hilariously funny that these grown women were childishly sulking when they could have been appreciating a couple of ebullient, effervescent, dashing chaps like us, and we boldly hurled inspired quips back and forth across them, speaking of them in the third person as loved ones who were absent and regretted.

"Ron, boy," I said with vast solemnity, "tell me something. How did a couple of spirited, fun-loving adventurers like us ever get tied up with them in the first place?"

"Well," Ron said, and lifted his glass and squinted at it, "I don't know about you, but I picked mine up in a Chinese restaurant. Nipped in with a bunch of guys for a bowl of chop suey after bowling, and these two girls were sitting there, and I couldn't stop looking at the redhead. So finally I called the waiter over and gave him my card with some nonsense scribbled on it and sent him over to their table. The idiot started to give it to the wrong girl and I stood up and yelled across the restaurant, 'Not that one, you fool — the redhead!' "

He gave my sister a shy, positively sickening look and suddenly I knew it was true, even before Helen blushed.

"My sister!" I said. "I ought to sock you in the nose for picking up my sister in a Chinese restaurant!"

Nobody laughed, though; the fun had gone out of the game. Ron knew it, too, and he was sorry. Trying to pass the ball back to me, he jerked a rude thumb at Glory. "How did you get tied up with this, Mister Bones?"

"Well, now, that is a funny thing," I said thoughtfully, because all of a sudden I felt serious, too. I hadn't thought about it in a long time and suddenly I wanted to hear the story myself. "I met Glory through an anonymous letter. Did I ever tell you that?

"Ed and Harry Hines and I had summer jobs up on Cape Cod at the old Passapequot House," I said softly, remembering.

"So one night, having nothing to do and knowing nobody in the area, we crashed a high-school dance. Had a real ball, too. Danced with just about every little girl there — we must have been all of twenty, and smooth college types. We left having no plans to return.

"A week passed and then I got a letter. It was a sweet little letter; it touched my heart and swelled my ego at the same time. The girl who wrote it didn't sign her name — she apologised for not signing it —and got right to the point. She had a boy-friend, she said, and she loved him, and she had a girl-friend who was pretty nice, too, but unfortunately acquisitive. She liked to collect all the boys — including her girl-friend's boy-friend.

"Well, the trouble with this eighteen-year-old femme fatale, according to the girl who wrote the letter, was just that she hadn't ever really fallen for a boy herself — until she met me. So wouldn't I please take her out of circulation — at least long enough for my correspondent to get her boy-friend back?

"The letter gave me Glory's name and address and I went to see her, though she didn't give me any indication that I was her knight on a white charger. So I kept going back, out of bewilderment and curiosity, until . . ."

I shrugged helplessly and winked at my wife, who glared and then grinned back. Suddenly Ron said thoughtfully, "What was the other kid like — the one who wrote the letter? She get her boy-friend back all right?"

"Why," I said, surprised, "I don't know. I remember I was pretty curious at first, naturally, but after a couple of dates with Glory it must've slipped my mind . . . But I must've asked you, Glory; who did write it?"

Glory shook her head quickly, but she looked kind of funny, a little pink in the cheeks and too bright in the eyes. I got up from the table and said thoughtfully, "I'll bet I've got that letter somewhere. Let's . . ."

Glory said sharply, "Norm, you come back here!"

But I was halfway to the attic. It took me a little time, because I kept running across things I just couldn't throw aside without looking at, group photographs and old football line-ups and stuff like that. But I found the letter — found it and read it and noticed what I'd had no reason to notice at the time I'd got it, coming as it had from someone who had been a stranger then but wasn't any more. I looked at the familiar handwriting and got a big fat lump in my throat.

I carried the letter downstairs and held it up, but carefully out of reach. "Glory, who wrote this letter?" I asked huskily. "Who wrote this pathetic and irresistible appeal to my chivalry, this plea to aid a nameless damsel in distress by taking you out of circulation?"

"You know darn well who wrote it!" Glory said shakily, shiny-eyed and crimson-faced. "Just remember I was only a kid and I didn't know what I was doing! And if you'd throw things away once in a while you'd never have known, either."

Which is just the point, as we both know very well, sharing the fresh new memory of how it was with us then. And I think as we get on in years I will keep right on saving things. Who knows what might come in handy?

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Continuing . . . THE VERY SMALLEST LITTLE WEDDING OF THEM ALL

twenty-five is a perfect age for a man to be married."

"Why?" David asked.

"Well—" Susan floundered, as though she had made a faux pas—"I mean that at twenty-five a man is old enough to take responsibility and yet not at an age when—when—"

"When he's become set in his ways."

"Well, yes. If you wish to put it like that."

"You seem to know a good deal about men."

"I've met a good many in my profession." Then she hurried on, as though wishing to change the subject. "There's just one thing I'm worried about."

"What's that?"

"The weather. Have you listened to the reports?"

"No," David said. "What did they say?"

"There's a bad storm heading this way."

"The devil there is. When's it due to hit us? Not tomorrow?"

"Well," she said slowly, as though trying to soften the blow, "that's what the weather reports say. Of course, it may blow out to sea, but just in case of the worst I thought it would be wise to call the men who are putting up the awning at the church and have them put one up at your house, and also at the club. It will cost a little more, but——"

from page 26

"Oh, hang the expense!" David said.

The rehearsal dinner, in one of the club's smaller rooms, was very gay. Seven pretty girls and seven good-looking young men, all properly happy and excited. Bill's parents, Miss Thorne, and David afforded the older element. Everybody sang; everybody danced. After doing his duty by Bill's mother, David found himself circling about with Susan Thorne.

They went out once to the small balcony to scan the skies, but did not feel encouraged by what they saw.

"If there were only one small star," Susan said. "To wish upon."

"This may all blow away before morning. A good rain tonight would just make everything fresher." David tried to laugh. "I'll wager tomorrow will be fine."

"Me, too," said Susan.

They shook hands on it — rather a lengthy handshake, as it turned out.

When, at the evening's end, David deposited her at her door, she spoke very earnestly. "I want to tell you that in all the weddings I've managed, I've never wanted so much for anything to be perfect."

"I know," David said, "and I can't thank you enough for all you've done. I should have told you sooner. I guess I've been so upset over losing Betsy that I've been a bit surly with everyone. I hope you'll forgive me. I don't think I'd ever get through tomorrow if you weren't there to take charge."

Susan's voice came with reassuring efficiency. "I'll be there!"

The weather reports were right. The storm did not blow out to sea. David, sleepless, heard the first downpour. By daylight it was heavier, with a rising wind. At last he wandered downstairs in his dressing-gown. "It can't be!" he kept repeating. "It just can't be!"

The radio was no help. The storm was expected to grow steadily worse. David sat down at the breakfast table and drank cup after cup of coffee. Sarah, her face dumbfounded, kept muttering, "He never ought to do this. The good Lord never ought to do this to our Miss Betsy. She still sleeping?"

"I think so. I hope so. The later she wakes up to this the better."

"I fixed her a lovely tray," Sarah went on. "She's going to need nourishment."

David called Susan Thorne; he hardly knew why. Her maid said she had gone away in her car at eight-thirty. At least, David sighed in relief, she was already on the job.

Then suddenly he was anxious about her.

Bill began calling at nine, but insisted Betsy must not be wakened. He and David uttered a few strong expletives to relieve their tension and then settled to a general discussion of the situation. Bill said he would go at once to buy a big raincoat for Betsy.

At ten David heard a cry and bounded up to Betsy's room. She was sitting up in bed, staring unbelievingly at the windows.

"Uncle David," she wailed.

He sat down on the bed and they talked it over. She patted his hand. "Don't look so stricken," she said. "It's not the end of the world, you know. We're still going to be married. Oh, I've got to talk to Bill."

DAVID went downstairs to fetch Betsy's tray. She was smiling when he returned.

"I've got myself pulled together now. Bill is so wonderful! He said the most beautiful thing to me! He said—he said—I don't believe I can tell you," she ended, blushing.

There it is, David thought. It has to be this way, and I want it to be. Only, somehow, it hurts a little. "Of course he's wonderful," he said aloud.

When the limousine arrived for David and the bride, Betsy, enveloped in the great raincoat which Bill had sent, her veil and slippers in a box which David carried, managed to get into his car, and David settled beside her.

Once they were inside the solid stone walls of Saint Luke's, reassurance seemed to fall upon everyone. Susan Thorne went efficiently about her many duties. The organ pealed, the signals were given, and the march up the aisle began, with David and Betsy at the end. As David handed Betsy to her bridegroom at the altar and returned to his empty pew, he felt lonelier than ever before in his life.

When the service was over and Betsy and Bill had left the church, David drove alone to the club, where Susan met him. She no longer looked poised, but anxious and worried. Drawing him aside, she said: "We're in trouble. The caterer got here early with the food, but his waiters are stuck on the highway. One of them managed to reach a phone and call."

Pete, the best man, had just come in. He took one glance at her and said, "What's up, Miss Thorne?" She told him and he whistled. "We've got to get them, that's all. I'll tell Hank, and we'll take his station waggon."

"Oh, Pete, you can't!"

"Sure I can. What's a best man for? We'll get them if we have to swim them in. Go ahead with your

To page 48



QUICK VARIETY TRICK with Edgell green peas. Mix crisp bacon bits through peas, add butter squares. Serve steaming hot.

Young and sweet and tender!

When Mother Nature's done her very best, Edgell steps in and picks for you the tastiest, tenderest young peas of all. Because only Edgell grows, picks and cans its own country garden vegetables . . . you know they are the finest quality. You know Edgell peas are fresh, too! Within two hours of picking, the peas are sorted, graded, canned and cooked. And they remain two hours old until you open the can! Freshness you can taste!

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"You're forgiven," Stephen told Alison, as Miss Hocking joined them.

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

Suspicion falls on the handsome stranger . . . third instalment of our mystery serial.

By MARGOT NEVILLE

AT Bishop's Bay, TOBY and NORAH PRITCHARD were preparing his late mother's house for sale. Toby's secretary, ALISON BURDETT, was helping and she found a note saying, "Not the boatshed. Boris suspects." Realising it referred to a neighbor, BORIS McEVOY, who lives with his young wife, VIRGINIA, and her visiting brother, DAL OWEN, she showed it to the Pritchards, but they dismissed it, although earlier that day Toby had heard Boris threaten to kill MISS ETHEL HOCKING'S alsatian, LARRY, because he had raided his fowls. EDWARD and JANE FRY had heard her retaliate by threatening his life if he touched Larry. JEFFREY CORNWALL and Dal, who was with him, heard about the incident from Miss Hocking herself.

The next morning Alison found Virginia in the boatshed, where she had slept, and going up to the house to get her a dressing-gown had been surprised to find a stranger there who quickly found the gown but left the house with her. At 7 a.m. Alison saw the drowned body of Larry and raced back to the house to tell Virginia, who called Boris and discovered him dead in the bedroom.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING suspect Miss Hocking. MRS. VETCH, the storekeeper, had seen her getting the 7 a.m. bus that morning. Grogan finds the blood near a dead fowl is human and thinks Boris was killed outside and carried into the house. He also learns Cornwall had lent Boris a gun, and Alison decides to tell him about the stranger, although she secretly had been attracted to him.

Later the stranger tells her he is STEPHEN TALBOT and was divorced from Virginia a year ago. NOW READ ON:

IT was an almost homely scene that Alison and Stephen Talbot, coming up to the McEvoys' front door, saw through the window of the sitting-room: morning tea with Virginia presiding.

On the sofa in front of the low table sat Virginia. She was blooming the more brilliantly for her partial eclipse of yesterday. Her hair of shining gold fell over her rose-gold cheek as she leant forward, teapot held above the cups, her extended arm from shoulder to wrist a poem of shape and hue.

Grogan was standing by her side waiting for his cup, on his face an expression bland, not to say indulgent. In the other corner of the sofa sat Dal, no longer fugitive from his brother-in-law's house, but very much at home, legs stretched out in front of him, his eyes sleepily content, his young mouth greedily anticipating the hot buttered bun that he was about to bite into. Around them was the untidy room, unloved, unlovable, that always had 'the appearance of a room in which people are camping before moving out.

The window was open, and Virginia, looking up, saw the two outside. Her eyes opened wide and she got up and came forward. "Stephen!"

Stepping closer to the window, he looked beyond her into the room. "Hullo, Virginia. I've come by request. To contact the police."

"You?" she said. "It was you here yesterday?"

"It was."

Alison, her mind awhirl with speculation, was wondering if Virginia's surprise was genuine. If not, it was a good act. She was so busy with this thought that she hardly heard what followed: Virginia explaining to the inspector her and Stephen's former relationship; and Stephen mentioning his trip to Newcastle, and that he was on holiday from the newspaper where he worked, and of his hearing this morning for the first time, he said, of the death of Mr. McEvoy down here yesterday.

Alison didn't know what she had expected, but certainly not this easy, almost social atmosphere, with Virginia's composure so quickly restored, with Dal going out and returning with two more cups, and Grogan and Stephen Talbot behaving as though tea and buns were the only present objective.

But very shortly the harmony was dispelled when Grogan, having drunk his tea and reached over and put down his cup, said: "Mr. Talbot, would you have any objection to explaining your presence here yesterday morning?"

Stephen put down his cup, too, and sat back in his chair, relaxed and unperturbed. "None whatever — that's what I've come for."

"Yes. Well. Miss Burdett, she says you told her that you came by Mr. McEvoy's invitation. That correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No, never."

"What was the purpose of your visit?"

"Well, the evening before, I rang up and asked to speak to Mrs. McEvoy. McEvoy answered the telephone and said she was out."

"Yes," Virginia confirmed, "I hadn't got back from the

To page 61

Bataflex school shoes





NO. 51



NO. 52

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Romantic Fashions





From ball gowns to peignoirs, the pick of the season's fashions are romantic and pretty. Romanticism is a potent spring tonic, and window-shopping has never been so fascinating. Every woman, as she looks and dreams, will visualise herself as all-female.

But note carefully, pretty fashion is not all sugar-and-spice; it involves basic good taste with a regard for purity of silhouette. It is n good fashion to drowned in a sea ruffles or smothered too many flowers ribbons.

At a more sophis (or should I say se level, a spell of can be cast by fully chosen flow a discreetly f tatious ruffle— that says All

The mat hour is chi all odds g the color o

Nobody in an u If orang there a derful of ap don't rom ligh wi

● *Feminine enchantment in the belted chiffon dress at left. The neckline, trimmed with a single rose, is cut provocatively high.*

● *Peignoir (above) made in lace-trimmed Swiss cotton with a romantic collar and elbow sleeves. The gown is self-belted.*

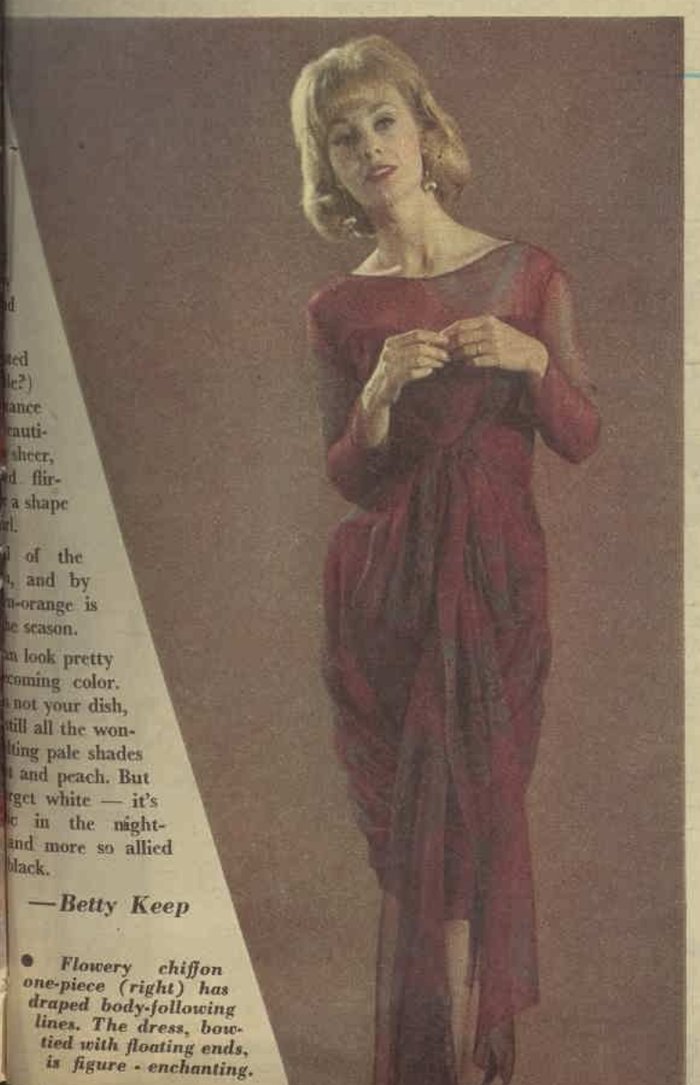
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● *Romance (above) in spring millinery—a wide-brimmed hat in dove-grey straw trimmed with lilac and a single rose. The brim is designed to shade the wearer's eyes.*

● *Superb ball gown in white satin (right) is self-belted at hip-level. The ruffled organdie stole is a perfect way to give the illusion of romanticism.*





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and more so allied
black.

—Betty Keep

● *Flowery chiffon one-piece (right) has draped body-following lines. The dress, bow-tied with floating ends, is figure - enchanting.*

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The sun-suit or beach-suit with pretty top and matching shorts is new again in fashion.

THIS fashion item answers a young reader's query. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"Could you assist? I am unable to obtain a pattern for a two-piece beach-suit to make in floral cotton. I want the suit to be feminine and not too bare-looking. My size is 32in. bust."

The two-piece sun-suit is back in fashion, and the one at right should solve your problem prettily. The design is Italian-inspired and a paper pattern is available in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I am in my late fifties and wondered if I am too old to wear bright colors."

Don't, like many women in your age group, get a complex about color—by all means wear it. The thing to do is to find just which bright color is most flattering to your hair and eyes. Bright color has never been more plentiful or more worn.

"Is it necessary to wear evening dress on a holiday cruise?"

You will change for dinner, but this does not mean formal dress. For most evenings at sea a pretty short-skirted dress is adequate. However, during most cruises there is sure to be a special gala evening. For such an occasion it is pleasant to have something a little more formal, such as a short evening dress or cocktail dress.

"Would it be correct to have a two-piece street costume made without sleeves?"

Perfectly correct and very new, too. The dress or costume minus sleeves has been promoted in every phase of fashion.

"Should a flowergirl aged six wear a short or long frock?"

The traditional flowergirl dress is ankle-length.



DS493. — Two-piece beach-suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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TWO LOVELY PANELS . . .

● To obtain one or both of the attractive wool-embroidered wall panels shown opposite, send the coupon below with a postal note or cheque to "Wall Panels," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Panels are 15/- each.

WE will then mail the panel to you complete with the embroidery wools needed to work the design and full working directions and diagrams.

Each panel is 25in. by 17in., made from tightly woven furnishing fabric in heavy-weight cotton. One has a bamboo design embroidered in grey, black, and tangerine wool on off-white cotton, the other features pink chrysanthemums on a French rose background.

Newer than pictures, they can decorate plain wall surfaces in living-rooms, bedrooms, dining-rooms, and kitchens and make very original Christmas gifts.

To hang each panel you need two 18in. lengths of ¼in. wooden dowelling and two cotton-reels cut in half for decorative ends. Paint the cotton-reels and dowelling to tone or contrast with the panel. (With the bamboo design cotton-reels and dowelling could be tangerine or black to match the design.)

Thread dowelling through casings at top and bottom of panel. Fix cotton-reel halves at each end of dowelling. Attach a matching cord with ends fringed (1yd. should be enough) to the half cotton-reels at each end of the top piece of dowelling and hang from a picture-hook.

The panels also make charming cushion covers.

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EMBROIDERED IN WOOL



GRACEFUL bamboo trees on this attractive off-white wall panel are hand-embroidered in wool; trunks are in black, leaves in tangerine and grey. Directions for hanging the panels are given opposite, with the order form.

EVEN the bees can't resist these beautiful pink chrysanthemums. Hand-embroidered in wool on pastel-pink ground, they are a delightful wall decoration for a pretty bedroom or living-room. See order form opposite.



2 delicious ways to dress a meal



A tasty baste for barbeques

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tblsp. Keen's mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tblsps. sugar • 1 tblsp. grated onion • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed tomato soup • ½ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt

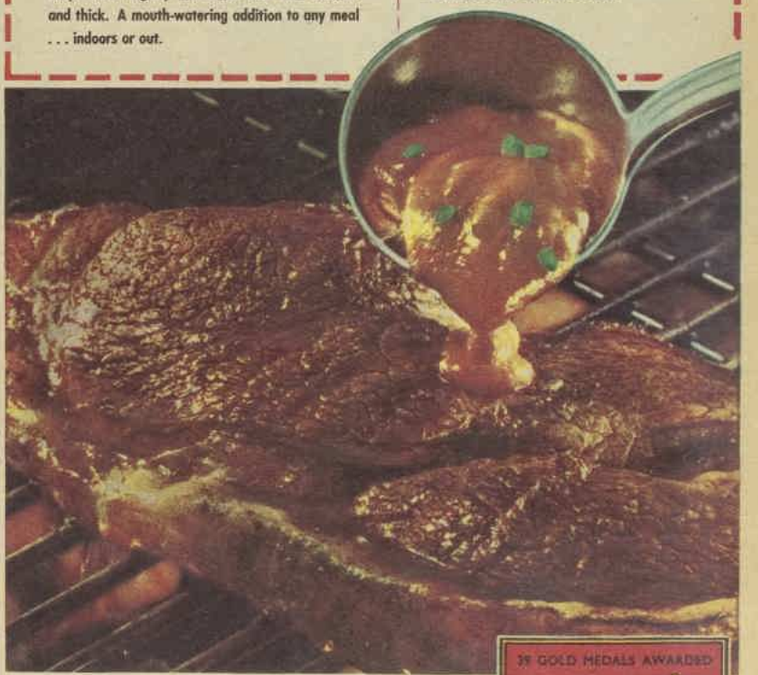
Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add Holbrook's vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until blended and thick. A mouth-watering addition to any meal . . . indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tblsp. Keen's mustard • 1½ cups milk • 3 tblsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tblsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt • 2 tblsps. butter • few grains of cayenne

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add Holbrook's vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.



Give every meal man appeal with KEEN'S MUSTARD

(COLMAN'S in South Australia)



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Combine your Slenderline belt with new Kotex Slenderline napkins—for lasting *comfort* and *protection*.

LOOK FOR THE NEW KOTEX SLENDERLINE BELT IN THE PRETTY 'ROSE' PACK



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KC 498A



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows triple-fronted design of Plan No. 879. Wide eaves shelter the windows all round the house.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● ***This week's home plan, No. 879 in our series of basic designs, is a traditional, triple-fronted design.***

SUITABLE for a wide, shallow block of land, the interior is compact and well planned.

Bathroom, kitchen, and laundry are close together to cut plumbing costs.

The bathroom has a separate shower recess, full-sized bath, large washbasin, and a toilet which is also accessible from the laundry.

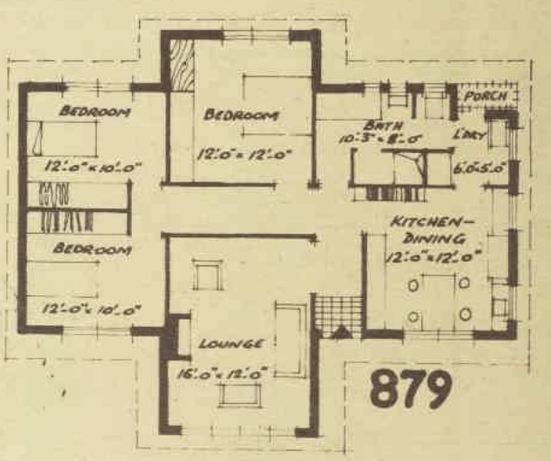
The laundry, 6ft. by 5ft., opens to a service yard through a sheltered porch—an ideal wet-weather spot for children.

The kitchen and dining-room are combined, which makes serving meals much easier for the busy housewife.

The lounge-room, 16ft. by 12ft., is a pleasant room for entertaining, and has a large open fireplace. Windows extending almost the length of one wall look out across the front garden.

The three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and the second and third bedrooms are each large enough to accommodate two beds.

The exterior is simple and attractive. Wide overhanging eaves shade the windows all round the house.



***FLOOR PLAN.** Note large bathroom, all-in-one kitchen and dining-room, and spacious lounge-room with open fireplace.*

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New blue thread indicates side of napkin to be worn away from the body. *New convenience!*



Kotex is confidence

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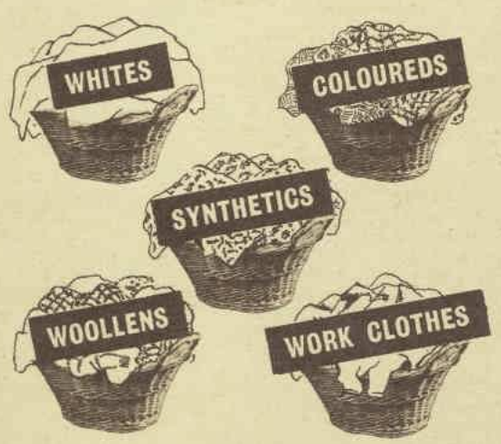
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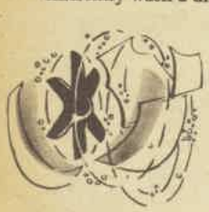
Even a wash of five different fabrics can be ready for the line in less than half an hour



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Imagine! While one load is being busily washed, *another* load — perhaps a load of different fabric is being rinsed and spin-dried ready for the line. There's no waiting . . . no time-wasting emptying and refilling — no waste of soap and hot water. Hoovermatic's exclusive boiling action pulsator and speedy twin tubs gently and efficiently wash a different load, a different *fabric* — every five minutes.



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No other washer is so fast — no other so handy. It will wash big loads of whites (as many as eleven shirts at once) — will take a double blanket with ease. It will wash load after load — 6 lbs. in the wash tub, 6 lbs. in the spinner — faster than you can hang them on the line.

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Automatic timer thinks for you — stops needless overwashing. Safety spinner lid operates spinner — safe from curious little fingers. Built-in heater boils water if necessary. Stainless steel wash tub for lifetime service. Ideal size for kitchen, bathroom or laundry — glides freely on concealed castors.

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● **Does a man's tenderness for the sweetheart he married in youth fade when they both grow old? If you think so, read this READER'S STORY:**

"THE KISS"

By E. C. BOLTON, Rydalmere, N.S.W.

● **This is the story of an impromptu bus ride taken with the idea of getting some cheap grapes. It was a long time ago — a clear, hot day in January, 1936 — but I shall never forget the woman who grew those grapes.**

"She was old and ugly"

BUT let me begin at the beginning so that you will see the incident of which I write just as I saw it.

I was staying in a town on the Darling Downs in southern Queensland.

This particular day I lounged in a deckchair on the boarding-house verandah with nothing to do and all the afternoon to fill in.

Two other women, who shared a room next to mine, came out hatted and gloved.

"Come for a bus ride?" they asked.

"Where to?"

"Oh, we might visit one of the vineyards and get some cheap grapes to take back to Brisbane," said the younger woman.

The elder one was rather scornful. Fruit did not agree with her, she confided.

But the drive appealed to us all, so off we went.

The bus left our stop at 3 o'clock and the friendly driver told us he would direct us to a small farm which grew and sold grapes.

"And not far to walk when you get out," he reassured the older woman.

Smoothly through the main street and bumpily on the dirt roads, we drove for about three miles.

We stopped at a corner and the driver directed us "to the left, where the big trees are."

So we walked up the slight slope to an old farmhouse standing in some three or four acres. A horse was tied to the first gate.

We approached the next warily in case there was a dog. But no. We rapped on a door which stood open. No one came.

Hearing voices at the back of the house, we walked around and in an old outhouse we found two women.

We spoke to the older one and told her of our mission. She was washing some garment in a tub but dried her arms on a jack towel.

Yes, they did have grapes for sale, she told us. But they were only Isabellas now; the others were all sold.

"All that the birds let us have," she added wryly.

Seldom do I admit that the word ugly should be used or applied to human beings, for so many plain people have redeeming features or expressions that save them from actual ugliness.

And yet my first impression was that this woman was ugly.

Tall she was, and very stout, with no definite waistline. Clad in an old soiled dress, her sleeves rolled above enormous elbows, on her bare feet red slippers, and on her straggling grey hair an old brown straw hat, no browner than her face and arms.

She had light grey eyes under heavy brows, a massive nose, a large, thin-lipped mouth.

She was Mrs. W——, the woman we had come to see.

She went into the cottage, and the other woman — a neighbor who had come for vegetables — discussed the weather with us till Mrs. W—— returned with a large basket and a pair of scissors.

She took us into the garden and left us by the grapevines while she turned off a hose at the foot of a fig tree.

"You must have a lot of work with the fruit in the dry weather?" we asked politely, and she agreed.

"You have big sons to help you, perhaps?" asked one of my companions.

"Ah, no," said Mrs. W—. "There's only Dad and I.

"Our boy has a business in Toowoomba, and we supply him with fruit and vegetables.

"But this year we failed him with the fruit.

"The birds took our peaches and apricots before they ripened — the bush birds were starving in the dry weather, so they came to all the gardens, eating the fruit and spoiling what they could not eat.

"And now the bees are spoiling the grapes."

And indeed it was so. Little brown robber bees were busily flying in and out of the grape clusters at that very moment.

"Sweethearts for ever"

While Mrs. W—— continued to cut grapes, we wandered along the paths, eating small bunches of grapes and admiring the trees.

A rosebush covered with wee pink buttonhole roses caught my eye. I could not resist picking a bud, and strolled back to confess.

For the first time Mrs. W—— smiled. A flash of white teeth and a twinkle of grey eyes softened the harsh lines of the big brown face.

"Not ugly," I thought idly to myself. "Not ugly, really."

"Pick all you can while you're here," invited Mrs. W——. "This last heatwave has scorched the roses and the poor dears will die."

Just then an elderly man pushed a bicycle through the gate and walked down the narrow, vine-enclosed path toward us, evidently returning from work.

His shirtsleeves were rolled up, his arms, hat, and clothes covered with the fine red dust of the Darling Downs roads.

Tall and thin, he walked with a tired stoop, but his features were handsome, his eyes very blue.

As he aproached, Mrs. W—— rose from her knees by the vines and greeted him, a glad note in her voice, "Well, Dad, home again."

Her husband took off his hat in deference to me and my companions. His hair was nearly white.

He did not say anything in reply to her welcome but stepped close and put his arm round her, simply.

Then he gave her a kiss.

I do not yet know why it was that, as he did so, I was suddenly embarrassed, as if in the presence of lovers.

I turned quickly toward my two companions and I saw that they, too, wore a look of surprise and, shall I say, shyness, at variance with their usual sophisticated expressions.

It was a tribute.

Often one sees a husband salute his wife on his return from or on going to his work. It is usually a perfunctory caress.

But that we three visitors —all unemotional women, one elderly and the other two middle-aged—should be thus startled by a caress bestowed by an elderly man on his elderly wife was a remarkable thing.

As I said before, she had seemed to me to be an ugly woman. But the light kiss he gave her clothed her at once in romance.

All in that moment I knew it was because he kissed her gladly, lovingly, unconscious of those who stood by.

White-haired, old, and bodily tired as he was, his kiss was not a dutiful or mechanical caress—it was more a little proof that after years of toil and hardship she was still his sweetheart.

As we all walked back to the cottage to wait for the bus, he told us he worked for a timber firm, and in fact had worked for the same firm for 50 years but would soon give it up.

The fruit garden was now a bit much for his wife to manage alone, he said, and he was too old for his job.

Chairs were brought from the kitchen to the back porch, from where we could watch for the bus. Two pretty children came to buy beans.

Some budgerigars and canaries, two quarrions, and a mountain parrot hung in cages in the porch. The old man tried to get his birds to talk to us, but finally bade us good evening and took a bucket to pick the beans.

Our bus arrived, we said goodbye to Mrs. W——, and climbed aboard.

On the return trip the younger of my companions turned to me and, again with that look of shy amazement, said, "Did you see him kiss her!"

I nodded. The elder woman smiled but said nothing.

● **Have you a story to tell? We will pay from £5 to £20 for readers' stories up to 1500 words about family life or everyday incidents.**



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How truthful are you?

By PETER NORTHEND

● Does it pay to be completely truthful in all circumstances? Is it fair, or kind, to tell the truth always — even at risk of hurting people's feelings?

HERE'S a stimulating new quiz to find out just how truthful you are.

1. Would you say that life, for good or ill, has to be based on:
- (a) just the occasional white lie?
- (b) a fair amount of lying?
- (c) less truth-telling than you care to admit?

2. How much of your past life have you told your husband or boy-friend:
- (a) by far the greater part of it?
- (b) most, with one or two notable omissions?
- (c) less than half?

3. Which do you consider you are most easily taken in by:
- (a) white lies?
- (b) deliberate evasions?
- (c) flattery?

4. Have you ever pretended to be out when visited or telephoned by someone you didn't wish to speak to:
- (a) never?
- (b) very rarely?
- (c) several times?

5. Looking back over your life, which have you lied about with the easiest conscience:
- (a) your achievements?
- (b) your failures?
- (c) your past history?

6. Have you always told your correct age:
- (a) yes?
- (b) no?
- (c) yes, except on one or two occasions?

7. Frankly, which do you tend to prefer to do to other people:
- (a) impress them?
- (b) please them?
- (c) equal or surpass them?

8. Do you believe confession is good for the soul:
- (a) yes, unreservedly?
- (b) in moderation, and to the right person?
- (c) seldom, if ever?

9. Which leads you to fib most readily:
- (a) finding yourself in a mess?
- (b) hoping to get something you wouldn't get otherwise?
- (c) to avoid hurting someone's feelings?

10. Which comes hardest to you:
- (a) facing the unpleasant truth?
- (b) bluff?
- (c) continuing a lie?

THE VERDICT

100: If you scored this honestly you are the most truthful person imaginable. But one can be too truthful, you know, which can mean being hurtful instead of kind.

80-100: You're genuinely truthful and honest with other people and yourself, but not priggish with it. Try to stay that way.

50-80: Truth and you could be better acquainted.

Under 50: You may skate along merrily for a time, but truth will out in the end, make no mistake!

HOW TO SCORE

1.	(a)	10	(b)	5	(c)	0
2.	(a)	10	(b)	5	(c)	0
3.	(a)	10	(b)	0	(c)	5
4.	(a)	10	(b)	5	(c)	0
5.	(a)	0	(b)	10	(c)	5
6.	(a)	10	(b)	0	(c)	5
7.	(a)	0	(b)	10	(c)	5
8.	(a)	10	(b)	5	(c)	0
9.	(a)	5	(b)	0	(c)	10
10.	(a)	0	(b)	10	(c)	5

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Tek Anti-Germ — so kind to the gums, so firm with the teeth — the only toothbrush that gives you the extra protection of germ-fighting action — a special built-in process that keeps the bristles germ-free and hygienic during their whole long life . . . Time to buy a new Tek Anti-Germ Toothbrush!

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● I was called to the phone early one morning this week to receive a telegram from a Victorian country town. "The message reads 'In Spain the rain falls mainly on the plain'," said the Post Office man, puzzled. "And it's signed 'Katherine of Aragon.'"

"WHAT'S the office of origin?" I asked. I knew that that was the only bit of the message that was really of interest to me, but I don't suppose it made things any clearer to the Post Office man.

This screwy message was Katherine's way of complying with my request that she should let us know that she'd arrived safely at her destination, while at the same time letting me know that she thought the request was idiotic.

All Kay's good resolutions about going nowhere and doing nothing but work during the holidays melted like snow when she had an invitation to stay with some friends who live close to the mountain country in Victoria.

She went off with her luggage bulging with borrowed woollies (in case she gets a chance to go to the snow) and with heavy textbooks which, I'm perfectly certain, she won't open all the time she's there.

She left here on the Southern Aurora, and then had to fill in a day in Melbourne before her train left again at night.

It was the idea of her spending a day alone in a city she doesn't know that made me insist on the wire.

I imagined her losing herself or her ticket or just getting so engrossed in something that she quite forgot to catch her train.

Like most parents I've got Double Standards about travel.

It's perfectly safe for me and everyone else in the world, except my own family.

If Hugh or one of the children is flying I find myself keeping a weather eye on the sky (a fat lot of use that is when they're in another bit of sky hundreds of miles away) and I always feel slightly uneasy until I know they've arrived.

I know it doesn't make sense (aren't the statisticians always telling us that a high proportion of accidents happen in the home?) and that the children regard it, quite rightly, no doubt, as a last despairing jerk at the apron strings.

Ah, well, at least it keeps their minds active—they'd rather die than send me a routine telegram, "Arrived safely, all well."

Mrs. Pankhurst wouldn't be amused

APPLICATIONS for membership are pouring into the newly formed "Society for the Protection of Utter Femininity" in England.

The founder of the Society is 24-year-old Sarah Leighton, formerly an actress, now a portrait painter.

"Women haven't gained anything by having the vote," the founder says. "One of my platforms is that we should get rid of it."

What would Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and the others like her, who fought and marched and went on hunger strikes and chained themselves to park railings to get the vote, think?

"Of course, neither I nor any other Society members would do anything so unfeminine as marching to Parliament House," Sarah told reporters.

"I would take a taxi—preferably paid for by a man.

"A woman should rule subtly from the bedroom and the nursery," she says. "If she insists on being treated the same as a man it's no wonder men don't stand up for her in trains and buses."

The good old days (if you were lucky!)

MISS LEIGHTON (once a mother, once divorced, and soon to marry again) believes that Parliament must be petitioned to take the vote away from women before "sex equality devours itself, harming both men and women."

She and her friends are having a lot of fun and getting some useful publicity, but their pronouncements do raise again that old chestnut of a question: Were we better off in the bad old days?

The lucky ones were, I suppose.

If they loved their husbands, and domesticity and babies, and had the good fortune to be strong and healthy, then the production of large numbers of children must have left them busy, contented, and fulfilled, so long as the family exchequer was adequate for food and clothing and warmth.

They were too busy doing what they knew was their sacred duty to need bridge and pottery classes to fill their days, and they didn't have to make the choices that freedom forces on us.

The lucky ones were extremely powerful figures inside the four walls of their own homes, and they must have felt that it was the best of all possible worlds.

But what about the unlucky ones, those who made a bad choice in marriage or had a bad choice made for them by parents?

Divorce was practically unthinkable, and those unhappy enough to think of it had to remember that even if their husband's behaviour to them was so bad that they were driven out of his house by it, the children would still be his.

If they'd had any money of their own, that came under his control, too, at the time of their marriage, so that an unhappy woman who left her husband went out into the world childless, penniless, and scorned.

Unless you happened to have rich relations who thought more of you than they thought of the conventions, you had to stay put, leading a life of quiet desperation.

And what about women who didn't marry?

They were the worst sufferers of all. The best they could look forward to was a lifetime of dependence as the spare pair of hands first in their parents' house and later in brother's or sister's.

Femininity for ever (even in dungarees)

IF women hadn't gained their freedom so that they could join the world's work force we couldn't have had the tremendous social and economic and industrial developments of this century.

Maybe that would have been a good thing for the world—or maybe not.

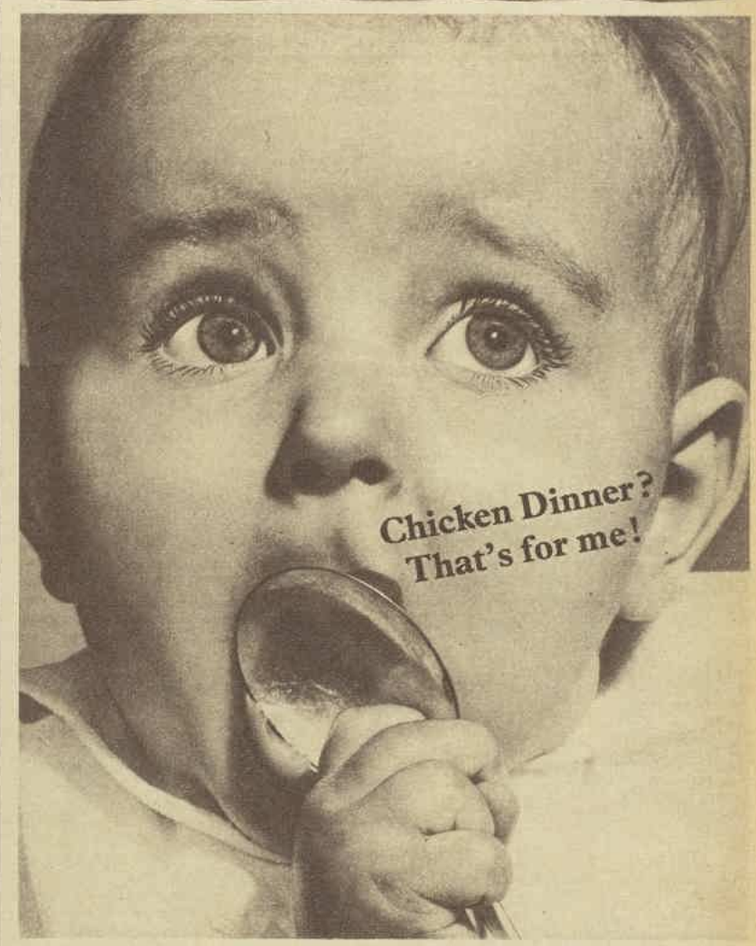
Anyway, now we're stuck with it and I doubt whether the "Society for the Protection of Utter Femininity" will make much progress.

George Meredith once said, "I expect that women will be the last thing civilised by man."

I think he had something there! Femininity will survive anything, even the vote and the right to wear dungarees and dig ditches.



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Everyone loves chicken — and baby's no exception. That's why it's wonderful to know he can have it so easily — and so inexpensively— with **Heinz Chicken Dinner.** This is real chicken in a form that's just right for tiny tastes and digestions. And think of the time you save! No preparation needed; all you have to do is heat and serve it, straight from the can. Best of all, it's rich in the nourishment baby needs for strong and sturdy growth.

Treat your baby to **Heinz Chicken Dinner** often — and vary it with those other baby-favourites you see above — **Heinz Fish Dinner, Lamb Dinner, Vegetable Beef Dinner, Chicken with Vegetables** or (a typical dessert) **Heinz Junior Pears** — one of many delicious fruit dishes with all the goodness of fresh fruit itself.

These are just a small part of the Heinz range of more than 90 Strained and Junior Foods, each of which meets a specific need in baby's diet. These are the foods that babies like best and mothers trust most. The sooner you start your baby on Heinz the better — for baby **and** for you.

You can be sure baby's getting all the nourishment he needs with

HEINZ BABY FOODS 57

every meal — every day

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Continuing . . . THE VERY SMALLEST LITTLE WEDDING OF THEM ALL

receiving line, and then give everybody plenty of champagne. That ought to hold the fort."

It pretty nearly did, though David could see a few inquiring glances as time went on. His hands were clammy and his heart felt like lead as he went about, doing his host's duty. Then, suddenly, the main door opened and, in a burst of wind and rain, ten men were blown into the lobby — eight waiters, drenched and muddy, and Pete and Hank, little better. The word had gone round among the young people, so now a mighty cheer was raised, and quickly the supper was served.

It was just as the last tables were cleared and the orchestra began playing again that a blinding flash streamed across the windows, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the building. Then there was complete darkness except for the candles on the bride's table. There were calls and cries, girlish screams and nervous laughter, and David, in the gloom of the back hall, found himself holding Susan Thorne in his arms.

She leaned against him for a moment and then drew quickly away. "Candles!" she said. "We must get more at once."

Bentley, the caterer, had brought an extra boxful. David, guided by lightning flashes, fumbled his way to the lounge and retrieved several candelabra and the great

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room was suffused with muted radiance.

It was then that Susan Thorne had her inspiration. She went quickly to the orchestra leader. "Can you play a waltz?" she asked breathlessly. "Can you keep on playing waltzes, old-fashioned ones?"

There was a brief consultation with the musicians and then slowly, as though Time's clock indeed had been turned back, the strains of "The Blue Danube" blended with the candlelight. Betsy and Bill went out first and circled the floor alone. The other young people soon followed. Waltz succeeded waltz, and David and Susan danced silently and very close.

The candles were still the only light as Betsy tossed her bouquet and went to change.

David followed Bill to his room. "Listen, Bill," he said anxiously, "it's not safe to start away in this. You couldn't possibly get to the city. Come back to our house. I'll move out."

Bill smiled and grasped his hand. "Thank you for everything, but we'd rather push off somewhere. Don't worry. We'll call you later."

After all the guests had gone David waited for Susan Thorne. "You've got to come back with me to the house," he said. "I can't go in there alone."

"All right, I'll come with you. I'm in no mood to be alone, either."

When they reached the Halliday house they sat down in the library, exhausted, stricken.

"In all the weddings I've handled," Susan said, "nothing has ever gone wrong. Nothing even remotely approaching this — this frightful debacle."

David sighed. "In all my life I can't remember an autumn as perfect as this one — until today. It's worse than ironic. It's satanic that this should have happened to Betsy."

Then the phone rang.

"It's an accident," David said hoarsely. "They couldn't have reached anywhere this soon."

"Uncle David?" came Betsy's lilting voice. "You'd never guess where we are. Bill thought of it. We drove out the Cider Mill Road, where we used to go last summer. There's the dearest little farmhouse, and we got to know the old couple who live here, and—"

"You mean you're there now? Safe?"

"Of course. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Mr. and Mrs. Harper had read about the wedding plans in the paper and they're thrilled to have us. Mr. Harper and Bill are in the room we're to have, making a coal fire. Mrs. Harper says it's lovely going to sleep with a coal fire. It throws shadows on the walls. There's a great big feather bed! Bill and I sat on the edge of it and it's like sitting on a cloud."

"You're not too disappointed over the — the reception?"

"Why, what do you mean? It was simply fabulous. Waltzing by candlelight was so beautiful. And do you know what?"

"What?"

"I did so want my wedding to be different, and it certainly was. So now I'd be in heaven if it weren't for thinking of you there all alone — or are you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Susan did come back here with me to hear if you were safe."

"Could I speak to her? And, oh, thank you, thank you for everything. Good night, uncle dear."

"Good night. God bless you both."

HE handed the phone to Susan. The conversation again was practically one-sided and it seemed to David that Susan's replies were very cryptic.

"Why, Betsy, you mustn't say such — Of course not! I mean no . . . I mean yes . . . — Perhaps we shouldn't talk any longer . . . Every happiness to you, my dear. Goodbye."

David and Susan faced each other and exchanged the news. Betsy was in heaven because everything had indeed been different and was still to be. Instead of occupying the hotel bridal suite reserved for them, she and Bill would, on this night, have a feather bed and a coal fire that would throw shadows on the wall.

It was odd, when neither David nor Susan could see distinctly at the moment, that they found their way so easily into each other's arms.

Hours later, when much had been said and settled, when the wind had fallen and the rain slackened, Susan said she must leave.

David made no move to let her go. "Well, little marriage-maker," he said gently, "will you arrange another wedding? Only one more! Your own. And it must be the most beautiful, the grandest, the biggest —"

Susan interrupted with a small moan.

"Darling, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I feel as though I never even wanted to see a big wedding again. For ours, I wish we could just have Betsy and Bill, you and me, and the minister. Would you mind?"

"Mind? I don't care who is there or who isn't — as long as you are."

Then she repeated the words she had spoken the night before; but this time there was no efficiency in her voice. It was all melting tenderness. "I'll be there," she said.

(Copyright)



"I'd like one of your little pillows' young lady!"

Take sugar 'n' spice, sun drenched dried fruits, cover them in smooth cake-like biscuit.

A slow tapering bake to spicy perfection and—Mmm! Unmistakable! Arnott's Spicy Fruit Rolls—the "biscuits that look like little pillows."



Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits

SPICY FRUIT ROLL



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"to turn things upside down and to open doors and drawers." She dropped upon a curved-back rosewood sofa that was adorned with intricately carved lacy scrolls. "Go in the bedroom, if you like, and look around. I think you'll find the things in there rather nice."

He was standing in speechless awe before the court cupboard in the dining-room. Its panelling of rosettes, its inset veneered ovals left him weak. After a stunned moment he asked, "May I really go in the bedroom?"

"Of course. It's right through there."

When he came out she was pouring champagne. He took a crystal hollow stem from her, forgetting to thank her. He had even forgotten that her ankle should have made it impossible for her to stand so comfortably at her beautiful little bar.

"Remarkable work," he said. "Simply remarkable. Do you mind telling me who made this furniture?"

She smiled again. Her eyes sparkled and a faint pinkness tinged her creamy satin skin. "I used to know a gentleman," she said, "whose hobby was also furniture making."

He looked away from her. "Forgive my curiosity. Hobbyists sometimes permit enthusiasm to rob them of good manners."

"Did you slide the drawers in the bureau?" she asked.

He laughed and shook his head. "I didn't forget all my manners."

"Oh, go ahead. Slide the drawers," she said.

"Well, if you're sure."

He returned to the bedroom and



stood worshipfully before the chest of drawers. The design on its drawers was not intersecting foliated lunettes, as one might expect, but guillochés, cartouches, and arabesque latticework. Each drawer had a carefully fitted ivory escutcheon to accommodate the small golden key lying atop the chest. With reverence he opened a drawer. Its balance, glide, and perfection of workmanship thrilled him. Inside there were things of lace and soft shimmering colors and there was a lovely fragrance.

From the living-room he heard her speak to him. "Did you notice the headboard on the bed?"

He had noticed it. He went back to the mirrored bar where she still stood. "You know that headboard is fabulous," he said, a little shaken. "It has a pierced quatrefoil in the pediment and the frieze is done in reeding and fluting of such superlative artistry that—well, it's just the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"It's fortunate that I am not susceptible to flattery," she said.

And he remembered that she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and they laughed together because her furniture had captivated him more completely than her lavender eyes. And when they stopped laughing he looked long into those eyes till he remembered that he had not fully studied the urn-pedestal card table or the lacework on the dining-room sideboard.

"You've been very kind," she said at last and he recognised this as dismissal.

He drove to a florist shop and sent her some flowers because she had injured her ankle and because she had been nice about letting him examine the furniture. It had been a lovely encounter for an early evening in summer. Romantic, amusing, and thoroughly enjoyable. The only unfortunate thing was that his wife was holding dinner for him.

When the door had closed behind Richard Margate, Barbara Bliss lighted a cigarette and waited. She had not long to wait.

"What do you think of him?" she was asked by a voice that seemed to come from all corners of the room.

She shrugged. "What's the difference what I think of him? What's the job?"

Continuing . . . THE DEVIL TO PAY

from page 21

There was no immediate answer. She watched as billows of grey smoke swirled on a satinwood chair, darkened to charcoal, and then to black. The black formed itself into a well-cut dinner jacket, trousers, and tie.

She yawned and idly tapped the ashes off her cigarette. When she looked back at the chair it was occupied by the gentleman who was her employer.

"What do you think of Richard Margate?"

Barbara yawned again. "What's there to think? He's a well-scrubbed, boresome individual too young for heaven and too old for the Boy Scouts."

"He's handsome, isn't he?"

"I don't like those clear-eyed specimens."

"Too bad. This is an emotional job. You've got to love Richard Margate."

"I have to do what?"

Barbara's employer smiled sardonically. "Love, you cold-hearted hussy. You have to give him true love, full of beauty and sacrifice."

"Maybe you'd better tell me more. Remember I don't know the plot. What is it?"

There was a long pause. Then, "Let me tell you about him first. Richard Margate, young lawyer. He has ability but no brilliance. He will be mildly successful. Never spectacular. Never rich. Extremely honest, exceedingly kind-hearted, and excruciatingly conscientious. He is married to—"

Barbara jumped delightedly from the damask-covered hassock to which she had moved. "He's married! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! I'm to break up a home! Oh, you are good, you are good!"

"Sit down and be quiet. I'm not wasting you on breaking up a home. That kind of thing is done by amateurs who think up such vulgarities all on their own."

Barbara sighed heavily in disappointment, but she sat down and gave her full attention to the man in the well-cut dinner jacket.

To page 58

The star... is you!



Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*



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LOOK AT THE PRIZE LIST!

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Hit parade of BUTTER



GRAPEFRUIT PARFAIT CAKE



MACARONI CHEESE TROPICAL



CORN FLAKE BOOMERANGS

WIN £1,000 BY PLACING THESE RECIPES IN ORDER OF MERIT

Recipes for the 6 Butter and Cheese dishes pictured here will appear in 6 successive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, commencing this week with the recipe for Grapefruit Parfait Cake on page 55. Watch for a further recipe in each of the next five issues. (You can get the leaflet featuring all six recipes at your grocer's now.)

These recipes have been tested by a panel of expert home economists, who have voted them 1 to 6 in order of merit. They based their decision on the following factors — appearance, nutrition, flavour appeal, economy, novelty and ease of preparation. Their selection has been deposited, in a sealed envelope, with The Australian Dairy Produce Board's Bank.

To enter the Contest, make up the recipes yourself, then see if you can place them (and the reasons for voting one of them into top position) in the same order as the experts did. Send your completed entry to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., before October 25.

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£1,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

2ND PRIZE £500 **3RD PRIZE £300** **4TH PRIZE £200**

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JIFFY PIE SHELLS



STROGANOFF FAMILY STYLE



CHEESE PUFF PIE

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

There's no entry fee or restriction on the number of entries you submit. Entries may be made on an entry form such as the one in this advertisement or the one attached to the special recipe leaflet now obtainable at your grocer's.

Employees of the Australian Dairy Produce Board and its Advertising Agents are not eligible to compete.

The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. In the event of more than one correct answer being received, major prize money will be divided between the successful entrants.

ENTRY FORM

TO: "HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST"
BOX No. 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MY SELECTION IS:
(number off in order of preference)

- Grapefruit Parfait Cake
- Macaroni Cheese Tropical
- Corn Flake Boomerangs
- Jiffy Pie Shells
- Stroganoff Family Style
- Cheese Puff Pie

I BASED MY FIRST CHOICE ON:
(number off in order of importance)

- Appearance
- Nutrition
- Flavour Appeal
- Economy
- Novelty
- Ease of Preparation

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS

STATE

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"HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES" CONTEST

Grapefruit Parfait Cake



RECIPE NO. 1.

made with Butter and White Wings Flour

GRAPEFRUIT PARFAIT CAKE

1 tablespoon grapefruit juice, ½ cup milk, 4 ozs. soft butter, 8 ozs. (1 cup plus 1 tablespoon) castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated grapefruit rind, 8 ozs. (2 cups) White Wings Superise S.R. Flour, 2 large eggs.

Put grapefruit juice in measuring cup and fill to the ½-cup mark with milk. (Don't worry if it curdles.) Combine butter, sugar, grated rind and a little less than half the sifted flour in mixing bowl. Add milk and beat 2 minutes with electric mixer (medium speed) or wooden spoon. Add eggs and remaining flour and beat 3 minutes. Turn into 2 prepared tins—one 8", one 6" or 7". Bake about 25 minutes in a moderate (375°) oven. Fill and top with Glistening Grapefruit Filling. Ice the sides with your favourite frosting and coat with toasted coconut.

Glistening Grapefruit Filling: Combine in a saucepan—1 level teaspoon gelatine, 1½ level tablespoons cornflour and 2½ tablespoons sugar. Gradually stir in 1 fluid oz. grapefruit juice and 7 fluid ozs. water. Stir over moderate heat till thickened. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Stir in 1 tablespoon butter and a few drops yellow colouring. Chill until cold and beginning to jell.

Make it your masterpiece! Light and refreshing as the first spring breeze, a cake made for compliments—and kisses! Unmistakably a White Wings cake, because it takes White Wings Superise Self Raising Flour to make cakes as high and light as this. Unmistakably a butter cake—only butter gives that real home-made taste. Imagine the reception this high-stepping beauty will get from your family. Make it for them soon—their vote may help you win £1,000!

BUTTER makes it better!

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Make one dish the highlight

● The secret of a successful hostess is to make one dish the highlight of the menu with all other dishes carefully planned so they complement it — not compete with it.

MAKE the chief dish perfect and interesting, whether it is a savory at a cocktail party, soup at a luncheon, main course or dessert at a buffet or formal dinner, or even sweetmeats which accompany coffee. All other foods served should be reasonably simple, with no outstanding flavors or arrangements to detract from the highlight food.

And remember, no matter how delectable a dish may be it can be made more delectable, more memorable, if it is attractively garnished and served.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

MOCK VENISON ROAST

Four medium-sized onions, 4 medium-sized carrots, 1 stalk celery (sliced), 6 bayleaves, 1 cup water, 1 fillet veal (about 4 to 5lb.), 4 rashers bacon, salt, pepper, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup flour, 3 cups sour cream, 1½ cups dry red wine, 1 cup red-currant jelly.

Chop onions and carrots into small pieces. Place in base of baking-dish with bayleaves, celery, and water. Place meat on top; bake in very hot oven about 10 minutes until browned. Turn meat, cover with bacon strips, season with salt, pepper. Reduce oven to moderate, continue cooking until meat is tender (approx. 30 minutes per pound). When cooked, remove meat, strain liquid. In separate saucepan melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth. Stir in strained liquid, then gradually add sour cream, red-currant jelly, wine. Simmer until thick, season if necessary with salt, pepper. Serve meat sliced and accompanied by baked vegetables and prepared sauce. Serves 6.

CRESCENT PUFFS

Half cup finely chopped cooked chicken, ½ cup shelled prawns, ¼ cup finely chopped canned bamboo shoots, ¼ cup chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ cup finely chopped shallots or onion, 6 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, oil, 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Combine chicken, prawns, vegetables, beaten eggs, salt, pepper. Spoon into small round-based patty-tins. Steam on rack in covered pan over 1in. boiling water about 10 minutes or until set. Cool. Remove cakes from tins carefully, cut in halves. Roll in cornflour, fry in 1in. hot fat or oil until brown (about 5 minutes). Serve with the following sauce:

Oriental Sauce: Three-quarters cup liquid strained from canned cream-style corn, ¾ cup cream, 2 teaspoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Combine all ingredients, cook over low heat 5 minutes or until thickened, stirring constantly. Serves 10 to 12.

AEGEAN ROLLETTES

Grape leaves (preferably young, pale green variety), salted water, ½lb. lean minced steak, ½ cup uncooked rice, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 mushrooms (chopped finely), 1 skinned and finely chopped tomato, sprinkle of oregano and monosodium glutamate, 1 clove garlic.

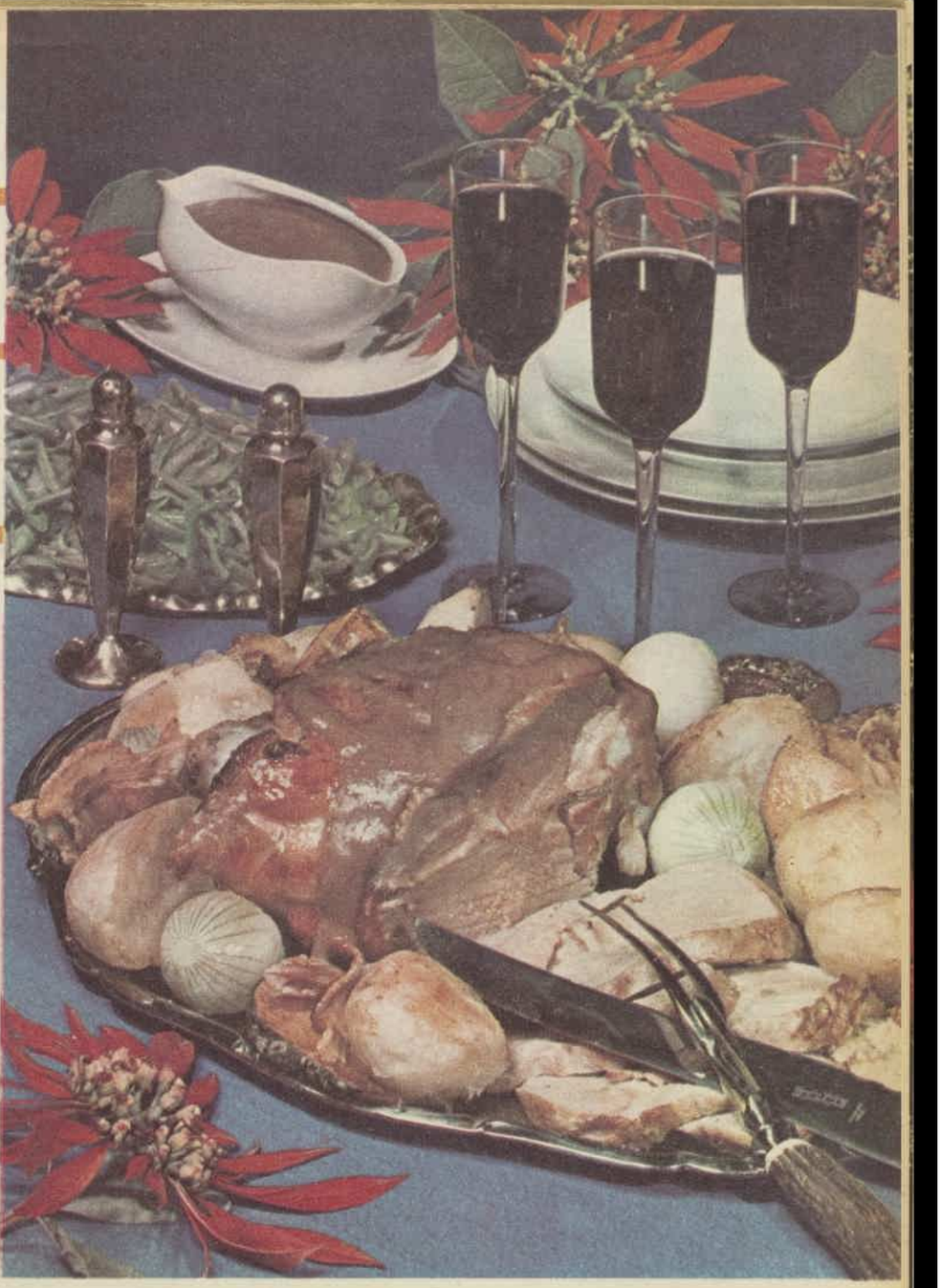
Boil grape leaves in salted water 5 minutes; drain. Mix together meat, rice, salt, pepper, mushrooms, tomato, oregano, and monosodium glutamate. Roll about 1 teaspoonful of meat mixture in grape leaves diagonally. Roll loosely because rice will swell. Place filled leaves in bundles of 8 or 10; tie loosely with thread. Put a few grape leaves in base of pan to prevent burning. Place bundles of stuffed leaves on top of loose leaves. Cover with water, drop in the cut clove of garlic. Cook gently until water has been absorbed (about 30 to 40 minutes). Serve hot with bowl of piquant barbecue-style tomato sauce. Provide cocktail-sticks for dipping. Serves 10 to 12.

CHEESE CREME

Three large onions, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1½ to 2oz. flour, 3 pints water, 2 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons meat extract, salt, pepper, 4 eggs, 5oz. cheese, 2 tablespoons brandy, dry toast.

Mince onions finely, fry in melted butter until rich brown but not burnt. Sprinkle flour over, continue cooking until flour is browned. Add water a little at a time, stir until thickened. Cover; allow to simmer gently at least 20 minutes. Longer cooking is not harmful, but soup must not be allowed to reduce. Just before serving-time add bouillon cubes or meat extract. Strain soup, correct seasoning, replace in saucepan and heat. In large bowl beat the eggs until light and fluffy, add cheese. Beating continuously (using wire whisk or electric beater), pour boiling liquid steadily into beaten eggs and cheese. Beating continuously, add brandy, pour quickly into double boiler, stir over boiling water until very hot. Place slice of crisp, dry toast in each serving-plate, pour piping-hot soup over, and serve at once. Serves 6.

Continued overleaf



SOUR CREAM, burgundy, and red-currant jelly give an interesting flavor to the sauce which is served with mock venison roast. See the recipes in this feature for this and many other unusual sweet and savory dishes.



MEMORABLE special-occasion dessert of a towering crown of choux pastry puffs filled with chocolate and vanilla cream. See the recipe overleaf.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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CHOCOLATE DELICE

Continuing MAKE ONE DISH THE HIGHLIGHT

VEAL MARSEILLES

Two ounces butter, 2 onions (finely chopped), ½ clove garlic (crushed), 1lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped), salt, freshly ground black pepper, 4oz. sliced mushrooms (sauteed in little extra butter), 6 veal fillets or cutlets, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, lard or oil for frying, 6 slices ham.

Melt butter in saucepan, add onions and garlic, saute lightly but do not brown. Add tomatoes, season with salt and pepper. Simmer over low heat until mixture is soft and pulpy. Fold in sauteed mushrooms, stand aside until required. Beat egg with 2 tablespoons water, dip veal into this egg mixture, then into breadcrumbs which have been combined with 2 tablespoons cheese, salt, pepper. Saute in heated lard or oil until browned. Top each with piece of ham, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Arrange in greased dish, carefully spoon tomato mixture round. Cover; bake or simmer about 25 minutes. Serve piping hot. Serves 6.

MELT-IN-THE-MOUTH chocolate and cream dessert cake will win acclaim when served with coffee.

CHICKEN NOURRIR

Two large chickens, ½ cup white wine vinegar, ¾ cup water, 3 tablespoons oil, 2 bayleaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon rosemary (optional), seasoned flour, fat for frying, 1 clove garlic, 1lb. small white onions, 2 sticks sliced celery, 3 cups water, ½ cup cream, salt, pepper, ¾lb. sliced mushrooms (lightly sauteed in butter), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup white wine, 2 tablespoons flour blended with little water, paprika, parsley, and a few whole mushrooms to garnish.

Prepare marinade mixture by combining vinegar, water, oil, peppercorns, bayleaves, thyme, rosemary. Cut chickens into pieces, rub with salt, place in large bowl, pour marinade over, stand 3 or 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove pieces, drain, coat with seasoned flour. Brown lightly in hot fat in large frying-pan, then lift into large saucepan or casserole. Saute garlic, onions, and celery in pan, then add 2 cups water, cream, ½ cup strained marinade (reserve remainder for future use), salt and pepper to taste. When boiling, pour over chicken. Liquid should come three-quarters of way up sides of vessel. Cover; simmer ¾ to 1 hour until meat is tender, stirring frequently. Lift out pieces, remove any protruding bones, keeping pieces as large as possible. Add mushrooms, chopped parsley, wine; bring to the boil. Thicken with blended flour, replace chicken. Stir over low heat until well mixed and thoroughly reheated. Serve piping-hot, sprinkled with paprika and garnished with sauteed mushrooms and parsley. Serves 10 to 12.

PATE CHOUX CROWN

Choux Paste: Half pint water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. flour, 6 to 7 eggs, 2oz. slivered almonds.

Place water and butter in saucepan; bring slowly to boil. Remove from heat and beat in flour. Return to heat and continue cooking, stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and shiny and forms ball in centre of saucepan. Place in bowl, beat in eggs one at a time until mixture is stiff, smooth consistency (you may find 6 eggs are sufficient). Fill mixture into piping-bag with plain large tube attached. Pipe circle about 8in. in diameter on wetted oven-slide. Then pipe another circle on top. Pipe or spoon remaining mixture into small puffs on wetted trays and glaze with any egg left over from making paste. Sprinkle with finely slivered almonds. Bake both circle and puffs in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate. Bake further 15 minutes or until dried out. Prepare fillings:

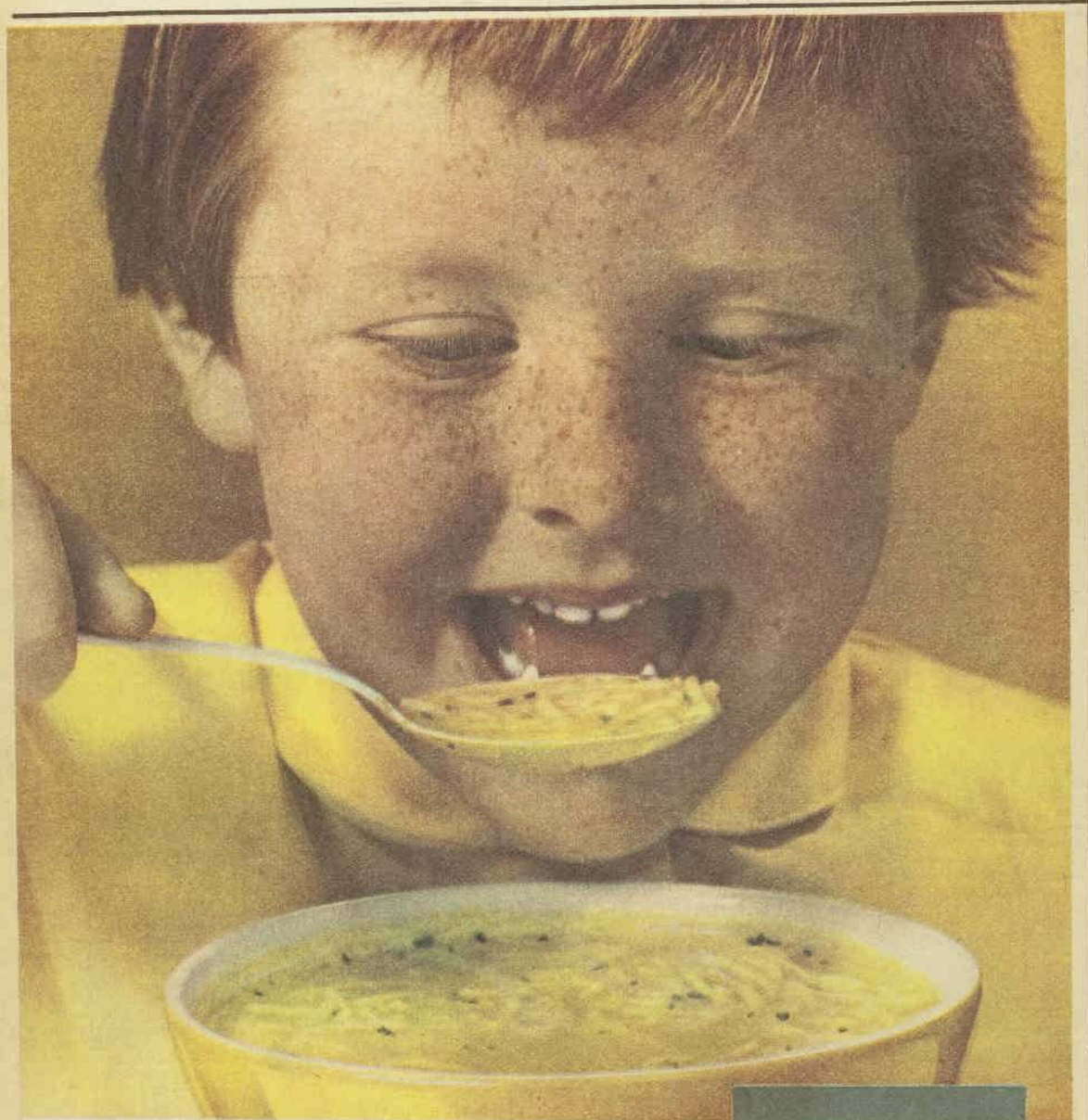
Filling: Four eggs (separated), 5 tablespoons custard powder or cornflour, 2 teaspoons vanilla, ¾ cup sugar, 2 pints milk, ½ pint cream (whipped), 3oz. chocolate (chopped), 1 to 2 teaspoons rum or rum essence.

Place egg-yolks and custard powder in top half of double saucepan, stir until smooth. Add vanilla, sugar, and warmed milk. Stir over simmering water until custard thickens. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and cream. Pour half mixture into separate basin, fold in melted chocolate and rum. Cool both mixtures.

To assemble sweet, carefully slice ring in halves, remove any dough, and fill with chocolate cream; replace top. Fill half the puffs with chocolate cream and half with vanilla. Prepare toffee (see recipe below). Dip base of each puff in toffee, then quickly place on top of ring, so forming a crown. Trickle over any remaining toffee. If it has begun to harden, add about 1 tablespoon hot water and stir well to soften. Chill before serving. Serves 6.

Toffee: Half cup water, ½ cup sugar.

Place sugar and water in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves; bring to the boil. Boil steadily without stirring until mixture is light honey color and cracks when tested in little cold water.



Taste that Chicken in Continental soup

Every golden drop is rich with tender, delicious chicken. After all, the best soup comes from the best ingredients. So the chefs at Continental choose only prime young chicken—lots of it. (Did you know that Continental brand is the biggest buyer of chicken in Australia—just for soup!) Lots of chicken, lots of butter-soft egg noodles and tasty spices—that's the recipe for Australia's favourite soup—Continental brand Chicken Noodle. Have some tonight . . . and taste that chicken!



Taste the home-made goodness in Continental soup

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HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST



£3000 IN CASH PRIZES

● **A splendid new cookery contest, in which £3000 will be awarded in cash prizes, begins this week.**

FIRST prize is £1000; second prize, £500; third prize, £300; fourth prize, £200. There will be 100 consolation prizes, each consisting of a £10 grocery order.

This exciting and easy new contest features butter and cheese as main ingredients. All details of the contest and the entry form appear in the advertisement on previous pages in this issue.

Competitors are asked to make up the six recipes in the contest and test them for themselves. Each week for six weeks one of these recipes will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly.

They will be published under the title "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest" and the dairy-maid figure which are at the top of this panel.

When you have completed your entry, fill in the form in the advertisement and send it to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date for entries is October 25. The results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly on December 5.

The first recipe in the series is below. Recipe No. 2 will appear next week.

RECIPE No. 1

GRAPEFRUIT PARFAIT CAKE

One tablespoon grapefruit juice, ¼ cup milk, 4oz. soft butter, 8oz. (1 cup plus 1 tablespoon) castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated grapefruit rind, 8oz. (2 cups) self-raising flour, 2 large eggs.

Put the grapefruit juice in your measuring cup and fill to the ½-cup mark with milk. (Don't worry if milk curdles.) Combine the butter, sugar, grated rind, and a little less than half the sifted flour in a mixing-bowl. Add the milk and beat for 2 minutes with electric mixer (medium speed) or wooden spoon. Add the eggs and remaining flour and beat 3 minutes longer. Turn into 2 prepared sandwich-tins — one 8in. and one 6in. or 7in. Bake about 25 minutes in a moderate (375 deg.) oven. When cold, fill and top with Glistening Grapefruit Filling. Ice the sides with your favorite frosting and coat with toasted, shredded, or desiccated coconut. For special occasions garnish with whipped cream and fresh or glace fruits.

Glistening Grapefruit Filling: Combine in a saucepan 1 level teaspoon gelatine, 1¼ level tablespoons cornflour, and 2½ tablespoons sugar. Gradually stir in 1 fluid oz. grapefruit juice and 7 fluid oz. water. Stir over a moderate heat until thickened. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Remove from stove and stir in 1 tablespoon butter and a few drops yellow coloring. Chill until cold and beginning to jell.

Concluding . . . MAKE ONE DISH THE HIGHLIGHT

CHOCOLATE DELICE

Eight ounces cooking chocolate, 1 teaspoon rum, 4 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup cake flour, 2 tablespoons strong black coffee, whipped cream.

Melt 4oz. of the chocolate over boiling water, add rum. Using flexible knife blade make 18 to 20 thin, flat 2in. chocolate circles by spreading melted chocolate on to circles of greaseproof paper. Chill 2 hours. Beat eggs and sugar vigorously in basin over hot water. When thick, remove from heat, fold in sifted flour, then remaining chocolate melted with coffee and cooled. Pour into greased 8in. spring-form pan (base lined with greased paper). Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Leave in tin few minutes before turning carefully on to fine cake-cooler. When quite cold, cover top and sides with whipped cream. Decorate with chocolate circles (paper removed) by pressing circles on to cream around sides. Serve in wedges. Serves 6.

DUCK CASSOULET

One packet dried beans, water, ¼lb. bacon rashers, 1 onion (stuck with 4 cloves), 2 carrots, 1 stick celery (chopped), 1 bay-leaf, 6 peppercorns (tied in small piece of muslin or cheesecloth), 1 duck, 1 clove crushed garlic, salt, pepper, melted butter, red-currant jelly, 1lb. boned breast lamb (cut in squares), 1lb. boned loin pork (cut in squares), extra butter, ¾ cup dry sherry, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with little water), 2 cups beef stock, ¼ to ½lb. chipolata or small thin sausages, ½lb. sliced salami, extra few rashers bacon.

Place beans in bowl, cover with water, soak overnight; drain. Cover with fresh water in deep pan. Add bacon, onion, carrots, celery, herbs. Simmer gently 1¼ hours. Meanwhile, season duck inside with crushed garlic, salt, pepper. Tie up and place on rack, brush with melted butter. Roast in moderate oven 45 minutes; baste occasionally, add 2 tablespoons cold water each time, mix with juices, and use to baste. Remove duck, spread with jelly, and glaze under griller with low heat.

Brown lamb and pork quickly in extra hot butter. Remove, swill pan with ½ cup sherry. Stir to lift glaze, add 1oz. butter. Stir in tomato paste, cornflour, stock, remaining sherry. Season and stir until boiling. Replace meat, add chipolata sausages and salami. Cover pan, simmer until meats are tender.

Carve duck into small portions, add to meat. Remove bacon from beans, cut off rind, chop bacon in small pieces, return to beans. Remove any excess liquid. Discard carrots, celery, herbs. Place layer of beans on base of casserole, then layer of meat and duck on top. Continue layers until dish is full, ending with beans. Cover top with bacon, bake slowly further hour. This dish improves with reheating. Serves 10 to 12.

TIPSIES

One and a half tablespoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 cup icing-sugar, ¼ cup whisky, 2 tablespoons honey, 2½ cups crushed vanilla wafer biscuits, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts, extra icing-sugar.

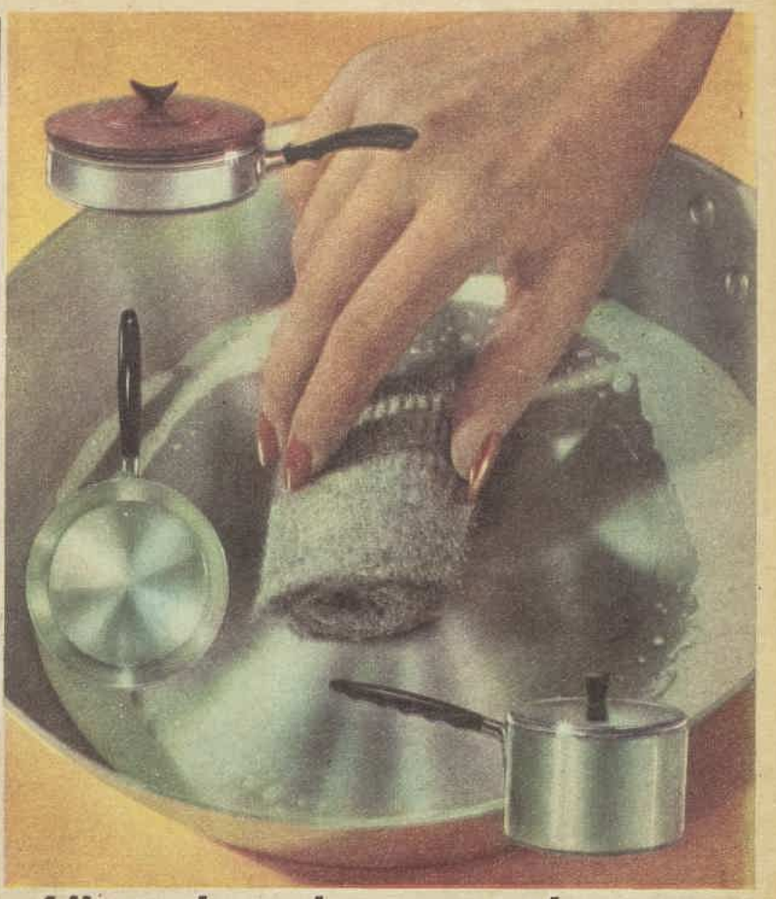
Sift cocoa, coffee, and icing-sugar into bowl. Add whisky, honey, crushed wafer biscuits, and walnuts. Stir mixture thoroughly. Form into small ovals by rolling 1 teaspoon in palms of hands. Place on trays, chill in refrigerator. Dust with icing-sugar and serve.

For variation, rum or half liqueur and half orange juice can be used instead of the whisky; or these sweetmeats can be rolled in coconut, chocolate nonpareils, or mixture of icing-sugar and cocoa before chilling.

ALMOND CORNETS

Quarter pound almonds, ½lb. sugar, strained juice of 1 lemon, ½ pint cream, 1 teaspoon sugar, few drops vanilla essence, cherries.

Blanch almonds, remove skins, shred almonds finely. Mix sugar and lemon juice together in saucepan; stir over low heat until all sugar has dissolved. Bring to the boil, cook until toffee just begins to change color, stir in almonds. Spoon little mixture off pointed end of dessertspoon to form six 2in. circles on well-greased tray. Keep remainder of mixture soft by standing saucepan in hot water. Allow circles to set until they can be easily lifted with greased spatula and wound round base of cornucopia moulds to form miniature cone. When quite cold and set, fill with cream which has been whipped until stiff and flavored with sugar and vanilla. Decorate each with small piece of glace cherry.



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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These short-cuts to good housekeeping have been sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/-.

IF no plastic coat-hanger is available when drying a drip-dry garment, cover a wooden hanger with aluminium foil. Wood stains won't mark the garment and the hanger can be used in this way many times. — Mrs. E. M. Morrison, 53 Richmond Rd., Blacktown, N.S.W.

Rub curtain rods well with talcum powder before running them through newly laundered curtains. The rods will slip through the hems easily and curtains won't snag. — Mrs. M. Simpson, 227 Wyman St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A professional glossy surface can be given to home-made fudge by rubbing it with the cut half of a lemon. — Mrs. M. Lange, 583 Morphett Rd., Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

Home-made butter will taste better and keep longer if made in this way: Put billy of cream into saucepan of hot water, bring to 160 degrees. Allow to cool, then place cream in refrigerator to chill before churning into butter. — Mrs. C. J. Warren, P.O. Box 58, Wondai, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When beating ice-cream or thin batter with an electric beater, throw a tea-towel over the beater and there will be no splashes. — N. Wheals, 8 Wittenoom St., Collie, W.A.

★ ★ ★

For a delicious and different flavor, add the pulp of two passion-fruit to apples when stewing them for dessert. — Mrs. R. Shepherd, 301 Nelson Rd., Mt. Nelson, Hobart.

★ ★ ★

Try adding a quarter teaspoon of ground ginger to the dry ingredients when making a boiled fruit cake. It makes a delicious cake. — Mrs. J. Carson, Box 3, P.O., Ceduna, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Use a pair of eyebrow tweezers (flat-ended) to unpick machine stitching that has had to be cut, or obstinate tackings or threads. It saves wear and tear on fingers. —Mrs. B. Williams, 65 The Boulevard, Floreat Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★

A small sprig of mint and a teaspoon of sugar added to the water in which brussels sprouts are cooking will greatly improve their flavor. — Miss E. McKinnon, Flat 8, 11 Milton St., Elwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If redecorating a room and there are long cracks to fill in the plaster, put the filling plaster into an icing syringe and pump it into the wetted cracks. Smooth over with a trowel. Rinse out syringe immediately after use. — Mrs. Margaret Smith, 25 Benga Ave., Dandenong West, Vic.

PRIZE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Shaw, 125 Edgeworth David Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W., for a delicious dessert-cum-cake recipe flavored with chocolate, coconut, and pineapple.

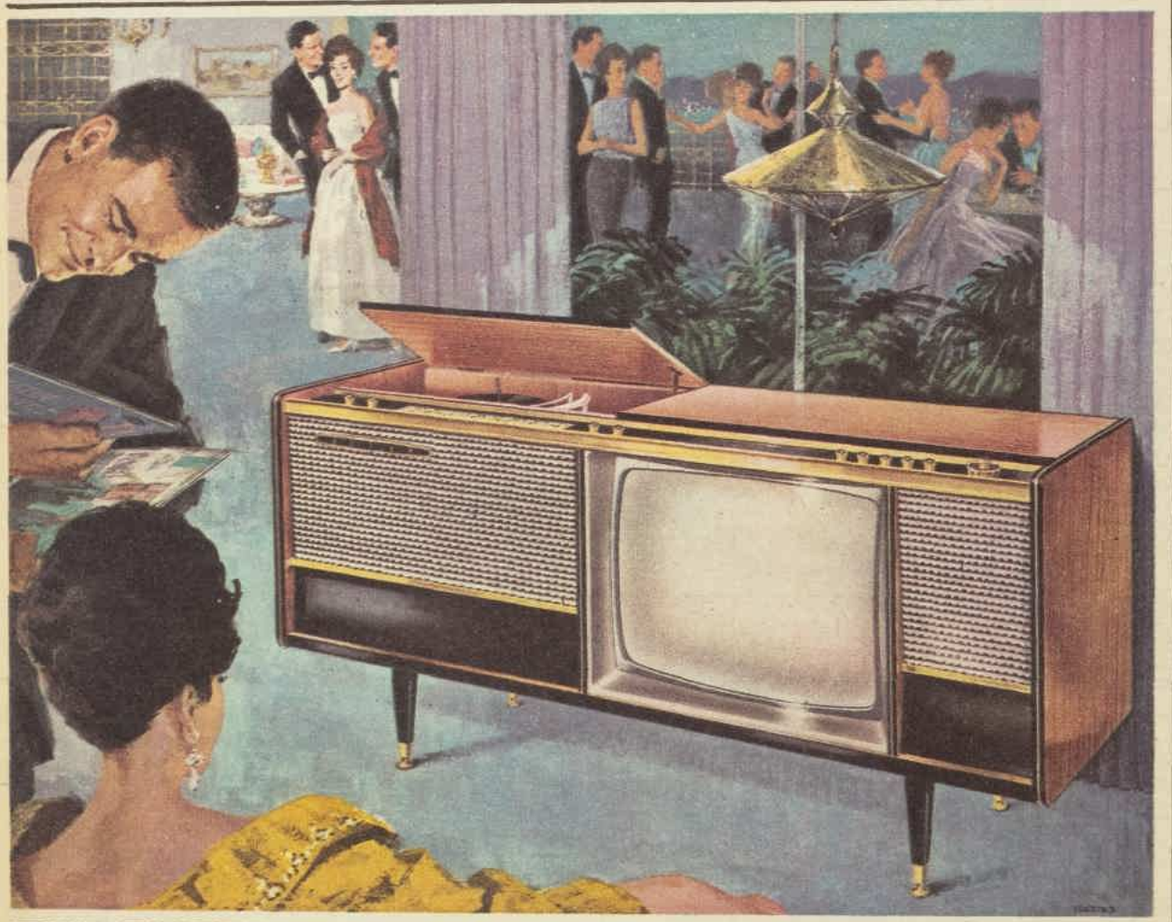
All spoon measurements are level.

TROPICANA TREATS

Quarter cup coconut, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups sugar, ¾ cup butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats, 6oz. semi-sweet chocolate, ¼ cup melted butter, 1 cup walnuts, ½ cup coconut.

Toast ¼ cup coconut in moderate oven until golden brown, turning occasionally. Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt, soda. Cream butter and sugar together, beat in eggs one at a time. Combine milk and vanilla, add alternately with dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Stir in rolled oats and chopped chocolate. Fill half mixture into shallow greased tin (13 x 9 x 2in.). Top with mixture of melted butter, walnuts, and chopped coconut. Cover with remaining mixture. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes or until cooked through. Pour pineapple glaze over top immediately and sprinkle with toasted coconut. Serve cut into squares.

Pineapple Glaze: Combine 1 cup undrained crushed pineapple and ½ cup sugar in saucepan. Boil 10 minutes.



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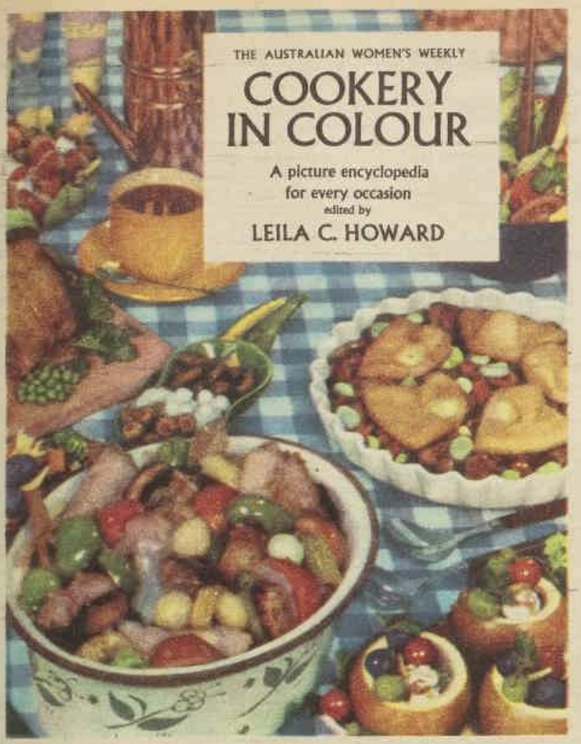
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● *In love with koeksisters?*
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Every page is printed in glorious colour, and there are more than 600 illustrations in colour and black and white. The book's handsome cover is shown above.

● *Ever seen pigs in blankets?*
They're a tasty combination of potatoes, sausages, and rashers of bacon — just one of more than 1000 delicious recipes in the encyclopedia.

● *Giving a party?*
Recipes in "Cookery in Colour" range from nourishing family dishes to exotic party fare. Sections of the book deal with a wide variety of menus for children's parties, cocktail parties, weddings, and general entertaining.

Perhaps your problem is making everyday meals appetising and interesting? "Cookery in Colour" can help you here, too. There are plenty of good ideas for making the basic meals more interesting.

Chapters packed with hundreds of easily read recipes cover the complete daily diet, from breakfast and hot and cold drinks to hors-d'oeuvres, egg and cheese dishes, and hot puddings.

Other sections that will be extremely useful to housewives are on time-controlled cooking, pressure-cooking, jam-making, and preserving.

Each recipe is numbered for easy reference in the index at the back of the book.

● *Friends with the butcher?*
You'll always be satisfied with your meat if you follow the informative charts in the encyclopedia. You will learn how to recognise all the cuts of meat, how to cook them for the best results, and what to serve with them.

The book will be available soon and costs 30/-, plus 3/6 postage. Avoid disappointment, fill in the coupon and order form below and send them with your cheque, money order, or postal note now.

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To: "Cookery in Colour," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"As I was saying, he is married to Rosalie Margate, nee Harrison. Both fine, solid families. Rosalie is nice-looking and intelligent. She and Richard have a three-year-old child named Duncan. Remember that name—Duncan Margate."

"Why?"

"Because I told you to," the gentleman snapped. He glared unpleasantly at Barbara with his ice-green eyes, then asked very softly, "Can it be that you are tired of working for me?"

"No, sir," she said, meekly.

"Well, that's a good thing for you. I don't know what other work you could get that would allow you to live in places like this and wear the kind of clothes you wear."

Barbara dropped her glance and answered sullenly, "Some of the girls who have worked for you only a few months live in absolute palaces and have jewels and servants and big cars."

The gentleman stirred impatiently on the satinwood chair. "You've never stopped wanting to be a movie star, have you? Well, you haven't earned that yet. Besides, I need you in the field. You girls who live in apartments on what people suppose to be alimony, inheritances, or insurance benefits are really the backbone of my business."

Barbara dimpled with pleasure. "Would you like some champagne?"

"Yes, I'll take some, but don't interrupt any more. It's through listening quietly to me that victory will be won.

"We're doing very well indeed," he went on expansively. "Time was, you know, when right was right and wrong was wrong. We've changed all that. Now the poor fools don't know which is which and the screamingly funny part of it is that they think this is a mark of high intelligence. They think they're broadminded and civilised when really they're so confused that they don't know which way's up.

"We did all this, my girl. Slowly, surely, we fought on — though there was a time when everything seemed against us. There were many then who knew evil when they saw it. They pointed it out to their friends and families and it looked as though we would never conquer the world. Now the tide of battle has turned.

"Though there are still people around who are our enemies, they grow more silent every year, for they are laughed at and accused of having old-fashioned notions. Soon those who recognise our subtle methods will have disappeared entirely, without leaving any warning to their loved ones. We will have reached our goal. We will have established a race devoid of ethics, morals, or self-discipline."

Continuing . . . THE DEVIL TO PAY

from page 49

HE beamed at Barbara, sipped his champagne experimentally, then placed it on the small tulipwood table at his side. "Inferior," he remarked.

"It was for Richard Margate," she reminded him. "It's what they serve on gala nights at his little second-rate country club, you told me."

"True," the gentleman admitted. "True. Now about this Richard . . . He already knows that you're no babe in the woods. Several clever touches have informed him of that, so we're off to a good start. He's going to fight against wanting you, but if you play your cards right we have nothing to worry about. You're not bright but you're beautiful, so the thing ought to work.

"Now, here's the method of procedure: Once you've got him you'll have to put on the usual Other Woman performance. You know — the stuff about how miserable you are when he goes home to his wife and family."

Barbara set her glass of inferior champagne down on the amethyst carpet and leaned forward argumentatively. "If I behave like that I'll really break up a home—and you said you don't want that."

"I certainly don't want that, but we're safe. Richard Margate will do nothing drastic till he has discussed it with you. Weepingly you will beg him to let you think it over—and that's the last time he'll ever see you. You will fade out of his life, leaving behind a heartbreaking letter. In it you'll explain that you love him too much to bring unhappiness and shame to him and his. See? It's great."

The gentleman grinned in satisfaction and Barbara stared at him unbelievingly.

"What's great?" she asked. "Why all the decorations? Why all the build-up? This is just an ordinary little fling that leads to nothing."

Her employer regarded her sourly. "Ordinary little flings that lead to nothing are no longer handled by this firm. The fools arrange those things themselves."

He reached for the champagne, then set the glass down again, recalling the unworthiness of its contents. "Here's the true greatness of my scheme: Richard Margate will remember you forever with gratitude and deep sentiment. He will know that you were a bad woman, but he will live with the knowledge that for him you made the greatest sacrifice a woman can make. It broke your heart, but you gave him up. This he will never forget — and he will cherish the notion that bad people can be good. Now, do you remember who Duncan Margate is?"

"Oh, sure. The curly-haired three-year-old."

"Right. Only his hair is straight. As time goes on he and his father will be great pals. They will hunt and fish and swim and ski together. They will have long talks, and Richard, because of you, will teach Duncan not to be harsh in his judgments. He'll tell the boy that he has known bad people who did wonderful things. Innocently, believing himself to be rearing his son to see life clearly, he will be carrying my message.

"The boy will trust and respect his father, so he will grow up magnificently confused. He will forgive sin and vice again and again. He will befriend the most awful creatures and always offer a gentle, understanding word for evil. Such a man will be able to corrupt the thinking of millions. Millions!"

Barbara said, "It's a sweet idea. I'll admit that. It makes me feel a little teary, it's so thoroughly sweet. But still it isn't real big. Now, is it really, Boss? Is it really real big?"

"Yes," the gentleman said, "it's really real big. In the year 2012 Duncan Margate is going to be President of the United States."

Once Barbara Bliss realised the significance of her assignment she set to work with a happy heart. It seemed to her that a good showing here must lead to promotion in the organisation. She knew her own failings. She did not have a quick mind and she was given to irritating her employer. Hard work and sincere devotion would have to suffice.

She wrote a charming thank-you note for the flowers, addressing it to Richard Margate's office and marking it "personal." There was a postscript.

"By the way, Mr. Margate, on Wednesday I am taking from storage a rather beautiful piano, the wooden structure of which is entirely hand-made."

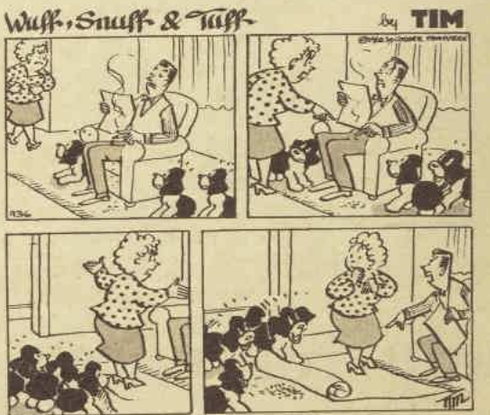
The piano was beyond belief. It was carved and gilded so that it resembled fashioned gold. It was also ornamented with painstakingly sculptured bellflowers, sunbursts, and cockleshells, and it had perfectly matched mother-of-pearl inlays.

Richard Margate stood before it in silent wonderment till Barbara whispered, "Shall

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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Continuing . . . THE DEVIL TO PAY

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we have some of those caviare things and a martini?"

"You shouldn't have bothered with refreshments. I can stay only a minute."

But at seven o'clock he telephoned from Barbara's apartment to say that he would not be home for dinner.

They drove to a hot, deserted part of town and ate strange food from thick crockery. His friends, if not dining at home, would be at the club or the cool, smart restaurant on the lake.

"I hope you don't mind," he said.

"Why, I think this place is just darling."

"You're an angel."

She shuddered.

When coffee was served Richard Margate assumed a solemn expression and explained why he had invited her to dine amid such unattractive surroundings.

"You see, Miss Bliss, I'm married."

She suppressed her amusement at the seriousness with which he offered this information. She raised a sweet, sympathetic gaze to his troubled eyes. They were brown eyes. Very kind and soft. They went well with his crisp, dark hair and healthy, clear complexion.

"We can be good friends, Miss Bliss. I would like that, but people wouldn't understand."

She gave him a flashing smile. "You and I understand."

His glance was full of gratitude and admiration. They went for a drive in the warm, silvery night and somehow began using first names. He told her about small Duncan, who had the highest I.Q. ever registered at any nursery school in the State.

Barbara was at home and alone by ten o'clock. No goodnight kiss. No plans for another meeting. Nothing. But she was not worried. If temptation were forced upon Richard Margate at this early date he would run panicked and conscience-stricken all the way back to the country club. But would her employer understand that she wasn't goofing?

"Yes," said the familiar voice from the satinwood chair. "I know it's a thing you can't rush. Still, I hope you'll remember that I loathe dawdling."

Richard Margate's friendship with the beguiling Miss Bliss deepened and became more meaningful following an evening when, disheartened and weary, he called upon her.

"It's so restful here. Do you mind if I just try to forget this dreadful day?" He leaned back on the rosewood sofa and closed his eyes. He was silent for so long that anyone could have been forgiven for thinking that he slept.

But suddenly his eyes opened and popped in horror. "Good grief, Barbara," he shouted. "That chair is on fire!" He rushed toward the satinwood chair, then paused, shaking his head distractedly. "I was sure I saw smoke."

"Sit down, Richard," Barbara said, soothingly. "You're tired and nervous. It's one of your clients who has upset you, isn't it? Would you like to talk about it?"

He talked about it. Then after a while she talked.

"Richard, could it be that your client is in love with this Pearson girl and that it is she who embezzled—"

"You're kind to bother, but he scarcely knows her."

Barbara pouted. "I just feel they've known each other for years and that he's nobly keeping quiet and taking the blame. Please, frighten her a little and question her a lot."

OF course Miss Pearson broke down under questioning and signed a full confession. After that Richard found it natural to discuss his cases with Barbara. He visited the apartment often and sometimes they drove to the peculiar little restaurants of the city. Barbara felt that she was becoming an important fixture of Richard's life.

"But you're not really advancing," her employer said in a stone-cold voice. "It was not my intention to supply Richard with a law partner, you know. I want action. Tonight he must take you in his arms and kiss you."

"It's too soon, Boss."

"No. He trusts you now. What's worse for him is that he trusts himself."

"I'm telling you it's too soon."

"And I'm telling you what your orders are."

"Yes, Boss."

"That's better."

But it wasn't better. In her exquisitely shaped bones Barbara knew that something terrible was going to happen. She thought that it would be Richard Margate sadly drawing away from her and saying, "We must never see each other again."

After all her hard work he would take his respectable self away and she would have accomplished nothing that would put her in line for promotion.

That's what she feared was going to happen. What did happen was much worse.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the doorbell rang. There was a tall young woman in the hall. A young woman with tranquil eyes and red-gold hair.

"How do you do," she said gravely. "I am Mrs. Richard Margate. May I come in?"

Barbara opened the door wide and with exaggerated courtesy welcomed the visitor inside.

Rosalie Margate's glance swept the room swiftly. She, too, knew handmade furniture when she saw it. The sight of it caused a curious reaction. She smiled. The smile

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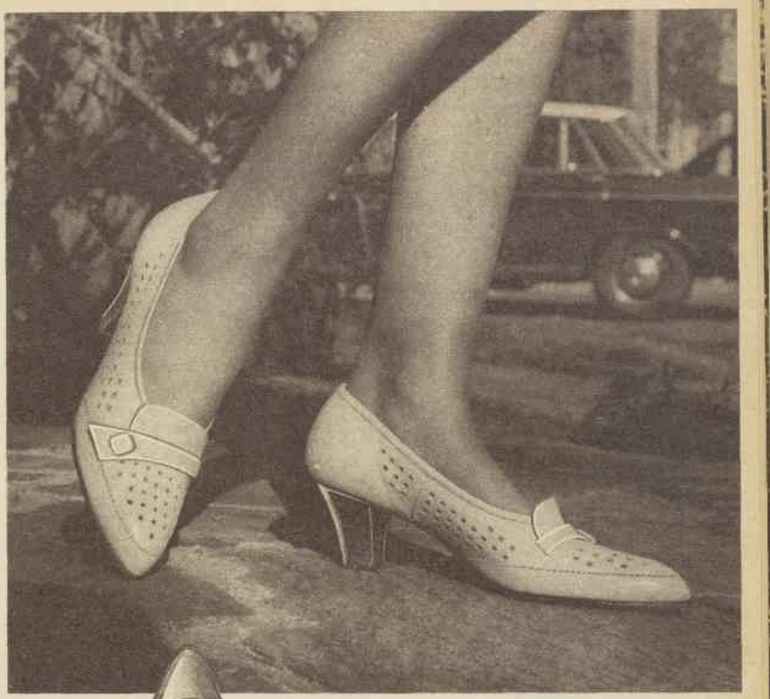


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was tinged with humor, tenderness, and understanding, as though she had found a small, bright pebble in her little boy's pocket.

"Do sit down," Barbara said.

"I don't think so. This will take only a minute, Miss Bliss." Rosalie's smile vanished and she became brisk and businesslike, a woman making a complaint for an overcharge on her market bill. "A lady of my acquaintance has had the bad taste to tell me that she has seen Richard leaving this apartment on numerous occasions. You and he have also been observed dining together. This must stop."

Barbara thought it would be fun to laugh wickedly, but she remembered her employer's stern injunction that he did not want a wrecked home.

"Mrs. Margate," she said, "my relationship with Richard has been completely innocent."

"Oh, I know that," Rosalie replied.

Anger flared within Barbara at this crushing insult. "Now, how could you know that?" she asked, nastily.

"Because I know my husband. He's an honorable man."

"Yet he kept his meetings with me a secret."

"I should think anyone would," Rosalie Margate said. "Surely no pride can be taken in knowing a woman who is obviously very easy to know."

Barbara's eyes glittered balefully. "How dare you suggest that I am an ordinary sort of woman who—"

"I'm suggesting nothing. I'm telling you straight out, Miss Bliss, that I'll have no more of you in my life or in my husband's. A hundred and fifty years ago my ancestors founded this city and I am not without standing and influence here. You may be very sorry if you continue to make my marriage a subject for gossip. I'm not going to let you cheapen Richard by tarnishing his name. We have a child to think of and—"

"I'm not hurting your child," Barbara interrupted.

"I expected a shallow remark like that from you," Rosalie Margate said. "For your information, Miss Bliss, I will say that every detail of my child's upbringing is of the utmost importance. His home, his entire background must be ideal. His future is the most precious, the most—"

A wild cry of fury broke from Barbara. "How did you know?" she demanded in a strangled voice. "How did you know that your son was going to be President of the United States?"

"How did I know what?" Rosalie asked in bewilderment.

"You heard me. You let it slip that you knew! You're in the organisation—you're one of the seniors, aren't you? What is this? Some kind of joke?"

Barbara was aware that her voice was high-pitched and hysterical and that her face was twisted into ugliness by wrath and fear. She could hear herself screaming. "If it's a joke, it's a bad one. I was doing my job. I was working hard, but to you and the Boss it was all pretty funny, wasn't it? Is Richard a senior, too Is he laughing up his sleeve at me? Or wasn't it a joke? Was it a test? It was a test, wasn't it? And I wasn't bright enough to catch on!

"Now I'll never get a promotion. I'll go all the way back to being a chambermaid who leaves extra towels so the guests will be tempted to pack them. Why did you do this to me? Why? Why?"

Rosalie Margate, white-faced and trembling, summoned her courage. This was no longer the time for *righteous indignation*. It was clear to her that this poor, beautiful creature whom she had almost hated needed help. Pityingly, comfortingly, she placed her arm about Barbara's shoulders. "Is there some medicine you usually take at such times, my dear? Can I get it for you?"

And at that moment the bell rang and into the room came a tall, dark man with ice-green eyes.

"She's having one of her spells," he said to Rosalie. "Fortunately it just happens to be the hour for her daily treatment. You see, I am her psychiatrist."

"Thank heaven that you are here," Rosalie breathed. "She is terribly sick. She is speaking in absolute madness."

"I regret you were subjected to that, young lady." He smiled gently and Rosalie Margate departed.

Barbara threw herself abjectly upon the floor. "Forgive me, Boss. I thought you'd framed me. But, listen, this is important. There's something wrong somewhere. That woman knows, she knows, that Duncan is going to be—"

"Keep quiet, you birdbrain." He walked to the marvellous piano, breathed upon it, and it disappeared.

"But I will never see Richard again," Barbara sobbed. "I have lost my chance to—"

"Of course you'll not see him again. With great compassion Rosalie will inform him that you are hopelessly insane." The gentleman breathed upon the cabinet with its delicately arched panels and it was no more. "Richard won't doubt what she tells him. She is a woman who has never lied to her husband and he knows it."

Barbara's small fists hammered frantically upon the amethyst carpet. "But I tell you there's something weird about that woman. She knows what her son's future will be. She knows!"

The man with the ice-green eyes snarled. "Think back, you fool. Did she say one word about the Presidency? What's the matter with you? Didn't you ever meet a mother before? They all talk like that. They all want their sons raised under ideal conditions. They all prattle about the importance of the kid's future.

"She didn't say anything strange or different. She's just a decent mother spouting decent-mother talk and you had to lose your head. You've scared Richard out of any further friendships, I can tell you, and now if I want Duncan Margate in my camp I've really got a fight on my hands."

After that outburst he went silently, systematically through the apartment, breathing upon the furniture. And when the apartment was quite empty he came to where Barbara, spent and heartbroken, lay upon the floor. Somewhat disdainfully, he breathed upon her.

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Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

store. I'd met one or two people and stayed there talking. I came in just as Boris put down the receiver, though he didn't mention he was talking to you."

"Didn't he? Well, I told him I'd ring again when I got back from Newcastle, and he said that as I was driving through it wouldn't be much of a turn-off to drop in here for breakfast."

"Very friendly like," Grogan observed.

"Why not? We'd never met, but neither of us had anything against the other, so far as I'm aware."

"What did you want to speak to your former wife about?"

"About sharing up some of the things we'd had when we were married, some silver and pictures and stuff."

Virginia explained that during their marriage they had lived in the East, Stephen having been South-east Asian correspondent for his paper, that they had had a house in Singapore, and when they separated their things had been stored.

"The packing-cases only arrived last week by ship," she ended.

"I see. You were going to make an amicable division of them, were you?" Grogan asked.

She nodded. "Yes. We met twice last week up in town to go through them. And Stephen's been wonderfully generous, I must say." She looked across at him with her dazzling smile.

GROGAN said: "About these meetings, Mrs. McEvoy? Where did they take place?"

"At the storerooms where the things had been sent. It was quite a job going through everything and making arrangements for repacking."

"It would be. Are you married again, too, Mr. Talbot?"

"No, oh, no." His brisk rejection of the suggestion struck on Alison's acutely attentive ear, making her wonder whether it meant No, thanks, once bitten twice shy, or that Virginia still held the old attraction for him.

"Was Mr. McEvoy agreeable to your going up to town to see your former husband?"

"Certainly. He naturally thought it was as well to get the business washed-up."

"Did he ever give any indication of jealousy about these visits?"

"Not the slightest. Good gracious, no!"

Sweet harmony all round! Alison thought with a touch of bitterness. Once again, watching Virginia, she was aware of her terrific appeal. She may not have been a very satisfactory life partner for either Boris or Stephen Talbot, but two meetings in town after their year's separation might have brought them together again. Sitting there so cool and composed, he had answered Virginia's intimate smile with a long look. Sombre, he had called herself, and sombre Alison felt now, or, rather, something even less interesting: dim, insignificant.

Almost unconsciously she got up and changed her chair for one where he wouldn't be able to see her and Virginia in the same glance. Stephen was saying: "So when I arrived yesterday morning and nobody answered my knock and call, I finally walked in.

"The front door was open and I roamed around looking for them. I thought they might be down bathing or somewhere, and when I heard steps in the passage I thought it was one of them returning, and I came up and found Miss Burdett. That's the whole story, as far as I'm concerned."

"How long had you been here before she walked in?" Grogan wanted to know.

"Five — ten minutes, not more."

"Did you see or hear anybody, coming or going?"

"Nobody. Miss Burdett and I had a few words about their absence and she went off with Mc-

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McEvoy's dressing-gown, and I ran up to my car and went on my way."

"You didn't give 'em much time to turn up, did you?"

Stephen shrugged and flicked his ash from his cigarette. "Not much, I wasn't particularly keen on staying. I suppose I felt at the back of my mind that such meetings are rarely successful."

"That's right," Grogan agreed. "The old and the new. You may try to mix, but it often leads to trouble."

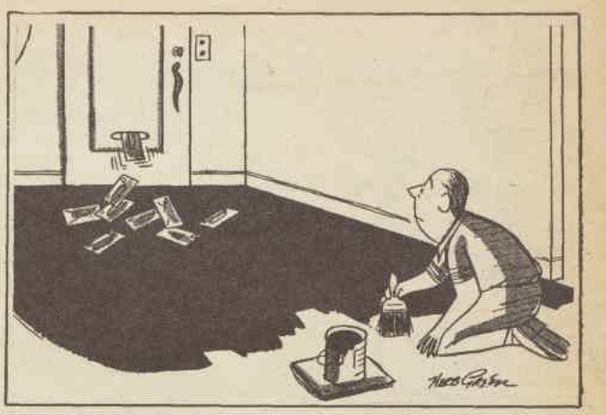
"Well, not trouble," Stephen answered, parrying the inspector's suggestion. "I didn't expect anything of that sort. McEvoy was very pleasant and genial to me on the telephone. He'd no reason to be otherwise, of course."

"Still, you didn't wait to see him?"

"No. It wasn't important, as I said. It simply wasn't important."

"Mrs. McEvoy's dressing-gown, now," Grogan said suddenly, and got up and walked to the window and stood with his back to it, his

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Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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bulky figure taking up most of the space between the dowdy lace curtains. "Miss Burdett says it was you that went into the bedroom and got it. Look now, why did you do that?"

"Eh?" Stephen gave him a blank stare.

"Why did you go in there, preventing her entering that room?"

"What do you mean?—preventing. I didn't prevent her."

"Well, as I see it, it was up to her to fetch it. She'd have more the run of the place than what you would. She's staying down here, and must've been in and out quite a bit. But you say you'd never been here before."

"That's true, certainly. But as we stood there in the passage, I was nearest the bedroom, so I just stepped in and brought out the gown I'd happened to notice when I looked in there earlier, looking for them."

"Oh? You went in there twice, did you?"

"Well, the first time I just opened the door and glanced in, when no one answered my knocking."

"Now, Mr. Talbot, this is funny and no mistake. You looked into that room twice—went right in, once—yet Miss Burdett states that you never mentioned when you came out the mess it was in."

"Was it in a mess? I didn't notice."

"My word, now, that's a bit hard to swallow. You didn't notice that picture smashed on the wall?"

"No, I didn't."

"The things strewn about? The curtains torn? The chair overturned? The whole place looking like there'd been some sort of a riot in there? With both your hosts missing, I'd've thought you'd've begun to scent some trouble or other."

"No, Inspector," Stephen said, staring back at him coolly. "Or if I did notice the state of the room—subconsciously, as it were—I suppose I took it for granted that a lot of people are pretty untidy and leave a mess when they get up."

Grogan gave a short laugh. "Well, I'm glad I'm not a housemaid or a housewife if many bedrooms are left like that one was!"

"You ought to see my bedroom in the morning," Dal murmured.

"Well — boys!" Grogan smiled indulgently.

"The blinds were down, I think," Stephen explained, "and I'm not a particularly observant person."

"Only observant enough to have seen, at your first glance, the lady's wrap on a chair by the door?"

"Yes," Stephen said, and after a short pause: "It was one I knew. It was a Chinese gown I'd given her in Singapore, so it caught my eye."

"Very neat, Mr. Talbot, but like I say, hard to swallow. Also the fact that without good reason you shut the door when you stepped in, and shut it again when you stepped out."

"Did I?—I don't remember doing that."

Too unhappy to look at him now, Alison stared at the hideously patterned wallpaper, the vase of fading flowers, the carpet—anywhere rather than at him, sitting there unable to make this sound even half-way credible. And all through her agency. Heaven knew she was ready, eager, to believe in him, but how could she? How could anyone? She recalled the inspector's words of yesterday about Boris having been shot down near the fowl-run: "How say somebody helped carry him up?"

"Another little point," Grogan was saying, "that's not easily explained, is why McEvoy was so pressing as to ask you down here. Could he have had a bone to pick with you over these meetings up in town with his wife?"

"No, no!" Stephen said with sudden heat.

Alison saw his face as he got up and moved once or twice across the room. She saw the angry frown on his forehead, the tightly clenched jaw. Did he, for the first time, scent danger to himself? And how damning were the inspector's next words, spoken in that mild, friendly tone of his!

"It wouldn't be hard to see how a situation like that could call up a lot of ill-feeling between the two of you, until it led to a fight and the shooting."

"Ridiculous! Fantastic! But let that pass. Let us talk about the drowning of this dog." Stephen came back and sat down again. "The dog, now. How—when I'd never heard of McEvoy's feud with this elderly lady—could I have rushed out after killing him and drowned the dog? Because that, I understand from Miss Burdett, is what the person who shot him is supposed to have done—presuming it wasn't this elderly lady herself."

"Oh, as to that, at one of these meetings in town, what's more likely than that Mrs. McEvoy, chatting away about one thing and another, might've mentioned her husband's fury at the dog killing his chickens? The killing of the rooster, I understand, was Larry's second raid."

Stephen looked across at Virginia.

"But I didn't tell him anything about that," she protested. "Of course I didn't."

"But you and him—I expect you had lunch together, didn't you, after your work on the boxes, and must've covered a bit of ground in your talk since you last met?"

"All the same, I didn't speak of Miss Hocking or the dog."

"You didn't." Grogan's downward tone spoke volumes.

Stephen got up again, his expression was angry and his voice harsh. "All right," he rasped. "So having killed McEvoy and then killed the dog, I come back here and hang about at the scene of my crime, waiting for someone to come in and find me."

"Is that what you're suggesting? Would any person of even average intelligence do that?"

"Well, I doubt if you've got as much experience of murder as what I have, Mr. Talbot, if you think that's strange. Let me tell you, it's far from unusual for someone to go back to make quite sure they haven't left any clue behind. Not at all unusual. A kind of panic can take 'em."

To page 65

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Love worketh no ill to his neighbour."***
— Romans 13.10.



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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

"And having made sure," Stephen persisted, "I hear someone coming — Miss Burdett may have told you I was at the back of the house when she came in the front — but instead of slipping out the back way unseen, unheard, as I could've done, I come boldly up the front to meet her." He made his points without heat now, but Alison saw that his forehead was damp and that his movements were jerky as he took out another cigarette and struck a match and lit it.

The others, Dal and Virginia, seemed to be sitting unnaturally still, Dal with a vacant stare out of the window, Virginia with her eyes on her hands in her lap.

Grogan said: "There was only one person, I reckon, you expected to walk in at that early hour, Mr. Talbot, and that's Mrs. McEvoy."

"And she, you suggest, wouldn't have given me away? In other words would have condoned my killing of her husband?"

Grogan didn't make any answer to this. He just tapped with his fingertips on the arm of his chair, and let grow one of those damning silences that Alison had begun to see made for such unease in his audience. The credibility of the case he had built up came home to her: the triangle, all the circumstances, the characters of the three people in it, so far as she could judge of them. Even she herself was all at once shot through with doubt.

Finally, Stephen took out a card and handed it to the inspector. That was where he was to be found, he said, and

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Grogan pocketed it and left the room.

After a very short while Alison left, too, leaving the three behind. The re-united little family group! she thought. Leaving behind, as well, her hopes of him — if she had ever cherished any.

Outside, Grogan was greeted by Manning. The expression on Manning's face was too pleased to be healthy, his colleague noticed. In silence he fell into step beside Grogan as they went down the path to the gate.

The inspector brought the sergeant up to date on the recent development of Stephen Talbot's arrival and his relationship with the dead man's wife.

At last Grogan was forced to ask, since one of Les' more trying ways was to sit on a tit-bit till challenged: "What's making you look so human, Les?"

LES said now: "A small matter I've had on me mind since yesterday. A hunch that paid off."

"Aren't you the lucky one! What is it, son?"

"About that coffee spilt all over the bed and McEvoy's pyjamas."

"Yes?"

"Well, it seems it was bone dry — on the sheet and the mattress — when the local boys were called to the scene at seven-thirty."

"Go on? Is that so?"

"Yes, I had an ask around and they tested it out, and there's no doubt it was spilt a number of hours before McEvoy stopped that bullet."

Grogan pulled shut the rusty-hinged gate behind them. The implication of what Manning had imparted grew in him as he strolled along the path to the shade of a she-oak. Under its feathery boughs he lit a cigarette and pressed his heel on the match.

"Alters things a bit," he conceded slowly.

"I'll say! Considerably," Manning said with justifiable satisfaction. "It's safe to conclude the coffee was spilt at the same time the room was wrecked. Well, then, for it to have got dry the brawl must've took place at least six hours or so previous to the shootin'. Say round about midnight. And what else happens round about midnight? Why, his wife leaves the house in her night attire, minus dressing-gown or coat, and takes up her abode for the rest o' the night in a old boatshed on a broken cane lounge without as much as a cushion to her head."

"That's right, Les. Looks like you've got something."

"I'll say!" Les said again, and went on with his build-up. "She rushes out in a rage — or is shoved out by McEvoy—after the fight. Can you see a girl like that goin' to sleep in a place like that for a breath of air? Not on your life. Well, how say she comes back at six-thirty, and maybe finds him down there muckin' about with his dead rooster, the row starts up again and she gets the gun and shoots him?

"Then enter hubby number one, in the nick o' time to tote the body up to the bedroom, and when they find he's dead dump it there.

"That's why he was so careful to shut the door goin' in and comin' out. Then she slips down to the boatshed again and waits to be woken there by the first passer-by. Just a tired little kid that found the house too hot to sleep in!"

Grogan said: "Yes . . ." and again: "Yes. And which of 'em drowned the dog is anybody's guess. If Miss Hocking went up to wait for the bus, as she claims, either of 'em had plenty of time to do it before the Burdett girl passes along by the boatshed. Could be. Could be. Could be." The inspector took a couple more draws and trod the cigarette underfoot, too.

"There's one thing sticks out a mile, anyhow, and that is, that if the wife and the dead man fought that battle in the bedroom, she hated him plenty good enough to kill him. Of course, her and Talbot had been divorced, but only a year ago. That must've been a hasty parting, with the marriage lasting such a little while. Then these two meetings in town . . . Yes, there'd be nothing very surprising if they'd fallen into

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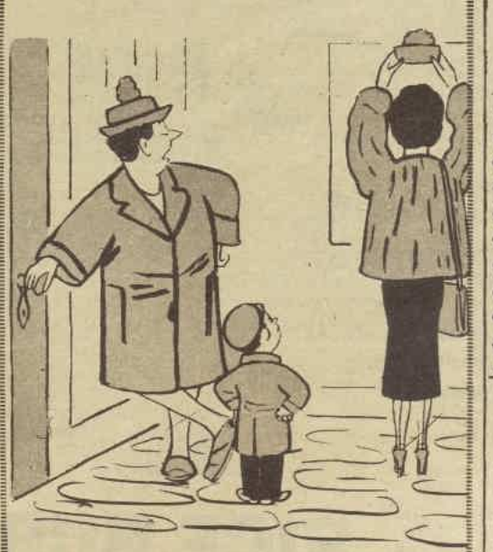
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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE
by Anne Bryant
HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

For some strange reason, some women still jib at the thought of having their hair coloured. Maybe it's because their Grannies said that ladies who 'dyed' their hair were not quite nice. In those days, that may possibly have been true, but it isn't so any more. Now, Grannies don't look like Grannies — and good luck to them!

Trend to permanent colour. According to overseas forecasts, the trend towards hair colour as an essential cosmetic is spiralling up and up, and swinging more and more towards the use of permanent tints — even for women without a grey hair in their heads! Fashion-conscious femmes now want more than simply an intensification of their natural colour — they are eager for a complete change — they are ready for variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life. And, speaking of spice, I must mention here the glorious L'Oreal of Paris Tintette browns — warm shades, full of life and richness, which capture all the subtlety of spices in colour. You'll just love the glowing tones of Tintette Light Chestnut, Dark Brown Auburn and Darkest Brown, three of the twelve true-to-nature Tintette colours which range from Light Blonde right through to Jet Black.

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other's arms and wanted McEvoy out of the way."

.

When Alison got home not long afterwards she heard with dismay the inspector's voice again, in the sitting-room. Police were everywhere. There had been two just now standing at the Frys' gate talking to Edward, and down below she had seen two or three more coming away from Jeffrey Cornwall's.

She had come in the back way and put the basket down on the table. Standing beside it, ear cocked, she wondered how long it would be before Bishop's Bay was normally, comfortably dead again.

She unpacked the things she had bought and pushed aside unwashed cups and glasses half full of beer and uneaten sandwiches with ham and bread curling at the edges — mute reminders all of a house out of tune, of lost appetites and lost tempers. On the bench was spilt sugar with ants clustering round it, and flies were buzzing on the window-pane. Toby never remembered to shut the wire door, and the Bay, though inducing an inertia in the human element, bred an overabundance of vigorous energy in the insect world.

She took up a towel and brushed the ants into the sink and turned on the tap and stood guiltily watching their drowning struggles in the torrent. Tedious, she thought, to be fighting this never-ending battle

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MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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with oneself between mercy and ruthless slaughter.

Larry! she thought. Larry struggling to rise out of the water with that stone dragging him down . . . Boris seeing the gun raised, the trigger pulled, for one flashing, blinding moment before he fell.

Leaving the kitchen, she went up the hall to the sitting-room. The worst of it was, this curiosity was catching. To hear those voices — mumble, buzz, hum, question, and answer: Why did you? What did you? How did you? — and not want to know all that was going forward was quite beyond one.

In the sitting-room, facing the inspector, sat Norah looking pale and jaded. Toby, seemingly the worse for wear, was sunk in a chair, pick-me-up glass in hand. The room was already partly dismantled and filled with a crude uncurtained light. Chair covers were off, lamp fittings gleamed nakedly, and bookshelves had been emptied.

Toby managed to heave himself to his feet and lift a hand acknowledging Alison's entry. He gestured toward the tray of drinks. She shook her head. Norah gave her a brief nod and turned back to Grogan.

He was saying: "Mrs. Pritchard, would you say you were on friendly terms with Mrs. McEvoy? 'Course you're only down here, I understand, for a fortnight, but previous to that, when you used to come down?"

"Indeed I would, most friendly," Norah answered with emphasis. "When my husband and I came down here while his mother was alive we saw quite a lot of the McEvoys. Mr. McEvoy and Mrs. Pritchard were the best of friends and neighbors, and when he got married he brought his wife over to introduce her."

"Yes, I see. There was a big difference in the McEvoys' ages, wasn't there?"

"Twenty years, I believe. But she having been married before and being rather a mature type, one never seemed to notice that she was so much younger. Mr. McEvoy was only a little over forty and could be quite attractive when he gave himself the trouble."

"And when he didn't?"

"Oh, well," she admitted, "he was often rather short-tempered, I suppose everyone knew that."

"A bit of an understatement, eh? What with the state of affairs between him and Miss Hocking!"

NORAH closed her mouth primly and spread a hand on her knee. Since yesterday Norah's skin had a new creased look around the eyes. Her flouncy dress was unbecoming and matched ill her over-dark lipstick.

Easing himself back in the comfortably sagging chair, Grogan went on: "Anyhow, you'd say you knew the both of 'em well?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You'd say you were in her confidence, like?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'd say that. She was on much more intimate terms with my mother-in-law. They got very close for those few months, and she'd often drop in here at night for a chat or a game of chess."

"Did she?"

"Yes, she's bright and young, and my mother-in-law began to have less and less resource in herself. *Wouldn't* you say that, Toby?"

"I'm afraid I would." Toby stirred unwillingly out of his sunken state. "I'm afraid I would say that. My mother was a bit weary and wanted to be amused. Oh, yes, definitely. Lost some of her interest in music and books." His eyes roved to the table where his late mother's panacea stood waiting. "You'd better have a drink, Alison, after your walk in the heat," and not waiting for her answer he lazed across to the tray.

Norah gave him a sidelong look that said one word for Alison and two for himself! Alison wondered at Norah's asperity. Norah wasn't often critical of him, and it wasn't often that he offended in this way. It was true that last night's drink session with Jeffrey Cornwall had been a prolonged one. Cornwall had gone off at last even more under the weather than Toby. But, after all, with murder in their midst! Stiff upper lips might be easy for some to maintain, but not so easy for others.

Grogan returned to his theme. "Well, we got information," he said, "that leads us to think that a few hours previous to his death Mr. and Mrs. McEvoy had a stand-up fight."

"What?" The three listeners turned incredulous faces to him.

Toby asked, bottle suspended above his glass: "What on earth makes you think that?"

"Yes, that room you saw, Miss Burdett," Grogan turned to Alison, "was the result of it. We reckon it got that way just about the time Mrs. McEvoy left the house. Because of this fight with her husband, we conclude."

"I hope you're doing more than 'reckoning' and 'concluding,'" Norah said acidly.

"Don't worry about that," he assured her with unruffled cheer. "I find it very hard to see Boris and Virginia having a stand-up fight."

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"You do, do you? Wouldn't you have any idea what that quarrel could've been about, you saying you knew her so well? Had there been any bone of contention between them recently? Say, any jealousy on McEvoy's part over her former husband?"

Taking no pains to hide her irritation, Norah drew herself up stiffly. "No. And I really can't see how my opinion of the McEvoys' marriage can be of the slightest help to you," she said coldly. "I would much rather not discuss it. It there's one thing I detest, and have always stood out against, it's gossip about my friends."

"I quite appreciate that, Mrs. Pritchard. No one's got greater respect for fine feeling than what I have," Grogan said unctuously: "But you wouldn't get far in the police force if you let that stand in your way. Sometimes it's the merest morsel of gossip from a neighbor that puts us on the right track."

"And sometimes on the wrong track?" she asked with a lift of the eyebrow.

"That's for us to sort out," he said mildly. "We don't go on the one say-so, you know. The weight

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of opinion can be mighty telling when you've interviewed half a hundred people from round about."

Norah drew a long-suffering breath. "What a prospect! I hope no more of my friends get murdered!"

"You can say that again." Affable and imperturbable, he repeated his question. "Did you ever see any signs of jealousy on McEvoy's part about this former husband?"

"No. No, I never saw any sign of anything like that. As a matter of fact I don't think that can have been so, because she talked quite openly about her visits to town to meet him on business. Mr. McEvoy knew all about it."

"Yes, so she said. Knew about it, but did he like it?"

"I've no means of knowing that. It was only to divide some of their possessions that had just arrived from Singapore on the— Toby! Toby, look! You'll have them over."

Norah's warning came too late. Clumsily replacing the bottle, Toby had knocked over the two glasses and sent them flying. The tinkle of broken glass rang sharply through Toby's muffled cursings.

Norah hurried over. "Really, Toby—"

"Sorry, darling. I'll see to it, don't you bother."

A murmured interchange between them. He picked up the pieces. She went back to her chair.

"You were saying, Mrs. Pritchard?" Grogan brought her back.

"Was I? I don't know. What was I saying?" The frown on her face had deepened. "Oh, about Mrs. McEvoy meeting Mr. Talbot up in town to see to their furniture and stuff. Was that it? However, I don't suppose it was of the least consequence."

"And you'd hardly expect anyone to object to a nice little acquisition of property," Grogan said with a laugh.

When a few minutes later the inspector had taken himself off, the atmosphere in the cheerless room didn't improve.

Norah got up. "Well, I suppose we'd better cat," she said sharply, as though that prospect were as little pleasing as the next one.

Toby put a hand on her arm. "You have a rest, darling. Alison and I'll rustle up something and

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

call you when it's ready." His solicitous tone seemed to beg for forgiveness on more counts than one.

Without answering, she went toward the door.

Alison said: "Wait a minute, Norah. There's something I wanted to speak to you and Toby about."

She made up her mind after her usual spell of what Toby had called her "hard thinking." While sitting listening to Norah and the inspector, her eyes had strayed several times out of the window to a pile of books, dusted and stacked and ready for packing, on the verandah.

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The old, green, bulky edition of Thackeray. "Vanity Fair." She could see it lying second from the top. A half-finished sentence shut away in silence between its covers. Of no significance, perhaps. Or perhaps of great significance. Anyhow, let sleeping dogs lie. Why prod them to get up and bark? But something kept prodding her.

She was beginning to see more fully that what the layman might think an insignificant detail was by no means that to the police; and having made one disclosure that had given her infinite pain she wasn't in the mood to draw back now. Her main, her only, aim she told herself, wearily, was to have this investigation brought to a close and be able to leave Bishop's Bay forever.

"What is it?" Norah asked.

"Those rather cryptic words scribbled in 'Vanity Fair'."

Norah's brow crumpled, as though any further claim on her attention at that moment was intolerable. "What about them?"

"I was wondering whether we shouldn't show it to the police because they're rather mysterious, aren't they, and now that Boris is dead—"

"I can't see how it could have anything to do with his death."

"No, I can't, either, but anything as odd as that—At some time, for some reason, Mrs. Pritchard picked up the book and a pencil and wrote those words. And we haven't the faintest idea who they were addressed to. Why 'Not the boatshed,' what 'Not the boatshed' for?"

"Oh, it was probably just some trivial thing, some message she scribbled in a book because she hadn't a piece of paper handy and, poor thing, hadn't the energy to get up and get some."

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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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"Possibly, but on the other hand—"

Norah cut her short again. "I'm most definitely against dragging Mrs. Pritchard's private affairs into the inquiry. Bad enough, surely, to have to listen to the kind of things they hawk out. People's stand-up fights! What do we care? Why should we have to listen to the squalid story of the McEvoys' married life?"

She was jerking about the room, making a show of getting things ready for further packing. Her color was high and her eyes were brilliant. "Do we want them" — she paused with a handful of ornaments above a packing-case — "does Toby want them to start asking round about how many bottles of whisky and gin his mother drank a week?"

"I think you're exaggerating, darling," Toby put in. "Anyhow, I don't feel that my poor mother's drinking habits were exactly a disgrace. Or that her friends down here would learn anything fresh about them!"

"So you're against me?"

"I'm not against you, Norah. I'm neither for nor against. I only mean——"

"Oh, all right, all right. Don't let us pursue the subject." She plopped the things down in the case, dusted off her fingers, and hurried out of the room.

Norah's reception of the subject somewhat undermined Alison's enthusiasm for action, and lunch, eaten perfunctorily with no further mention of the book, made her think, "All right, I've opened my mouth wide enough already. Quite wide enough! Forget it."

After lunch, Norah went to her room. Alison took the things out to the kitchen and washed them up. She found an unusual satisfaction in spending an hour out there, scrubbing the bench and washing tea towels.

She took the towels out and pegged them to a rope line that was stretched between a rusted hook in the wall and a tall gum sapling that lent its wild elegance to this homely office. There had once been a back garden here. Mrs. Pritchard had planted and looked after daisy bushes and pelargoniums, and they had bravely struggled on through years of later neglect. Now the bush was taking over and strangling them with still hardier bracken and tall grass.

The Bay, the will-sapping Bay, "dark death or dreamless ease."

ALISON put down the watering can she had been carrying to the tank. What did it matter? Who cared? Too late now to bother about a few plants. She went indoors.

At the back of her mind was the hope that some time during the day Stephen Talbot would look in to see her. She pictured that he would stay for lunch with Virginia and Dal. She couldn't picture what they would talk about.

Was there something between them known only to the three? Alone there, when the detectives had gone, shut up in that house, would the facts that the police were delving for so patiently emerge in a few all-revealing sentences? Was his relationship with Virginia as devoid of feeling as they had both so firmly attested? Had their recent meetings been solely concerned with silver spoons and Eastern embroideries?

The afternoon went by and there was no sign of him.

Toward five o'clock she and Norah were on the verandah reading when Inspector Grogan walked down the track on the right. He had passed the corner of the house when Norah looked up and saw him. She threw down her paper and got up.

To Alison's enormous surprise she murmured something about showing him the copy of "Vanity Fair," that perhaps Alison had been right, and, going over to the pile of books, picked up the volume and hurried down the path. She called to him before he had gone very far and ran out of the gate. They stood for a few minutes talking, then she opened the book and held it out to him.

Alison didn't know whether she was relieved or disappointed to see how little interested he seemed. He scanned the words and handed back the book, stood a moment longer, and went on his way.

Norah came back, looking slightly injured. "They're an unpredictable crew, these policemen," she said, and threw the book back in its place. "They'll burrow and probe for half a day, wasting their time and ours over nothing, then when you show them something you think may be helpful they dismiss it. Jeffrey Cornwall's right. He says never try to help them; just be like a lump of dough and don't volunteer anything."

There was a note of reproach in Norah's tone, making Alison feel that she had been interfering, and that Norah was teaching her a lesson.

Irritated herself, depressed and on edge with everyone, she left the verandah and strolled out and down to the end of the jetty.

Sitting on a step over the water was Dal, a solitary figure with a fishing-rod.

Violating the first law of the angler, she spoke: "Hullo, Dal."

He didn't seem frightfully engaged. "Hiya, Alison?"

Graceful and indolent, he

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leant back against the post of the pier and looked up at her. Gleams from the rippling water lighted his high-cheek-boned young face. Young he was but not brash, yielding rather than combative, always ready to agree with one opinion one minute, with its opposite the next.

"Caught anything?" Alison asked.

"No. I don't expect to. Just putting in time."

"And what a fearful lot of that there seems to be!" She glanced from Dal's shining head to the empty prospect around them.

"Putting in time," he said, gently trailing his float over the water, "till I can get away from this pestilential swamp. I've got to be up in town next week. I'm going into partnership with a bloke. We're opening a dance studio at Double Bay."

Alison had heard this before, and projects of a like nature. Now it carried some conviction. Prospects must have changed for Dal.

"I can't walk out on Jinny just yet, of course," he went on.

"I expect she'll be leaving, too, won't she?"

"My oath! She won't be here long, naturally."

"How is she?" A question that rightly understood meant, Where is he?

"Bearing up."

"And—and Stephen Talbot?" The question was out!

"Oh, he went off hours ago, soon after you did. He told the police where they could find him. He'll probably tell them what they can do with their case against him, too, if they come at him again."

"Why should you think that?"

"Well, why not? Everything was washed up between him and Jinny ages ago. Why would he be shooting Boris for her sake — I mean — naturally I don't mean she wanted anything like that to happen. I—" He wound in his line and inspected the bait.

ALISON yielded to the impulse to pump him. "Perhaps when they met up in town last week they found that the old feeling had revived."

He seemed to think this over. "Could be, but I don't think so. Anyhow," he said, getting to his feet and leaping up the steps in one graceful bound, "whoever killed Boris, I'm sure they didn't mean to do it, and anyone can see that that makes all the difference. Doesn't it? Don't you agree?"

But he didn't wait for her agreement. "It's not like creeping about putting arsenic in somebody's tea, or going out and buying a gun to shoot someone with. This hardly seems like murder."

"I expect it seemed pretty like it to Boris."

"It was just a piece of lousy bad luck." He hunched his shoulders and wound up his line.

Luck, good or bad, figured largely in Dal's conversation. Any trouble he met was always caused by bad luck, never by bad behaviour; the prosperity of others was the result of good luck, never of hard work.

Alison turned away and strolled back along the jetty.

Went back hours ago, she pondered. And why shouldn't he? Why should Stephen Talbot want to have any further truck with herself, the informer against him? No doubt he would be only too glad if she fell off the jetty and got drowned!

She walked along by the water's edge, passed Cornwall's house with its boundary of stones and its pile of oyster shells at the side and some clothes drying on a clump of bushes.

As she drew near to Miss Hocking's she heard the sound of hammering and, looking up, saw Stephen, hammer in hand, mending the gate.

Unseen by Stephen, Alison stood staring at him. In shirt and pants, looking absorbed and domesticated, he was hammering away vigorously at the fence that had been pushed askew by Larry when, as a pup, he couldn't leap over it. It had hung that way by one nail ever since.

An intoxicating fantasy seized

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 68

Alison. He had stayed to be near her! He didn't want to lose sight of her! He loved her!

Sanity returned. No, he'd stayed to be near Virginia.

And then: No, he hadn't stayed to be near either of them. Why did it have to be love? Simply because that was the thing that had filled her own mind since yesterday. He had stayed because he was a newspaperman and the chance to be in on the inside of a crime was not to be missed.

Her lingering figure caught his eye. He straightened up and waved and called: "Hullo."

She came slowly up across the pebbly bit of foreshore, over the shells and rock pools. She was surprised to feel how her heart was racing and with what a rush of delight she found him here when she had thought him miles away, not to be seen again, ever, perhaps. And here he was, looking at her not any less amiably than he had up on the hill this morning before he had known what she had let him in for.

Assuming her driest manner, she said: "So you didn't go back?"

"No. Miss Hocking's adopted me. Isn't it kind of her?"

"Very—on such a short acquaintance."

"Yes, but this happening seems to create rather a forcing atmosphere for relationships, doesn't it? Like fire or flood. It speeds up one's reactions. So here I am. Only till after the weekend, of course. Just long enough, I hope, to fix up this gate and mend her electric iron, and perhaps put a new board in the kitchen floor."

"Do it all quickly," she warned him, "before the Bay gets you."

"Gets me?"

"You'll find out," Alison replied.

"Shall I? I'm due back at the office on Monday. That's the end of my month's holiday." He stooped for another nail and fitted it into the old hole in the slat. "Yes, when I left Virginia I came down here to make the acquaintance of my co-suspect, and we had a long talk, and she very kindly invited me to stop on till Monday. She needs a bit of bearing up, I feel, after those long sessions with the police, though they're over for her, fortunately, now that she's more or less cleared."

"Is she, though?" Alison's tone was doubtful. "As they now suggest that a weak woman could have shot him and a strong man carried him."

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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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"H'm." He searched in the tool-box for another nail. "Who would do that for Miss Hocking? Some weak woman might be clever, or attractive enough to rope in the strong man to aid her, but I guess Miss Hocking has always fought her own battles, and got out of any jam unaided."

Just at that moment Miss Hocking herself came down the path toward them.

The icy calm that had masked her face when Alison had seen her yesterday morning had melted and a faint wildness had taken its place. She hurried down briskly. Alison thought that she saw the smallest expression of dismay cross her face at sight of herself, the expression of a woman who hopes to be alone with someone and finds a third. But she quickly concealed it.

"Well, Alison, you see I've got a willing helper. I shan't know my little house when he's finished. I've made the tea, Stephen. Don't let it get cold."

"Good, I'll come." He threw down the hammer.

"Will you join us, Alison?"

"No, thank you. I've got to get back. I just stopped to say that I hope he's forgiven me for my excessive burst of honesty. Landing him in all this."

"Don't apologise," Miss Hocking said. "One man's meat is another man's poison. Think of my old gate."

"Yes, that's all right, little George Washington," Stephen said. "I forgive you. Though myself, I hope that if called upon I'll lie up hill and down dale for either you or Miss Hocking."

"Thank you, I can do all my own lying," Miss Hocking said with a grim smile.

Alison noticed the sidelong glance he shot at his hostess, and wondered what had passed between them in the long talk he had mentioned. That was the unsettling part of this business, she thought. Every time a door shut on two people you wondered if their words, their meeting glances, suddenly revealed what you burned to know.

An incident that happened before Alison reached home opened a whole new and startling vista for her.

Half-way up the track Inspector Grogan overtook her. "Miss Burdett," he said. "Hold on, I want a word with you."

She turned and faced him. "Yes, Inspector?"

"That message, or whatever it is, written in the book Mrs. Pritchard showed me. She says it was you that thought we ought to be told about it."

"Yes?" she said again, slowly.

"Mrs. Pritchard, she reckons it was just to do with the old lady lending the boatshed, or something. She says sometimes she did that, to a stray party of campers or picnickers, and that young Dal Owen had quite a home from home in there with his fishing-rods and stuff. She wonders if the boy was throwing parties in there — something like that — with gay and noisy young friends, and if maybe McEvoy wanted the old lady to put a stop to it. But then I got to wondering if you'd read something else into this message? I mean, something more, something different to that. See?" He stopped and looked at her with that friendly glance that so invited co-operation.

"Well," she began. "I don't know what I thought."

"You don't? You can't think what she might've been referring to? 'The boatshed,' and 'Boris suggests'?"

"Suspects," she corrected.

"Eh?"

"'Suggests', I mean, of course"; for in a flash she saw what had happened, and drew back quickly from the betrayal of Norah. She put on her most blankly innocent expression and gazed over his shoulder to the crimson clouds banking up over the Bay. A fiery sunset. How many other fires were hidden away and smouldering all round her?

She said casually that no, she hadn't read any particular meaning into the words. It was simply Boris' name being among them, she had thought that anything today with the merest mention of him might be important.

The inspector said, "Too true, that was right, a very right and proper line to take."

Alison went on to say that perhaps the words had had an undue importance for her because she had an idea they might have been written by old Mrs. Pritchard on the very night she died.

"What gave you that idea?"

"She died suddenly, alone, from a heart attack, and was found later."

"Is that a fact, now? Who found her?"

"Miss Hocking."

"Did she know her heart was bad, this lady?"

"She did. And she may have felt this attack coming on. Anyhow, I found this book, and her half-finished knitting, and the chessboard in a desk drawer that I was clearing out. Right in the front, they were, and it struck me today that Miss Hocking, tidying the room after Mrs. Pritchard died, might have gathered the things up and bundled them into the drawer."

"Quite a nice little job of detection on your own, Miss Burdett!"

"Not a very difficult one. And also I may be wrong."

"Yes, you could be, at that."

They went on up the hill. At the Pritchards' gate he left her and continued his way to the police car at the top.

Alison walked slowly up the path, but her mind was racing furiously. Why, and by whom, had the word "suspects" been altered to "suggests"?

As she crossed the verandah she turned her eyes to the right and saw a case of books standing there. A filled case. The edition of Thackeray had been packed while she was out.

She went into her room and took a paper and pencil and wrote the word. No, it wasn't hard to turn the first s and the p into two gs, and the c into an s. She couldn't be wrong. There was no mistaking what she had read at first, and it wasn't likely that the inspector had read carelessly.

She stood in the impersonal boxlike spare bedroom twisting the piece of paper into a tight spiral. If only she could have one look at that book! How far did you go to satisfy your curiosity? How validly could you plead a righteous cause as an excuse for behaving in a manner that you were actually ashamed of?

She caught sight of herself in the glass, standing motionless debating these points. Old jeans and a faded shirt, pale face and dark hair. A familiar image. Only her eyes looking back at her made her feel like a stranger as she observed the dismay in them.

She opened her door and went out into the hall. Hearing voices in the kitchen, she went quickly out to the verandah and lifted the boards of the case that were not yet nailed down.

A step in the doorway. She turned quickly. Norah had come out.

Across the verandah their eyes met, Norah's with that baleful expression in them that Alison had noticed all day.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

The only thing was to come clean. "Norah, a word in that book has been altered."

Norah crossed to the table and snatched up a cigarette

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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and lit it with a fierce scratch of the match. "Yes. You needn't bother to look. I did it."

"I guessed someone had."

"Guessed? How did you guess?"

"Just now, when I met the inspector and he said the wrong word."

"And did you say the right one?" Norah challenged sharply.

"I did, but I corrected myself. He didn't notice. He thought it was a slip on my part."

Norah, halfway between relief and rage, suddenly burst out: "For heaven's sake! Why can't you mind your own business, Alison?"

"You'd've done better," Alison said, halfway herself between contrition and anger, "if you'd told me why you didn't want him to see that message the way it was."

Norah quickly recovered herself. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so damn touchy. It was only that the very word 'suspects' got me on the raw today." Her usually creamy-pale skin was suffused with color.

"All this probing and suspecting! I just didn't want any more of it to be directed on to this house. That's why I scribbled over that word and changed it. That's all. No special reason at all. Just a sudden impulse." She came over and took up the hammer and nails that stood near and started to hammer down the case. Head bent as she whacked at the nail, she said: "Please go and help Toby with that mess of prawns he's determined to devil for dinner."

BACK at the police car, Grogan got on to Headquarters and inquired further about some information he had asked for earlier in the day. In a few minutes this was forthcoming. As he listened a look of satisfaction overspread his face.

"The Maripura, eh?" he said. "She's not? No, now you mention it, I remember reading in the paper where it said that. Yes, O.K. Thanks, Bob. Thanks a lot."

Thoughtfully he leaned back in the car. Thanks a considerable lot!

.

Virginia was alone when Grogan and Manning paid their second call of the day.

The oddly shaped house lay flattened out in the dusk, and an observer might have thought it was already empty. The windows were shut and the curtains hung limply across them. Unafraid, a wattlebird screeched in a bottlebrush tree close to the verandah, and on the verandah itself eddies of leaves and sand were banked up round the mat.

Then, as the two detectives stepped up to the door, above the harsh rattle of the bird came a drift of barely audible music. The radio turned to its lowest. A tango . . .

Grogan pushed the door a little wider.

In the almost darkness, Virginia was moving slowly to the throb of the muted music. A slow, melancholy, solitary dance. Barely discernible in the dimness but for her light dress floating ghost-like, she moved as though with a ghostly unseen partner.

Revolving in the dance, suddenly she faced the two men in the doorway. She stopped, put out a hand and silenced the radio, and greeted them and switched on the light. For a moment a shadow of embarrassment crossed her face, but it cleared quickly, telling of her conviction that beauty, allied with youth, didn't need to apologise for anything.

But Sergeant Manning, armored in chronic disapproval, looked her up and down disparagingly as he stood stiffly by the open door waiting for his colleague to weigh in and take the shine out of her.

This Grogan wasn't long in doing.

"Mrs. McEvoy," he said, coming right in and putting his hat down on a chair, "there's just one or two little matters we want to get straightened out. You told us you went up and saw your ex-husband twice last week. To divide up the goods that came from Singapore." He paused and saw the narrowing of her long, fringed eyelids, the negatively blank expression on her face.

Continuing . . .
MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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"Well, now," he went on, "a little thing happened that set me thinking about that, and I had inquiries made, and I find that the ship these goods of yours came on, the Maripura, isn't unloaded yet. There was a spot of strife with the wharfies last week that delayed the cargo getting off."

Without undue haste, without apparent concern, she sat down on the sofa and stretched her arms along the back and crossed her incomparable ankles, absolved once more from blame, it would seem, by her desirableness.

She made a little face. "Now isn't that too bad! I really am sorry, Inspector. I'll tell you just what happened. Stephen Talbot wrote to me a month ago and said the things were arriving, and we fixed a day to meet and go through them together. I told my husband—Boris, I mean, of course—about it; in fact, I mentioned it to several people, and said what fun it'd be to get all my stuff again. Heavens! Boris didn't mind. That's what you imagined, isn't it, that he was jealous? Well, he wasn't, not an atom.

"Anyhow, the first day I was to meet Stephen—that was Monday of last week—I got a letter from him on the way to the bus. It said there'd been some hold-up with the unloading, and that he'd let me know when to come. But, having got that far, I thought I might as well go on into town." She paused and looked at the two men with a little headshake, as though at her own much-to-be-deplored conduct. "I don't know if you'll understand," she said, "but it can be pretty quiet down here month after month."

"I reckon that's easy to see," Grogan encouraged her. "Yes, it must be a quiet little place for a young lady like yourself."

"Oh, I like it well enough, of course. It was only that Boris never wanted to have people here. He didn't like going out; he didn't like spending money. Or having me spend it. I don't suppose he had a lot. Anyhow, a couple of pounds for a trip to town—I needed a very good reason to get that out of him. So on this day I thought I'd go up and give myself a day round the shops and a good lunch."

"Alone?" Manning asked, spotlighting the nub of the matter.

"Yes, oh, yes. And I'm afraid when I got back I didn't tell Boris the cases hadn't come to hand, because I'd so enjoyed myself that I thought I'd have another day out with the same excuse on the Friday."

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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

"Another day round the shops?" Grogan asked.

"No. I'd finished with the shops for a time, as I'd no money to spend. I took myself to a morning session at the pictures, and in the afternoon — it was such a lovely day — I just got on a ferry and went over to the Zoo. I hadn't been there since I was a child, and I had a fancy to see it again."

"And still didn't tell Mr. McEvoy when you got back?"

"No, of course not. Oh, gosh, I never thought I'd have to confess all this, as though I'd committed a crime."

"But look, what did you mean to say to him when you'd finally have to go up and meet Mr. Talbot on this ploy?"

"That the whole thing had taken a little longer than we expected, I suppose. I never meet trouble half-way." She smiled, shrugged, shook her head, looked like one who had been clever enough—up to now, anyhow—not to meet trouble at all.

Grogan said: "And when you told us this morning you were with Mr. Talbot, he just rowed along with you, eh?"

She nodded. "Yes. He was too kind to give me away."

"Yeah, a real good friend!" Manning said sourly; and wondered how good—and to what lengths a friend like that would go to help a girl like this out of a spot of real trouble. Say if a bullet happened to drill her husband?

The back door opened and shut and Dal came up the hall.

He evidently hadn't heard the voices in the sitting-room, because there was a sharp drop in his expression as he stopped in the doorway at sight of them. The youthful contours of his face took on a fleeting hardness, but he quickly recovered and flashed on them a smile of disarming sweetness.

"Hullo? What's this session about?" he asked.

Virginia answered him carefully: "Well—my small stratagem, to get a couple of days away because of Boris' kink about money, has come to light."

Dal dropped on to the sofa and smoothed back his salt-sticky hair. Half-naked and shoeless and tanned from head to toe, he brought in the tangy freshness of out-of-doors.

"Oh, that?" he said. "You don't want to exercise yourself over that. You were damn moderate, I think. Lots of wives would have gone through his pockets. Wouldn't they, Inspector?"

"They would, at that," Grogan agreed heartily.

"Or got it off of someone else," Manning added with misanthropic accent. He looked the brother and sister up and down with a glance that seemed to say that the pair of them hadn't done—and weren't going to do—too badly out of the dead man; and that if nudity in idleness was a sign of prosperity young Owen was certainly in the money.

"Not that you could blame Boris, really," Dal was saying, lighting a cigarette and putting out the match with a tolerant shake of the hand. "Many's the time I thought, 'You poor old soul, the stuff isn't sacred.' But I don't think he could help it; it was pathological. In fact, you can read about it. It's really a kind of illness. Pity the psychiatrists couldn't have got on to poor old Boris. He might have had a bit of fun out of life instead of banking his money and sitting on it. Because he wasn't all that hard up."

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"That's right. But it didn't all go into the bank," Grogan told him.

"What do you mean?"

"Take the new gramophone he bought a week or so ago."

"What about it?"

"He paid for that in cash."

An odd silence fell. Then Virginia said: "Did he? I thought it was a hire-purchase job."

"Not it. We found the receipt in his desk, and when we contacted the company where he bought it they mentioned he paid for it in ten-pound notes."

"Curiouser and curiouser," she murmured.

"Have you any idea why he should have paid for it that way, Mrs. McEvoy, instead of giving them a cheque?"

She looked at him blankly and shook her head.

Dal said: "I tell you, you don't want to try and make sense out of Boris' ways with money. He probably got a kick out of it before he paid, just handling the notes and counting them, admiring the look of them. Honestly, my sister and I would often get a good laugh over the little economics he practised. Ask anyone round about."

"Now, Dal——" Virginia said in an elder-sisterly tone, and stirred uneasily in her chair.

"Go on, Jinny," he said coolly. "I'm not saying what everyone doesn't know. What about Boris' little borrowings to save the odd bit of cash? The Sunday papers from Cornwall, his tools, the brace and bit, and then breaking the bit and 'forgetting' to get a new one? And Mrs. Pritchard's vacuum cleaner, and the Frys' books and aspirin, and so on?"

"Shouldn't think that'd go too big with anyone," Grogan observed.

"It didn't. Cornwall, for one, used to get hopping mad. I think that's why Boris did it half the time. He used to take a kind of fiendish glee in making people mad. He'd laugh like hell."

"Now, Dal!" Virginia said again; and Dal just threw himself back in his corner of the sofa and laughed, too—laughed last—as though indulgent of the foibles of the world in general and of his brother-in-law in particular.

.

Darkness had closed down when Grogan and Manning left the house and found themselves once again on the wooded hillside. Above the water hung a big pale moon, looking down solemnly on this sinful scene of intrigue and hate and violent death; where Larry's tawny coat had turned black under six feet of flowing water and Boris McEvoy's plump, comfortable

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 5

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ This should prove an interesting and romantic week favoring money matters, possessions, marriage, home, family, and just plain luck. But there are turbulent influences on Thursday.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ For the next few weeks the stars favor love, romance, courtship, and speculation. Sunday is a particularly pleasant day, ideal for entertaining. On Thursday avoid disputes.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ You will have to watch that highly strung, nervous system of yours Wednesday, p.m., and Thursday. There are elements of tension, and you could suffer monetary loss.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, tartan. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ On Thursday you may become emotionally steamed up and there could be domestic and family disputes. Otherwise it is a fortunate week favoring finances, love, and romance.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, checks. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ The accent is on finance this week and there could be some surprising improvement. Home and family life is also favored. Sunday may bring the romantically unexpected.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Except for Thursday the week is good for most matters. There could be quarrels with friends over money or a dispute of ownership. Marriage and partnership continue to be favored.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Mon., Sunday.
★ The stars will smile upon you for quite a while, when you will receive romantic and fortunate vibrations. Thursday could lead to upset, so preserve that love of peace which is so much yours.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Sunday.
★ Your ambitions will be stimulated and you will be more on the ball. If you can control a possible edginess on Thursday, it is a good week favoring finance and romance.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ With the proviso that you use caution on Thursday, pursue your plans and ambitions. This week favors your enterprising nature. Love, courtship, and finance all prosper.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Finance and romance are favored at the weekend, especially Sunday. Be cautious on Thursday. Your ambitions could be adversely affected by partnership disputes. Friends may help.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, purple. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Thursday is adverse for work, health, romance, and speculation, but the week on the whole is fortunate, especially on Sunday. If you are an artist, this is your day of inspiration.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ Conditions are very good for marriage, partnership, and prestige. Financial affairs are fortunate except on Thursday. It is a day, if a parent, when children and young people are irritable.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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and mother told me . . .

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Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 72

form had sprawled dead in his wrecked bedroom.

Slowly the two men began their upward stroll through the pungent bush, over the sand that glistened palely in the dimness ahead of them.

Grogan was thinking aloud: "She took a gamble on Talbot not ringing, and she lost.

"She could have concealed a letter from him or lied about it. But, as bad luck would have it, he rang to arrange the real date of the meeting, and McEvoy discovered that his wife had been deceiving him. She'd been in town—right—but what doing? Not with Talbot.

"She says McEvoy wouldn't tell her who was on the telephone. It's my belief that was because he wanted to face her with Talbot next morning and see her bowled out, good and proper. You wouldn't see a girl like that being put off too easy when her curiosity's aroused, would you? No doubt she went on asking him, and no doubt McEvoy went on riling her with a refusal to say.

"If there's one thing more than another that'll rile a woman to the point of madness it's when she can't get something out of a bloke that she's wild to know. That's when the fight started, I guess, when midnight struck and still she couldn't move Boris to spill it. So one thing leads to another, and the face-creams follow the hand-mirror and land in Boris' coffee."

Manning grunted, seemed to have no quarrel with any of this. "She's been in town — right — but what doing?" he echoed Grogan's words. "Havin' herself a nice little lunch? Holdin' her own poor little hand at the pictures? Goin' across to the Zoo for a peek at the monkeys? No."

Grogan stopped once more, pulled up short on the path, almost tripping the sergeant, who was plodding a pace behind. "Hold on, Les. No to the first three," he said slowly. "I'm with you there. But the fourth? If there's one place I'd be prepared to swear she did visit that day it's the Zoo."

The narrow track where the two detectives were standing at this point was only a short distance from another narrower one that ended at the Pritchards' back gate. The question under discussion, and the gate, were both too inviting to be withstood. Briskly, Grogan led the way in and down through the back garden. The kitchen light was on and the door stood wide, so that, as they paused, there was no need for them to knock.

Amid the ruins of the meal, the three partakers of it were sitting in silence, but a silence that told of heated words only too recently exchanged. The kitchen bore all the signs of Toby's late engagement with a dish of devilled prawns. All the available saucepans and dishes appeared to have been enlisted, and having played their parts now strewed the battlefield on stove and bench and floor.

Toby was slumped back in his chair at the head of the table. He had barely sobered up during the afternoon, and now the empty bottles and his sullen face showed that the trusted panacea had let him down. Norah's expression gave no hint of mercy. It was shut and relentless. Her mouth looked as though it would never open to speak again, which, alas for Toby, would prove not to be the case.

Alison, an unwilling witness of the strained atmosphere between the pair, sat staring down at the remains of the food on her plate. She sensed that there was some bigger bone of contention than just Toby's freedom with the bottle today.

When the two detectives appeared at the door Norah got up. Toby sat on. She said acidly: "Again? Toby, take the inspector through. Alison and I'll be in in a minute."

Toby still didn't move. He said: "Nonsense." He just didn't say "Nonsensh," but his speech was blurred. "What's wrong with here?"

THE two policemen came in. "Nothing wrong with here as far as I'm concerned," Grogan said, sniffing the savory air appreciatively. "The one thing wrong, I'd say, is that we didn't get here a bit earlier!" The only one enlivened by his own cheer, he accepted a chair and a cup of coffee from Alison. Manning rejected both offers and retained his official stance.

"Oh, well," Norah said with glacial brightness, "if no one minds the chaos —" and sat down again and made a show of pouring herself another cup of coffee. "Is there anything fresh to tell us, Inspector, or are you just still gathering background material?" Frostily, she italicised the last two words.

"Well, Mrs. Pritchard"—Grogan eased a lump of sugar into his cup and stirred it delicately — "in a case like this you can take it as gospel there's no foreground without a background. The movements of the dead man's friends and relatives, for instance, his likes and dislikes, and theirs, his vices and virtues, their reactions to 'em. We're like *those shops* that advertise there's nothing too big for us to handle and nothing too small. See what I mean?"

In other words, Alison thought, her eyes resting on the plump, dark face of the inspector, in other words, crime detection, for all its glamorised handmaiden, science, was still mostly dependent on hearsay and backstairs gossip.

"Now take yourselves," he was saying. "You've been stopping down here for two weeks, I understand. Right?"

"Quite," Norah admitted with a patient smile, "but on business far removed from the McEvoys."

"Oh, sure, sure! It's just that we're inquiring into the little facts of the last week or so." He turned to Toby. "Mr. Pritchard, I understand you went up to town twice last week?"

Suddenly, the atmosphere ceased to be falsely casual. Norah stiffened, Toby looked up. Through clouds of cigarette smoke and alcohol he seemed to be trying to focus on what was being said.

"Yes," he murmured, "that's so."

"On the Monday and again on the Friday."

Unsteadily, Toby got to his feet. He flapped a hand at Grogan. "Needn't go on; save yourself the trouble. I see what you're after. Yes, I went to town and happened to run into Mrs. McEvoy and took her to lunch."

Enlightened at last, Alison glanced quickly from Toby to Norah. Here was the thing that they had wrangled about all day, only united by their shared anxiety to keep it from the police. Now it was out in the open, with all its deadly implication.

To be continued



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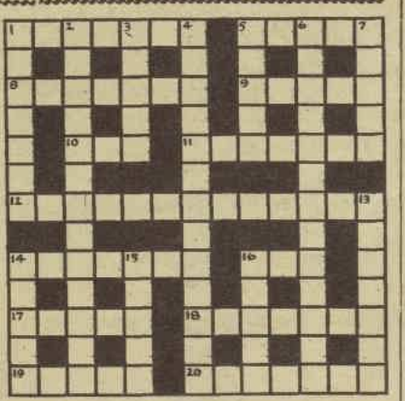
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Blushes in Communist lairs (7).
5. European capital city (5).
8. Of angels (7).
9. Genus of birds to which the herons and egrets belong (5).
10. Run for a vase (3).
11. A glutton does it (7).
12. I retail mastic (Anagr. 13).
14. Vigorously operative though the word is old-fashioned (7).
16. Spoil in a drama rehearsal (3).
17. Used for thinking in bar (5).
18. One who enters in duty ran inside (7).
19. Decay or the revolving part of a machine (5).
20. Pouch carrying the yellow part of an egg and attached to an embryo (4-3).

DOWN

1. The opposite of idealism (7).
2. Done by a gossip or by an archaeologist (4, 2, 3, 4).
3. A woman's name (5).
4. Inviolability (13).
5. Overlay with metal but mostly late (5).
6. Days a Russian might remember (3, 6, 4).
7. Begin the holy art (5).
13. It is corrosive when I am swallowed by a broken cactus (7).
14. You must have fire before you can get it (5).
15. Nobody can help him (5).
16. Encountered Mr. Johson and used to make coins (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Make your own Gardening BOOK



● *Here is a handy collection of answers to the questions home gardeners ask most often. Cut out and keep these pages for ready reference. They are the right size to fit in an exercise book.*

• Clearing land and laying out the garden

Clearing land

To clear land for the first time, start by cutting all the top growth away and burning it. Unwanted saplings should be grubbed out with a mattock. Blackberries, bracken, and lantana can be killed outright by spraying the leaves with synthetic hormone brush-killers such as 24/5/T.

Unwanted tree stumps

First bore holes in the stump and main roots, fill them with sodium chlorate crystals, and plug up with putty. The chemical will kill the stump and cause it to dry out and decay. After a few months, open the holes, fill them with kerosene, and leave overnight. Next day you should be able to fire the stump easily and it will gradually burn out completely.

Improving sandy soil

For the same reason that sandy soil drains well it also dries out quickly. Plenty of humus is required to retain moisture and plant foods. Dig in plenty of manure, peat, and all the vegetable matter you can obtain. A light dressing of lime will help to correct the acidity often present in sandy soil.

Breaking up heavy soil

Heavy clayey soil can be improved by digging in gypsum at the rate of 8oz. to the square yard. Within weeks this will break down the clay particles and render the soil more crumbly. Before planting, dig in a light application of lime to help break up the soil further.

Discarding stones

Soil under stones stays cool and moist on the hottest day. Large rocks should be removed from garden beds for convenience of digging, but small stones do more good than harm. The exception is in lawn areas, where they must be removed from the top layer of soil to help even sowing.

Sterilising soil

Soil suspected of containing pests, diseases, or weed seeds should be sterilised before it is used in rock pockets or pots or for top-dressing lawns. A chemical fumigant such as Vapam is effective, but best of all is to steam the soil in a closed container over a garden fire.

Improving fertility

Calcium or lime is often described as the key to soil fertility. It prevents soil sourness and is actually an essential plant food in itself. Lime also discourages many soil pests and plays an important part in binding soil particles together. Occasional light applications are of great benefit to flowerbeds which are in constant use. But be careful with certain lime-hating mountain plants.

Green manuring

With animal manure often hard to come by, quick improvement in poor soil may be obtained by digging and sowing a crop such as lupins, lucerne, or clover. The crop should be raised to flowering stage, then cut up and dug in. A vast quantity of valuable humus is added to soil in this way, and the ground should be ready

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for planting about eight weeks after the green crop was turned in.

Windbreaks

Gardens exposed to drying winds, and particularly salt - laden sea breezes, improve greatly when protected by windbreaks on the side of the prevailing wind. These are usually hedges of quick-growing evergreen plants such as pyracantha, oleander, pittosporum, and leptospermum laevigatum, the coastal tea-tree.

Preparing for sweet-peas

Sweet-peas will grow anywhere if the soil is properly prepared. It should be dug at least a foot deep in early winter and plenty of farmyard manure turned in deep down. Add sand and quarter of a pound of bonemeal to each square yard of the top soil and leave to weather until planting time.

Circular beds

To mark out circular flowerbeds accurately, first plant a stake in the centre of the chosen area. Loop one end of a piece of string loosely around it and tie the other end to a smaller stake at a distance corresponding to the desired radius of the bed. Hold the string taut and walk around the stake.

Straight beds

To keep the edges of formal flowerbeds straight, stretch a piece of string between two pegs and plant one at each end of the bed. Slide the string down to soil level and you'll easily be able to dig along its line, keeping the bed edge exactly straight.

Replanting rosebeds

Sooner or later roses deteriorate and need renovation. If most of the plants are in poor condition, it will be best to clear them all away, break up the soil completely, and give the bed a rest from roses for at least a year, growing a green crop which can be dug in to improve the soil. New roses should not be planted the same season in the spot where other roses have failed—wait until you've improved the soil.

Stepping-stones

Stepping-stones set in a lawn should be bedded firmly **below** the grass level so the mower can be run over them without damage. Those in garden beds should be **above** soil level to allow for the increased height of the soil when in cultivation.

Grass into lawn

When new houses are built on the site of old gardens or cultivated pasture land, the question arises as to whether it is worth while trying to convert existing overgrown grass into lawn. If it is relatively weed free it is worth the effort and will save you time and money. Scythe away the excess growth. Rake out the dead leaves and grass with a hard iron rake; kill broad-leafed weeds with selective weed-killer; top-dress, and begin to care as for an ordinary lawn.

Mowing-strips

Where lawn and flowerbed meet, grass-cutting becomes difficult, and damage to the grass is bound to occur when low-growing plants spread over the grass and suffocate it. You can solve both problems in one by constructing a mowing-strip of flat stone or concrete, at least a foot wide, and setting it just below grass-level along the bed. This will give the mower wheels something to roll on, keep both grass and plants from overlapping,

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and at the same time allow a soft and attractive border to your beds when the plants hang over it.

Taking a level

Correcting sloping ground can be done quite easily without spirit levels or special equipment. Lay out a length of hose in the direction of the slope, pour water in the top end, and when it runs out the bottom you know there is a slope. Raise the lower end of the slope gradually until the water ceases to flow, and you'll know just how far you have to build up the bed to make it level.

• Garden maintenance

Top-dressing lawns

Annual top-dressing is of considerable value in improving and maintaining the condition of any lawn. The lawn surface should first of all be lightly "spiked" with a fine fork or special spiked roller. This will open the surface. A week or two later the lawn should be lightly covered with finely sieved soil containing a little sand, lawn food, and compost. This should be raked over both ways and allowed to weather in naturally. Heavy watering might cause it to set hard. Best time is late autumn.

Storing bulbs

When bulbs have died down they must be lifted and stored, for it is important that they have a good rest without normal garden watering if they are to flower the following season. Store them in polythene bags between layers of dry peatmoss, one variety to a bag. Prick holes in the bags to give them air and hang in a cool dry place out of the reach of pests.

Rose-pruning

The mysteries of rose-pruning become suddenly quite simple when you know what you're doing. The idea is to improve the quality of flowers by reducing the quantity of growth and at the same time to give the bush an attractive shape. It is done in midwinter in the warm districts and after the last frost in colder parts. **Never** cut away more than a third of the bush. Start with the dead wood, then spindly twigs which obviously won't carry flowers. Leave the best and strongest canes, cutting them about half an inch above an eye or bud pointing in the direction you wish it to grow. Sometimes a light further pruning is necessary after rampant summer growth. But make it light. Always use sharp secateurs, as rough cutting is an invitation for die-back spores to enter.

Continued overleaf



● *Path in Mrs. M. Smith's garden, Bayview, N.S.W.*

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Lawnmowing

Lawns should be mowed often and lightly, rather than slashed back viciously when they are overlong. Fortnightly should be sufficient, with the blades set no less than 1½ inches above the surface. Don't let the clippings lie in the grass, as this is an invitation to disease. Rake them up tidily and spread chaff and a little lime into the heap. The grass will then break down evenly into valuable compost, rather than clot in masses.

Bedding pot bulbs

Bulbs forced for indoor flowering in pots are of no further use for the same purpose. They will flower well in the garden in succeeding years, however, if they are lifted out of the pot and heeled in a sunny corner where they can be left to ripen undisturbed and complete their growth cycle. Lift them with other bulbs for summer storage and replant in the autumn.

When to pick fruit

Provided it is free of fruit-fly, tree fruit should be picked only when the stalks part easily from the branches. Fruit should never be pulled hard; this would leave the stalk on the tree and leave the fruit open for infection of fungus. Immature fruit invariably shrivel when they are stored.

Repairing lawn edges

Unless the lawn is surrounded by permanent mowing-strips, the time will come when the edges are worn and unsightly and need repairing. The best way is to mark out a line, say, a foot from the lawn edge and cut along it with a spade. The resulting strip of lawn should be cut into handy sections, lifted, and turned, with the former outside edge now facing inwards and the new sharp edge as the outer border of the lawn. When the turfs are replaced they should be rolled or tramped firm and any uneven spaces filled with fresh soil and lawn-seed.

Pruning hydrangeas

Hydrangea buds form a whole year before they are to flower. Therefore, it is best to leave spent flower-heads on the bush for protection and leave pruning till the spring. Limit it to thinning out some of the older branches so that new shoots have a chance to develop properly. It is **not** necessary to prune right back to one pair of buds on each branch, as you so often read.



● *Mixed beds, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Hull's garden, Burwood, N.S.W.*

Crop rotation for vegetables

To grow the best vegetables, plan crop rotation as professional growers do. Divide the area into three parts (or groups of three if it is larger). The first year plant section A with root crops such as turnips, carrots, radishes; section B with the cabbage family, cauliflowers, sprouts, etc.; section C with vegetables which require heavy feeding, such as peas, beans, and onions. The second year, all crops are moved down one section, like a game of musical chairs, particular care being paid to the area previously occupied by the root vegetables. This should be heavily dug and manured before planting the new crop of gross feeders. Vegetables flourish with this annual change of site, which prevents the soil becoming exhausted by any one type of plant.

Tidy hedge-clipping

Hedge-clippings left lying on beds are an invitation to insects and fungus. On lawns they may stifle the grass. If you want to avoid back-breaking bending, lay a strip of old hessian on the ground in front of the hedge. When clippings fall on this it can be lifted in one go and the whole lot confined to the fire or compost heap at once.

Pruning Spanish broom

The lovely Spanish broom (Spartium junceum) is one of the loveliest and most misunderstood shrubs in the garden. It must be pruned regularly every year to keep the bush in bounds and prevent it becoming top-heavy. Brooms are shallow rooters and blow over easily. **But** Spanish broom never shoots from old wood and will die if cut back too far. Pruning should be restricted to clipping back the young shoots immediately after flowering.

Wiring a wall

The cheapest, simplest, and most effective way to grow climbing plants against your house is to wire a wall with galvanised wire. This will never need the upkeep of wooden or painted trellises. The wires should be stretched along the wall from 12 to 18 inches apart, running through "vine eye" staples. The wire should be fixed permanently to a staple at one end and fitted with a straining bolt at the other so that it can be adjusted periodically.

Weed-free roses

Rose bushes resent disturbance, and unless you are willing to spend days on your knees hand-weeding, a way must be found to keep down weeds altogether. The most reliable method is a give the beds a permanent heavy mulch or surface layer of old straw, peatmoss, or lawn mowings. This will keep the soil and roots moist and prevent the weeds growing at all. Weed-killers are of no use, as they would finish the sensitive roses as well.

Destroying rotten fruit

Rotten fallen fruit should be buried as deep as possible away from other plants. If allowed to lie on the surface (even in fly-free districts) it is liable to become a harbor for brown rot fungus, which will develop in damp weather and release millions of spores all over the garden when warm weather comes.

Pruning buddleias

Favorite shrubs buddleias, or butterfly bushes, are pruned rather differently from most other flowering specimens. Branches which have flowered the previous season should

be pruned away entirely in late winter, cutting to just above the lowest pair of new leaves.

Fruit-tree suckers

Suckers which form from the roots of fruit trees should be removed completely, as they rob the trees of nourishment. Dig down to the junction of sucker and root and cut it off flush. Don't just cut away at soil level. A frequent cause of this type of suckering is too deep cultivation around the trees.

Grass under trees

Neat lawn surface is difficult to maintain under the shade of trees, particularly evergreen types. Firstly, remember that it is better for a lawn to slope gradually up to the bole of the tree than to become a mass of tree roots which find their way to the surface. Cover roots with at least two inches of soil, tamp firm, and plant with a seed mixture containing ryegrass, which is relatively happy in the shade. A top-dressing of rich compost in cold districts will help the grass survive the winter.

Supports for sweet-peas

Although sweet-peas are climbers they do best in the open away from house walls or shady fences. Supports for growing them can be made in several ways: (1) A cylinder of heavy wire mesh tied to several deeply embedded stakes. (2) A tepee shape of 6ft. bamboo canes, spaced in the form of a circle and tied together with wire at the top. (3) A pyramid of twiggy dead branches or shrub cuttings, leaned together and tied at the top. This is the most natural-looking support of all and gives excellent natural background to the climbing tendrils.

Re-using potting soil

When repotting house-plants, remember that the potting soil has become almost completely exhausted of goodness and will not do a second time. It may also carry diseases and should not be used for seed-sowing. Sterilise it, add peatmoss and general fertilisers, and it can be spread on the surface of perennial borders with beneficial results.

Pruning flowering shrubs

As a general rule (and with the exception of roses, buddleias, and hydrangeas, which are covered elsewhere), flowering shrubs should be pruned for shaping almost immediately after flowering or not at all. Later pruning will prevent the development of new flowerbuds. Crepe myrtle should be pruned right back to old wood. Azaleas do not need pruning at all.

Why waterlilies fail

Waterlilies are among the hardiest plants of all, but they do often puzzle novice water-gardeners by dying without sending up a single leaf. The reason is usually that they have drowned or rotted. Two ways to prevent this: (1) When planting for the first time make sure that the buds on the crowns are not completely covered with soil. (2) Submerge the lilies gradually to their eventual root-depth. Do this either by filling the pool gradually or by standing the basket on a heap of bricks and removing them gradually as the leaf-buds reach the surface. The first is easier.

Grassless lawns

When you wish to cover open areas of your garden, but do not want the trouble of lawnmowing, there are a number of things you can do. (1) Cover with an attractive mulch of gravel or pebbles. (2) Plant a grassless lawn of small creeping herbs like anthemis, tinctoria, and thyme. (3) Plant a normal lawn using clover instead of grass. Clover lawns are slippery and do not last as long as grass, but they are always green and need no mowing. (4) On sloping areas plant a cover of ajuga, ivy, or even ivy-leaf geraniums, though the latter like a lot of spraying. Such covers are effective, but you can't very well walk on them.

Bud drop on camellias

Why do flowerbuds drop from apparently healthy camellia bushes? This exasperating problem can usually be traced to erratic watering, excessive variation in temperature, or lack of protection from wind. Camellias form their buds in summer for the following season and need regular watering and a damp root-run right up to flowering time. They like sun, but need partial protection from extreme heat or wind. A sheltered position on the south side of your house is often the answer, and, remember, they can't stand lime, so don't place them where water can wash lime from other beds down to them.

Picking flowers

Strike a happy balance between brilliant garden display and stripping every flower for the house. Dead flowers **should** be picked from annuals, otherwise they channel their growing efforts into seed-making rather than new blossoms. Cutting flower spikes from perennials and shrubs acts as a light natural pruning and encourages branching. Leave some flowers on primulas, foxgloves, alyssum, and cinerarias and they will seed naturally and give you new plants next season.

Indoor bulb growing

Bulbs for indoor flowering should be planted in autumn in pots of damp leafy compost or commercial fibre. Plant them nearer the surface than you would in the garden, and keep the containers in a cool, dark, airy place such as a cellar or storeroom for at least eight weeks or until the buds have begun to show. (This is so they develop good roots instead of running to leaf.) They may then be brought into the living area, but not into the direct sunlight until the flowerbuds show. Give them plenty of water regularly, including overhead watering, to keep flowers and leaves free of dust and insects.

Continued overleaf



● *Harmonies of azalea and wisteria in Mrs. L. Hill's garden, Beecroft, N.S.W.*

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• Plants for special purposes

Unusual soil conditions are often not suitable for everyday plants — but whatever your soil problem you can be sure that some plants will thrive in it. Here are a few of them:

Plants for shade

Although all plants prefer some sun, the following will grow well in positions that are heavily shaded for much of the year: **Astilbe, bleeding hearts** (dicentra), **helleborus, hostas, physostegia, Solomon's seal** (polygonatum), and **tiarella.** They are all perennials.

Plants for damp soil

Soil that is permanently damp is another problem area, particularly for home-owners whose gardens face south. Damp conditions, however, are highly suitable for the following plants: **Astilbe, daylilies** (hemerocallis), **mimulus, primulas,** and **giant buttercups** (trollius). Tropical plants such as **ginger plant** (hedychium), **elephant's ear** (colocasia), and **monstera** also thrive and grow to giant size in damp areas.



• *These flowers are gloriously massed at a path's edge.*

Plants for bog gardens

For areas that qualify more as boggy than damp you'll have success with the following **TREES: Swamp cypress, pussy willow** (salix), **poplars,** and **dogwood** (cornus). **SHRUBS: Mock orange** (philadelphus), **spirea,** and **bamboo. SMALL PLANTS: Geum, daylilies, Lobelia laxiflora, monarda, senecio,** and **trillium.** Also **Japanese irises.**

Plants for gravel

In soil which is full of gravel and sharply drained, many plants give up altogether in hot weather. But among the most reliable are **oyster plant** (acanthus), **thrift** (armeria), **gaillardia, geraniums, red-hot pokers** (kniphofias), **sea holly** (cryngium), **valerian** (centranthus), **statice, catmint** (nepeta), **sedums, lamb's ears** (Stachys lanata).

Plants for clay

If your garden is heavy and clayey, rejoice! You have the ideal soil for roses. But, in case you want something else, the following plants will do well indeed: **Campanula, doronicum** (leopard's bane), **echinops** (globe thistles), **heliopsis, rudbeckia, golden rod** (solidago), **tradescantia.**

Plants for steep slopes

If your land is mostly sloping and the flat spaces few and far between, you'll want strong-rooted plants to hold the soil together and hang gracefully over bare spots. Try **Cotoneaster horizontalis, olearia, berberis, cistus.** Flowering plants could include **foxgloves, Easter daisies, lythrums,** and **lupins. Ivy** and **periwinkles** for ground covers.

Plants for sand

Where soil is sharply drained and sandy, there's another good choice. The whole **carnation** family (pinks, dianthus, and all) comes first. **Pigfaces,** the old-fashioned **briar roses,** nearly all **Australian natives, phlox, petunias,** most **geraniums** and **pelargoniums** are a joy in sandy areas.

Plants for the seaside

Salt air is the trouble here, but many plants seem to thrive by the sea, provided the soil is sweetened periodically with lime. Try **buddleias, hydrangeas, pyracanthas** (firethorn), **holly, laburnum, lavender,** rosemary, **Spanish broom, tamarisk,** and **olearia** (daisy bush).

Shrubs for tubs

When your garden consists mostly of a terrace or courtyard you'll need some shrubs to brighten things up. Surprisingly, a lot of them thrive in the relatively confined condition. Take your choice from **cumquat, box, daphne, Choisya ternata** (Mexican orange), **olearia, camellia, azalea,** and **Japanese maples.** (The last three need a shady terrace.) Never let your tub plants go short of water —even a day's neglect can be fatal.

Shrubs for lime-free soil

The most beautiful shrubs of all are bound to succeed if you have soil that is almost free from lime and contains plenty of leaf-mould. You don't have to worry; just sit back and watch the following grow: **Azaleas, camellias, erica, arbutus** (strawberry tree), **kalmia, Pieris japonica,** and **rhododendrons.** Grow **lily of the valley** and **daphne** for perfume.

• Seeds and seedlings

Seed-sowing under glass

Seeds of most plants are better raised under glass where you can control the balance of moisture, warmth, and air which makes for the best germinating condition. A greenhouse, however, is not necessary; place a sheet of old glass over the top of a box, pot, or any other container. So long as it stays misty in normal sunlight, the seeds are receiving plenty of humidity to help them germinate. Later the glass will protect from frost and drying wind.

Seeds in the open

For plants that grow after the cold weather (such as phlox, petunias, marigolds, zinnias) sowing under glass is unnecessary. They can best be raised in shallow boxes, or directly in a protected part of the garden in thin rows. A modern technique with more valuable plants is to sow the seeds individually in tiny peat pots which can be moved directly into the chosen position. The pots break up in soil and act as fertiliser for the growing plant.

Picking out seedlings

When all seedlings in a container have germinated and formed their first leaves, they should be spaced so that they do not become overcrowded and spindly. You could remove, say, four out of every five seedlings, but this is a waste of good plant material. Better to transplant them all into another seedling box, using a dibber, or pointed stick. Press the point into the new soil; drop in the seedling with its leaves just above soil-level. Press the stick in again beside it, closing the hole. Space the seedlings two inches apart and water lightly.

Watering pots

The amount of water required by potted plants depends on whether the pots are glazed or of the porous terracotta type. Terracotta pots require more watering, because moisture evaporates rapidly through the surface. Wherever possible do not water early in the mornings in cold weather; wait till the chill wears off. For lime-hating subjects, such as camellias and azaleas, use rain-water or distilled water, since tap-water often contains a great deal of lime. Better to overwater and let the surplus drain away than to water little and often. Water every other day in summer, but only when the soil is dry in winter.

Dividing perennial clumps

Perennial plants should be divided every second or third year to prevent them overcrowding. The easiest way is to place the clump on a flat surface and insert two small garden forks, their backs close together. Wrench them apart and the clump will divide without too much damage. Worn-out central portions of clumps should be discarded.

Raising chrysanthemums

The best chrysanthemums are raised from cuttings of young shoots, three inches long. These cuttings are taken during late winter and root rapidly in early spring. Place them first in three-inch peat pots and gradually repot during the growing season into larger containers. Pinch them into shape as they grow, remembering that the biggest flowers result from the fewest buds, and vice versa.

Dividing dahlias

Spring is the time to start dormant dahlia tubers into growth. Half-cover them with moist sand or peatmoss and stand them outside in a protected position. When new shoots have appeared, lift them and divide with a sharp knife so that at least one new shoot is left with each piece of tuber. Plant them out in rows in seed-boxes in a protected position and let them make new growth until final planting time comes, from September to November.

Planting roses

Roses are planted in midwinter in mild districts; late autumn or early spring in colder parts. They should be planted at least two feet apart in alternate rows. Dig a hole spade-deep, loosen soil completely, and make a small mound in the bottom of the hole. Spread the rose roots out on this, making sure that the new surface-level corresponds exactly with the plant's soil-level at the nursery. (You can tell by the mark on the stem.) Half-fill the hole with soil and stamp in firmly. Water, allowing the water to soak away, then add the balance of the soil, leaving a small wall of it about six inches away from the trunk to hold water. Later this extra soil can be spread around the roots.

How deep to plant

The roots of most trees and shrubs should be planted deep enough to give them good anchorage and to ensure that they will remain cool and damp most of the year. Generally the nursery soil-mark on the stem will be your guide, but in the case of grafted or budded plants make sure the junction is above soil-level. If it is buried, roots may develop from above the junction and unbalanced growth would result.

Air layering

This is a splendid way of propagating cuttings from favorite shrubs. It has been practised in the Far East for centuries, but modern materials now make it practicable for us as well. Its advantage is that quite large and shapely parts of bushes may be encouraged to develop roots without the risk of severing them from the parent plant.

First, a notch is made in the chosen stem just below a node, or embryo bud. In the case of larger branches, a thin line of bark is cut away almost, but not **quite,** all the way around the stem. (Some bark must be left to lead life-giving sap above the cut.) The cut or notched area is wrapped thoroughly with moist spaghnum moss (containing a little rooting hormone if you like), and the whole wrapped in a sheet of coarse polythene which is tied above and below the moss. The polythene keeps moisture inside, but lets air through.

Do this when the plant is dormant, and in spring roots will begin to form at the notch. When they begin to force their way through the polythene, sever the stem just below the roots and plant it as though it were an ordinary plant (which it is by now).

Naturalising bulbs

Spring bulbs are loveliest of all when growing naturally through grass. The simplest way to achieve this is to cut the turf into squares with the sharp edge of a spade. Lift each turf, break up the soil underneath, and mix with a little bone-dust; then set the bulbs in clumps. The turf should be replaced and beaten into place with the flat side of the spade. Bulbs will appear through the grass in winter, when it is dormant, and flowering will have finished before the grass grows fast again, when it can be mowed, bulbs and all.

• Hints on cultivation

Capacity measures

Instructions for garden fertilisers and sprays tend to include measures which are, to say the least, unfamiliar — especially if it's a while since you left school. The following table may be of help:

5 fluid ounces = 1 gill.
4 gills = 1 pint.
20 fluid ounces = 1 pint.
2 gallons = 1 peck.
4 pecks = 1 bushel.
1 hundredweight = 112 pounds.

"Don'ts" for fertilising

Do not apply fertilisers to dry soil; water first. Do not bury quick-acting fertilisers deep. Do not exceed the recommended dosage — more of any-

Continued overleaf



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thing doesn't do the job better and may be even harmful. Do not let fertiliser fall on leaves, as it may scorch.

What is humus?

Humus is the end-product of the decay of animal and vegetable matter in the soil, and a rich source of plant food. Humus improves the moisture-holding capacity of sandy soils; it also has a lightening effect on clayey soils, resulting in better drainage.

Animal manure

Animal manure is among the most valuable of fertilisers, containing many valuable minerals. In its fresh state it tends to burn tender plants, and it should not be applied around them until it has dried out. It can, however, be buried deep under plants in late autumn, when the action of decay will produce heat below the roots, which is beneficial in cold weather. Horse manure which contains much straw is useful for lightening heavy soils. Cow and sheep manure are best for light soils. Poultry manure is probably the richest, but should be allowed to dry out thoroughly.

Leaf-mould

Leaf-mould is one valuable fertiliser which is almost impossible to buy in shops, yet many gardeners rob their gardens of its nourishment by burning off leaves as they fall in the autumn. Fallen leaves should be spread in a vacant space, sprinkled lightly with soil (to stop them blowing away), and a light sprinkling of lime to help accelerate the decay. When rich, black, and crumbly it is invaluable for use in potting mixtures or for use with acid-loving plants such as azaleas, liliums, and camellias.

Seaweed

Coastal gardeners have the perfect manure right at hand — seaweed! Dig it in freshly as you collect it or dry it for use in winter; it is good either way and is completely free from plant diseases and weeds.

Ashes

Diseased garden material can be converted into good useful fertiliser by burning thoroughly. Weed or vegetable ash is rich in potassium and can be dug into soil before planting or as a top-dressing around fruit-trees. Ash should be stored in a dry place, as the potassium would soon be dissolved by rain and the residue is useless except as a mulch around pot-plants.

Blood-and-bone meal

The various fertilisers prepared from animal blood and bone are rich in phosphoric acid and nitrogen. Blood-and-bone is the richest; easily soluble, and used as a pre-sowing or planting fertiliser. Bone-dust is slower-acting and a good fertiliser for all kinds of fruit, shrubs, and herbaceous plants, also for bulb-planting. Coarser bone-meal or bone-flour is used for rose borders and potting composts.

Charcoal

Charcoal absorbs acids and keeps soil sweet, though it has little value as fertiliser. Finely ground, it is useful in seed-raising mixtures; in a coarser state for lawn top-dressing; and in chunk form for larger pot-plants, when it sweetens soil and helps drainage.

Phosphate fertilisers

Superphosphate of lime is a useful all-round garden fertiliser applied at the rate of 2oz. per square yard when preparing ground for planting. It is also valuable for seed-beds, and in soil mixtures used for seed-sowing.

Nitrate fertilisers

These chemical fertilisers are used to provide a direct source of valuable chemical food to the plants as quickly

as possible. Sulphate of ammonia is richest in nitrogen, and stimulates leaf and shoot development. Sodium nitrate acts more quickly, but is not quite so rich in nitrogen. Nitro-chalk is used in acid soils, for it contains a large percentage of lime.

Liquid manures

Liquid manure prepared from organic material is the most easily absorbed plant food of all — a barrel of it kept in some obscure part of the garden where the smell won't reach the house is invaluable. Suspend a bag of cow manure mixed with soot (if obtainable) in a barrel of water and leave a week or two. The resulting liquid should be diluted to the color of weak tea, and is splendid for pot-plants or gross-feeding vegetable crops such as celery, beans, cucumbers, rhubarb. If your use for this valuable material is small, you may find it more convenient to buy it in concentrated form at your nursery.

Potassium fertilisers

These are another group of artificial fertilisers which supply chemical food in a direct, soluble form. Potassium nitrate is used at the rate of one teaspoonful per gallon of water to feed show-flowers or pot-plants. It is applied every three weeks.

• Pests and diseases

Rust on roses

Rose rust is a killing disease that causes distortion of buds and loss of flowers in summer. Recognise it by a scattering of orange-brown spots on the underside of leaves. Prune away and burn infected wood and leaves and combat fresh outbreaks by spraying the bush and surrounding soil with zineb. Check all rose bushes in early spring, for the disease is dormant in the winter and springs to life during warm weather. Only devoted care can rid your garden of rust once it is established.

Virus diseases

Viruses commonly infest tomatoes, chrysanthemums, liliums, dahlias, and sweet-peas. Stripping, curling, and distortion of leaves make recognition easy, and stunting of growth is common. The only real cure is to lift and burn the plants completely, as the virus diseases are highly infectious, and can be passed on to other plants.

Fixing slugs

Slugs multiply rapidly, and in a wet season can strip plants completely. Nothing that grows in the garden is safe from them. Many commercial preparations are effective, but the cheapest and most effective bait is to mix one ounce of crushed metaldehyde with one pound of bran. Place small heaps of it about infested parts of the garden at night and you'll be able to collect a pile of slugs in the morning.

Snail-bait

The destructive power of snails needs no description. The bait which seems to attract them best is made by mixing one ounce of calcium arsenate with one pound of bran and then dampening it until it becomes a crumbly mass. Spread this by infected plants and collect the dead snails in the morning. The bait should be renewed regularly, as rain or watering causes it to lose its effectiveness.

Killing lawn weeds

Lawn maintenance has been revolutionised by the development of modern selective weed-killers, which are generally mixed with water and applied lightly to the individual weeds by means of a small watering-can or handy killing can. Another useful method is to apply a pinch of sulphate of ammonia to the centre of each weed, but success with this depends on the absence of rain for a day or two.

Weeding with polythene

In the kitchen garden you can control weeds completely by covering the soil between plants with sheets of black commercial polythene. Plants thrive provided each has an adequate drainage hole to receive water, for the polythene acts as a mulch, keeping soil damp. But the weeds cannot develop at all without light and air.

Oxalis and onion grass

The only real way to rid the garden of these two pests is to dig out every tiny bulb and burn it. This, however, calls for a great deal of time and patience, as well as good eyesight. The next most effective remedy is a chemical weed-killer called Amitrol, which is marketed under a number of proprietary names. Amitrol is not selective — it will kill most other weeds and plants nearby. Remove valuable plants from the infected bed, water lightly for a few days to cause any hidden bulbs to send up shoots, then spray with the weed-killer. Amitrol is absorbed through the leaves and works its way down to kill bulbs and all. Don't expect to get every bulb with one dose; a second application may be necessary. The bed should be usable again about 12 weeks after spraying.

Rose die-back

Rose die-back is caused by a fungus and is particularly likely to occur after a wet, grey autumn and winter. The fungus enters the stems through scars left by bad pruning, through frost-bitten shoots or dead buds. The only remedy is to cut away all the affected stems until the exposed pith appears pure white (it is brown in dead parts) and then prune further to the next suitable leaf-bud.

Slaters

Don't believe the well-meaning friend who tells you that the tiny grey-shelled slaters are harmless. They feed at night on young shoots and roots of all types of plants. Lift the stones where they congregate; then scald them with boiling water; then spray their colonies with Agra dust.

Fruit-fly

Our most disgusting pest is undoubtedly the fruit-fly, which lays its eggs in the skins of young fruit and causes the ripe fruit to fall, full of maggots. Small trees can be covered entirely with fine netting as the fruit begins to ripen. Better, though, to spray the fruit and underside of all leaves thoroughly with Malathion or Lebaycid weekly, starting about five weeks before the fruit is due to ripen. Burn all affected fruit completely. In many parts of Australia you can be prosecuted if you do not spray your fruit trees against the pest. If you haven't the time or energy, don't grow fruit trees at all.

Weeding gravel paths

The simplest way to rid paths of weeds is to hand-water, dissolving

half a pound of sodium chlorate to each gallon of water in the can. Water carefully, for it would kill other plants close by if it should fall on them. Sodium chlorate will prevent weeds growing for about 12 months, but don't get any on your clothes, as it is highly inflammable.

Aphids

Tiny aphids suck sap from plants, causing deformation of young buds and shoots. They are easily controlled by regular spraying with derris dust or Malathion. Severe infestations on trees are best controlled by spraying the entire tree with tar oil during winter. This destroys the eggs.

Beating black spot

Black spot is a fungus, one of the most troublesome and persistent of the many diseases which affect roses. It is recognisable by large black spots forming on the leaves, which turn yellow and fall. It is not in itself fatal, but may lead to die-back, as the loss of leaves upsets the plant's feeding. Spray weekly with Zineb or Captan from late spring on. Black spot strikes in warm, humid weather.

White wax scale

White wax is an unsightly scale which forms on the branches of citrus and other trees. If the infestation is small it can be brushed off with a stiff dry brush; if the area is too great, the tree should be sprayed with white oil in early November before the young scale hardens. This will stop the scale spreading, and a second application in February, mixing a quarter of a pound of washing-soda to each gallon of spray, will finally control the infestation.

Lace-wing fly

The Lace-wing fly attacks many popular shrubs such as viburnums, azaleas, and fuchsias. It sucks sap from leaves, leaving them mottled and unsightly. Lace-wings are easily controlled by spraying the plant thoroughly with DDT or Lindane—use a spray which enables you to reach under the leaves where the pest congregates.

Mildew

This is another fungus which infects roses, leaving an unsightly powdering of white spores on leaves, thorns, and buds. The danger period is warm weather, and the affected plants should be sprayed weekly with Karathane. Neglect will cause the flowerbuds to turn black.

Cutworms

Cutworms are white caterpillar-like creatures which are invariably found curled up in the soil when you dig. They sever the stems of young seedlings just below ground-level. Best control is to water the bed with Lindane or DDT while the ground is damp after rain.

Geranium loopers

These tiny caterpillars, often so small as to be almost invisible, are the despair of those who grow fancy geraniums, which they cover with unsightly holes. Loopers are not affected by Malathion. Most species can be fixed fast by spraying the leaves with Lindane or DDT.

Thrips

These minute insects do incalculable damage to gladioli and many other plants, resulting in failure of the flowers to open. Most important, they transmit virus diseases to other plants. Thrips can be eradicated by spraying with Dieldrin, Lindane, or Malathion.

To be continued

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Television

CHIMPS IN THE CHIPS

"THE HATHAWAYS" is a family situation comedy that is distinctly different — the "children" of the family are chimpanzees.

It sounds awful, and it could be, but it isn't. It is a well-produced, amusing show. Children, and parents, love it.

The Hathaway "parents," Peggy Cass and Jack Weston, in the show treat the chimps like children. If they misbehave they are corrected and punished; if they do a good deed they get just rewards.

The chimp family who play the children are world famous as the Marquis Chimps.

It's hard to tell the two male chimps apart; there is Marquis, who is nine (renamed Charley for "The Hathaways"), and Enoch, eight (Enoch retains his real name). Female Cindy, two, is called Candy on the show.

Gene Detroy, veteran of English stage and music halls, raised the three chimps from babies, teaching them all the tricks they do so well.

On stage and TV each chimp wears clothes worth 75 dollars (about £A37), and Detroy says that, with the price of textiles going up, he'll soon be spending 100 dollars for each suit.

Detroy and his wife live on a spacious ranch near Las Vegas, and the chimps live with them. The Detroys, however, don't go along with the idea of the TV show; they and the chimps have entirely separate quarters.

Detroy says each chimpanzee cost more than 1000 dollars (about £A500), is insured for 12,000 dollars (about £A6000), and he believes that as a team they possess earning capacities of close to a million dollars.

He says the history of female Cindy is typical of the three.

Born in the Congo jungle, she was orphaned as a baby and shipped to Canada before being weaned off coconut milk.

Cindy has been taught to play the bongo drums but has given it up and turned into a real beatnik, says Detroy.

The Hathaway parents love their role, particularly Jack Weston, who, after a series of heavy roles, is glad to be playing comedy.

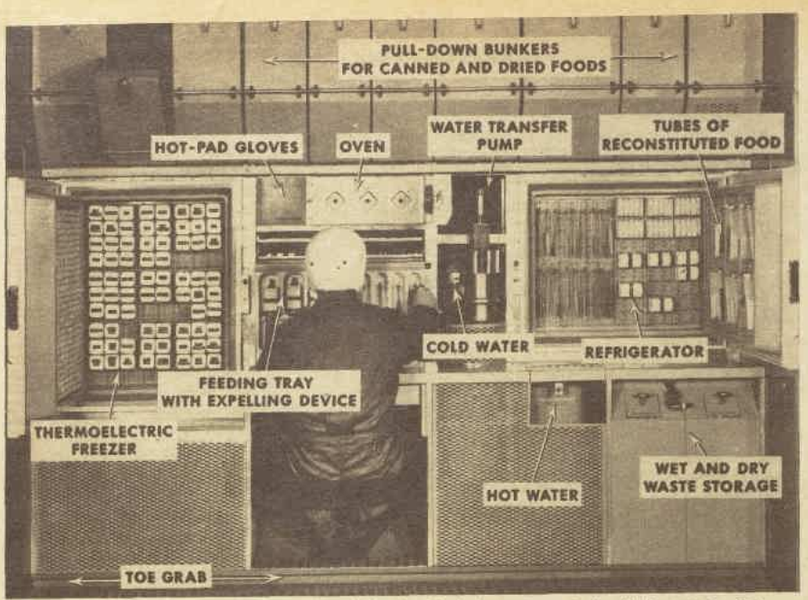
— Nan Musgrove

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 12, 1962. Page 1.



lines. The dress, bor-

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PICTURE of America's first space kitchen designed to feed three astronauts for 14 days on the first planned moon trip scheduled for 1970. The kitchen is 7½ft. high, 10ft. long, built to specifications provided by the American Government. Door of the freezer contains bite-size bread-and-butter sandwiches. Notice the "oven" with three cavities designed to hold the canned dinners. The oven heats cans automatically to 170 degrees F. in approximately 30 minutes.



ROAST TURKEY for dinner. The turkey is minced and mixed with gravy and all the trimmings. It is expelled mouthful by mouthful through the feeding teat attached to the can when the spaceman squeezes the metallic device on the end of the can. Ordinary cutlery cannot be used because of the existence of zero gravity (weightlessness). Food on a spoon would simply float off.



SPACEMAN held upright by the toe-grabs, under which he anchors himself, chooses his dinner. Food when ready to eat is assembled on a feeding-tray fitted with retaining devices. Note for mothers: Among the 291 dehydrated meals is rice pudding.

Man's first space kitchen

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Time is running out for the moon and June, the phrase that meant so much in the romantic world before 1960 and the space age arrived.

TODAY the moon is no symbol of romance: It is the big prestige prize in the space race between America and Russia.

Instead of love in bloom, moon talk now is about who'll get there first, lunar excursion vehicles, and the psychological effect on man of the long, long trip.

One of the weapons devised to overcome any bad psychological effects is food and eating.

The story of America's first space kitchen for the planned moon shot in 1970, told in an exclusive film recently shown by Elaine White in her "Family" programme on Sydney's Channel 9, is absolutely fascinating.

Indeed, it has created such widespread interest that it is being reshown on "Family" at 11 a.m. on September 11.

The kitchen was recently delivered to the American Government by America's huge Whirlpool Corporation.

It has everything but the kitchen sink—a deep-freeze unit, refrigerator, oven, hot and cold water, and a garbage-disposal unit.

At first glance it looks much like the tame domestic variety of kitchen that you use at home, but take a closer look and you'll notice the difference.

It is designed for men who float in weightlessness. Grab handles are placed strategically, toe-grabs and knee holds keep the spaceman anchored where he wants to be.

There are no knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, hence no washing-up, no kitchen sink.

"The kitchen of the spacecraft will be the only area within the craft where the men will see and be able to use equipment they see and use in their homes," Howard Brehm, project co-ordinator of the moon kitchen, said.

"Menus and feeding programmes mapped for space travel are predicated on the fact that food and feeding will be one of the few pleasurable acts and forms of activity that the astronaut can associate with his existence on Earth.

"It would be possible to keep the crew nourished and sustain their health on a diet of pills, powders, or liquid concentrates for the 14-day trip planned, but the chances of such a diet keeping them psychologically satisfied is extremely remote.

"Even the most phlegmatic individual would probably soon become dissatisfied with daily dosages of such uninteresting fare. Complete dissatisfaction could lead to mental breakdown — mental breakdown to disaster."

Research Nutritionist for the American Government, Beatrice Finkelstein, says space travel demands the use of precooked dehydrated foods and ready-to-serve foods.

"Some of the food will be liquid, others semi-solid or minced," she said. "Some will be packaged individually, others in the form of mixtures.

"Every meal will contain some hot and some cold food. The psychological lift which accompanies a hot meal is an important factor in food acceptance," she said.

"Bread and butter, cake and biscuits and scones are some of the food that will be eaten as it is on Earth.

"These foods are part of our way of life and contribute heavily to the acceptability of a meal," Miss Finkelstein said.

"We have also planned the moon kitchen's food load to include in-between snacks as well as three basic meals a day. Snack food includes sandwiches, coffee, cake, fruit juices, soup, candy, and nuts.

"We have tried to make the menus interesting and varied, but have avoided foods which commonly cause gastric distress —foods rich in fat, highly seasoned foods, and those containing liberal amounts of roughage. Also avoided are gas-forming foods.

"The kitchen is designed and food prepared so that the worst cook among the spacemen couldn't possibly spoil his food.

"Ruining a meal on the way to the moon is almost all but impossible," Miss Finkelstein said.

It sounds as if it would be a shame to ruin the Dinner for Day 8 on the first moon flight. Here's the menu:

Apricot nectar
Swiss Steak (Casseroled steak and onions)
Buttered String Beans
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Bread and butter
Chocolate Chip Cookies.
Coffee

Think of the mouth-watering smell of steak and onions filling the spacecraft as it flies closer and closer to that once-romantic moon. Whatever did happen to the moon and June? And, romantically, where do we go from here?

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: I don't know if you have tried to rent a flat or house lately. But have you noticed that more and more ads feature the horrible phrase — NO CHILDREN? If you are a young married couple and have a child, I guess you're supposed to shoot it . . . before you will get the lease. I wonder sometimes how old the landlord was when he was born . . . why they pick on little children I'll never know. I've never heard of a child getting drunk and breaking the furniture, or playing music late at night; and I've never heard of a child throwing a wild party.

Momma's Moral: There was a time when a young woman had to ask her doctor to find out if she could ever have children. NOW she has to ask the landlord.

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LAWMAN BEHIND BARS — Sydney bank officer John E. Lawman behind the bars of his teller's cage.

THIS LAWMAN WEARS A SMILE

● The frozen-faced Lawman of TV (John Russell) has brought fame in small measure, and a lot of friends, to a young Sydney man — John Edward Lawman.

THE Lawman, Australian variety, is behind bars — the bars of Teller No. 5's cage in the St. James, Sydney, branch of the Commonwealth Trading Bank.

Near the bars stands the wooden name-plate that has brought him fame.

TV-happy customers often call him The Lawman, josh him about his TV counterpart.

"They tell me I am in the wrong job," he said. "They say I should be putting people behind bars like the TV lawman.

"But I don't want to be a marshal. I like being a bank clerk.

"We stand at attention in our house when the Lawman comes on TV. We always watch him."

Sydney's Lawman is very happy behind his bars. His customers are lucky, too—he's no frozen-face like Marshal Troop.

He has a ready smile that helps any day along.

He has also got a gun—out of sight behind the bars—a Browning .32. He doesn't wear it or use it every day, though. He does all his gun-play on one day of the year—the day he spends on the firing range at the Head Office of the Commonwealth Bank, in Sydney's Martin Place.

On that day, Sydney's Lawman does his shooting and fires 10 rounds with each hand.

John is 5ft. 8in. tall, blue-eyed, and has brown hair with a neat short back and sides haircut. He's a conservative, neat, business-suit dresser, favors white shirts and masculine-looking ties.

His views of clothes differ sharply from those of America's Lawman.

"I wouldn't wear shirts like his," he told me. "They are so tight they look as if they are boned round the waist like a woman's corsets.

"I don't like his clothes."

Marshal Troop loves them. "I want to dress sharp, look sharp, and be suave," he told the producer of "The Lawman." "Let's have a little class.

"The shoulders of my cowboy shirts are tailored just enough to square them off. The waists are tailored so my upper body takes on a wedge shape."

Russell favors skintight clothes in everyday life, too. He is never seen on- or off-screen without his high-heeled cowboy boots in which he stands 6ft. 3in.

I didn't see the Australian Lawman's footwear. But I'll take a shade of odds that they are well-polished conservative black shoes. None of this fancy boot business for him, I'll bet.

— *Nan Musgrove*

DID YOU KNOW?

CLINT WALKER should be finished his run as "Cheyenne" in October after a stormy eight years with Warner Brothers. Walker is far from unhappy about leaving. He says he has roles lined up in feature pictures and will take part in rodeos.

Clint has his own revolutionary idea about how "Cheyenne" should bow out of television. "He ought to be stripped of his gun and star, lose his horse, be thrown over by the girl, and run out of town on a rail for being a lousy sheriff," said the star.

★ ★ ★

M.G.M.-TV is working on a one-hour special, "The Clark Gable Story," which could be the forerunner of more specials on Hollywood "greats."

★ ★ ★

SOME of the old favorites are chalkingup impressive records for long runs on U.S. television series. "Ozzie and Harriet" are now in their tenth year, "Danny Thomas" (9th), "Lassie" (8th), "Alfred Hitchcock" (7th), "Gunsmoke" (7th), "Perry Como" (7th), "Cheyenne" (7th), "Have Gun, Will Travel" (6th), "Perry Mason" (6th), "Wagon Train" (5th), and "Leave It To Beaver" (5th).

★ ★ ★

TELSTAR has been responsible for another category in next year's Emmy awards. A special section has been added for TV reporting from overseas organisations.

★ ★ ★

HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, who are responsible for "The Flintstones," "Huckleberry Hound," and "Yogi Bear" among many cartoons, grossed 39 million dollars (£A19,500,000) in the past year. The huge turnover is not all from TV, however. They have a Flintstones pool toy, Huckleberry bath salts, Flintstones pyjamas, Huckleberry sheets, pillowcases, drapes, and pencil-cups, and Yogi Bear and Flintstones comic strips on the market.

★ ★ ★

"THERE'S too much that's distasteful in TV today," according to Ernest Borgnine. Of shows dealing with crime, dope addicts, doctors, and their kind, he says: "Who needs it?"

★ ★ ★

DARREN McGAVIN, former star of "Riverboat" and Mickey Spillane's "Mike Hammer," complained on a New York TV programme recently that "Riverboat" did not have one negro depicted in 40 continuous weeks. No negroes were used on the show, despite McGavin's protestations, he told interviewers. "Riverboat" dealt with the life and times of the Mississippi and the deep South.

★ ★ ★

JACK ("DRAGNET") WEBB is discussing a new series of true half-hour stories on heroism.

★ ★ ★

AN Italian engineer has a plan to provide a TV link between Mexico and the U.S. with balloons. The engineer, Carlo Santini, says the scheme could be in operation within two months.

★ ★ ★

A NEW era is predicted in the television business—series with 90-minute episodes. "The Virginian," which will make its debut later this year, is expected to be the guinea-pig for the new concept, but producers are already planning to extend the running times of other series whatever happens to "The Virginians."

★ ★ ★

ARGENTINA is in the throes of a crusade against violence in TV programmes. It began when a seven-year-old boy, so impressed with a hanging scene in a Western, decided to test the method on himself with the aid of a belt. It proved successful.

★ ★ ★

JACKIE GLEASON invited Bishop Fulton Sheen to appear in the first of his new season's shows. The story goes that the Bishop asked for a copy of the script, so Jackie sent him a copy of the Book of Job.

★ ★ ★

ALL four "Bonanza" stars will be singing on a new disc to be released by R.C.A.-Victor in October.

★ ★ ★

"GUESTWARD HO" creator-producer Cy Howard plans a feature movie, "Joe Sent Me," then to be turned into a TV series which will be a parody on the 1920s of "The Untouchables."

★ ★ ★

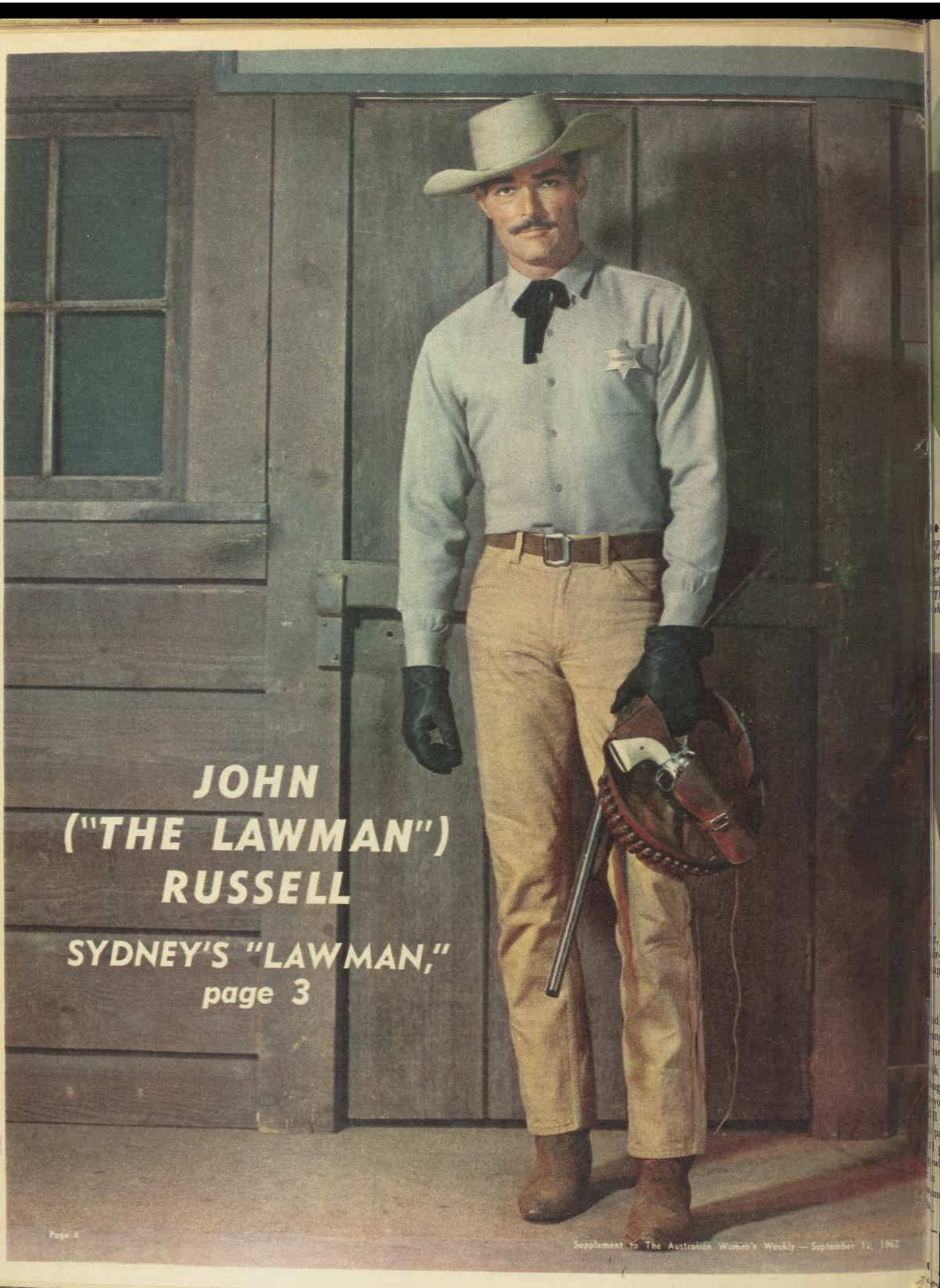
"BEN CASEY" is certainly popular. Even a Japanese company is putting a "Ben Casey Blouse" on the market, the design based on the medical gown worn by Vincent Edwards.

★ ★ ★

PUBLICISTS have been at work announcing Tuesday Weld's 19th birthday as August 27, but cynics claim she is actually 21.

lines. The dress, bow-

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JOHN ("THE LAWMAN") RUSSELL

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lines. The dress, bow-

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Tall girl answers tall girl

I WOULD like to pass on the benefit of my experience to I. Jaunzemis, who wrote (T.W., 15/8/62) asking for a helping hand because she was so tall and didn't know what to do about it.

What girl doesn't want to be striking and elegant? I was once told that if it weren't for my height I'd be insignificant — very true considering my mousy coloring and average looks. But I'm not insignificant, because I am tall.

A tall girl doesn't need flaming red hair or a gorgeous figure to make her stand out in a crowd. All she needs is to make the most of what she has.

Most mannequins are tall because tallness emphasises assets. A pretty head of hair or good legs are more apparent when you're tall; a small waist looks even smaller.

If she has good clothes sense and a reasonable figure, the tall girl can make even a simple cotton dress look important.

Concentrate on being graceful, keep your flatties for casual wear, have medium heels for dress-up occasions, a smooth hairstyle, a choice of hats which flatter the overall impression as well as the face. These are all the concessions you need to make to your height.

Some tall girls complain that they are a magnet for short men, which proves that men don't care what height you are provided you're attractive. So why should you?

The tall girl may *feel* inferior, but seldom looks it. Her extra inches give her command of any tricky situation. She can look dignified, haughty, or disdainfully amused (try *that* looking up) as the occasion demands.

From a practical viewpoint, she can change a light-bulb, hang curtains, climb fences — handy accomplishments if there's no man around — and if there is, she can play the helpless female as well as the next, and get away with it, too.

Nobody else can wear extreme clothes with such distinction, move more gracefully, or appear more poised.

She can never afford to be untidy, but then who can? — *Susan Francis, Richmond, S.A.*

Most in a rut

TEENAGERS who criticise their elders for living in a rut should realise that they are in exactly the same position, except that they are in a different sort of rut.

Going to a jazz club, dance, party, or film every Saturday night, going steady, raving over movie idols, dressing almost identically—surely this is a rut.

These people fail to realise that ruts come in various disguises. It is only by disregarding current trends and the influence of American behaviour, fashion, thought, and taste that the teenager is able to emerge from his narrow little rut and enter the limitless world of his own individuality.—*"Individualist," Melbourne.*

Superstition

WHY do people believe that walking under a ladder is unlucky? I have walked under many a ladder and nothing has ever happened to me. Does anyone know the reason for this superstition?—*Greg Thompson, Gulargambone, N.S.W.*

Take a look

HERE are some points that teenage girls should watch, and avoid:

- Chipped nailpolish.
- Wrinkled stockings.
- Raucous voice or sloppy speech.
- Unshaven legs.
- Dirty handkerchiefs.
- Underwear straps that show.

Boys don't miss anything that's wrong in a girl's grooming. — *"Mandy," Hobart.*

BEATNIK



"Would you mind plugging me in, man? — I want to serenade your daughter."

Record album

HERE is an idea on how to keep your records tidy. A photograph album can be bought for a few shillings. Sew the leaves of the album together with strong thread to make pockets in which the records, along with pictures and information, can be placed.

Stick tabs on each pocket for the name of the record and fix a piece of ribbon to each cover so they can be tied together over the open sides of the pockets to prevent the records from falling out.

Half an hour's work, and about 6/-, and you have what any record-collector will appreciate.—*Jeremy Hunt, Kew, Vic.*

Heads or tails

I HAVE an upside-down penny dated 1773. On the front is engraved GEORG IVS III REX and also the head of George. On the back is BRITANNIA, her engraved figure, and the date 1773.

Can any reader tell me if this coin is of any value to a collector? — *"Coin Collector," Urangan, Qld.*

Next week

● Bryan Davies and Lana Cantrell, two of Australia's top pop-singers, recently had holidays—Bryan on the Barrier Reef and Lana in Fiji. Next week they tell you what to expect and what to take on a tropical holiday. Our cover girl will be wearing Candy Hardy's latest frock, which you can buy ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Problem of a selfish daughter

● "Puzzled Mum" (T.W., 8/8/62) said that her daughter, earning £8/2/- a week, paid board of £2 a week and expected Mum to make all her appointments, do her washing, and buy her shampoos, deodorants, etc. Here's what readers think.

THE fact that "Puzzled Mum" is asking teenagers for their opinion indicates her own failure to give proper parental guidance over the years.

She makes her daughter's clothes and drives the family car; why then hasn't she seen to it that her daughter grew up equally competent?

Now she must insist that her daughter treat her as a mother, and not merely as an underpaid servant, or else open wide that front door and make her daughter stand on her own two feet in the big wide world.—*Mary Coulstock, Ashfield, N.S.W.*

THIS daughter appears to be a thoroughly spoilt, unpleasant character. She pays her mother as little as she can, yet expects the amenities of a hotel, plus the services of a secretary. Some day she will have to learn the value of money and stand on her own feet.

"Puzzled Mum" should tell her daughter to find board elsewhere. She would soon find out how much her mother did for her when she was at home.—*Valerie Turnbull, Penguin, Tas.*

I WONDER how long "Puzzled Mum" has tolerated her daughter's selfishness. And has she ever pointed out to her that £2 a week would not provide her with a roof over her head, let alone food, anywhere outside her home?

If I was "Puzzled Mum" I would either refuse to pay all those incidental expenses and demand assistance in the home in return for favors done or suggest the girl finds board elsewhere.

Either course would probably result in a lot of temporary ill-feeling, but if the girl was worth her salt she would be grateful later when she had to shoulder the responsibility of a family of her own.

By being firm now, "Puzzled Mum" could save her daughter from a lot of future unhappiness.—*"Fair Play," Leeton, N.S.W.*

"PUZZLED MUM" should wake up to herself and let her memory "slip" and forget all about any appointments. When it comes to bills, "Mum" should hand them to her daughter and tell her they are to be paid.

Your daughter will start cleaning her own room if Mum is "too busy" to do it for her. She will get sick of seeing it untidy. Daughter will also do her washing and ironing when she discovers her wardrobe getting low.

I'm only 18. I pay my mother £3/10/- out of £7/10/-, pay my own bills, and do everything for myself. I look after a house and seven children and do all the cooking for tea every night after I arrive home from work.—*E. E. Morgan, Heathcote, N.S.W.*

"PUZZLED MUM" should charge her daughter for her services for a while. That would bring the girl back to earth with a jolt!

Average board is about £4/10/- a week, dressmakers' charges range from £3 to £5/10/- an article, washing and ironing costs about 6/- an hour, cleaning her room about the same.

Use of the phone is sixpence a call, and a taxi service costs about 2/- a mile. If you have TV, this costs about 2/- an hour, and let her pay her own bills and buy her own shampoos, etc.

This selfish CHILD does not know when she's well off. —*"Shocked Teener," Adelaide.*

IF this girl were living away from home she would have to pay more than £2 a week board and would have to do her own personal chores, such as cleaning her room, washing, and ironing. She is being very selfish and thoughtless.

A helping hand here and there hurts no one and makes family life so much happier.—*"Disgusted," Hazelwood Park, S.A.*

WHETHER you realise it or not, the faults of your overbearing child (and I mean child) are yours, basically. Really, "Puzzled Mum," if you had brought her up well the things you wish your daughter would do would come naturally.

What she needs is a good old-fashioned spanking, and it is no use relenting and saying, "Oh, I couldn't," or "She's too old." If she only had a few of these in her earlier years she might have been a different girl now.—*(Miss) K. Hemingway, Deewhy, N.S.W.*

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SCHOOLGIRLS' CHARM SCHOOL

● On a recent Saturday morning 500 chattering, excited girls filed into the main restaurant of a Sydney department store to go to "school."

THE girls, aged between 12 and 16, were attending a "Charm School" organised by the store for two consecutive Saturday mornings.

A make-up demonstration was first on the programme the first Saturday, and two girls were chosen from the audience as "models." One girl was made up correctly, the other incorrectly, to demonstrate the disastrous and delightful results make-up can achieve.

This was followed by a parade of underwear, and the girls were shown how to choose the right bras and girdles for "junior" fittings. Finally there was a fashion parade of teen wear.

On the programme for the second Saturday was a hair-styling demonstration, another fashion parade, and a talk by a mannequin on deportment.

— DIANE ROBERTS





LEFT: On stage in the main restaurant a make-up demonstrator shows how to achieve the "individual, natural look" with make-up. The secret is to "make down," not "make up." The girl on the right is made up incorrectly for comparison.

ABOVE: Julie Youatt, 12, models a pale pink pleated skirt with a matching jacket. She tops off her outfit with a simple straw breton, the newest teen fashion asset. This outfit typifies the "uncluttered" look in young fashions. Gone are the days of the frilly organza dresses for "town outings."



GIRLS in the audience concentrate on the parade of undergarments. Only a few mothers attended the "Charm School" — most of the girls came with a girl-friend or in small groups.



BEHIND THE SCENES at the fashion parade (at right), models Julie Youatt (right) and Suzy Gasher, both 12, prepare for their next outfit. Suzy and Julie enjoyed the morning as much as the girls in the audience.

lines. The dress, boy-

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1942: *"THE JETTY" shows Douglas Watson's interest in the texture and quality of the paint, which was worked over and over to achieve an impasto (a work in which paint is used thickly). This shows the influence of the early French Impressionists.*



1949: *"HEAD STUDY" (painted in London) reflects the interest in clarity of line and form developed from the Renaissance artists by 19-century French painters.*

Artist advises: No easy way to success

DOUGLAS WATSON began drawing when he was a schoolboy at Sydney Grammar. He was obsessed by art and knew even then that he was going to be an artist.

"But the desire to be a painter and a certain artistic talent are not enough," he said. "It takes years of training and hard work to master some of the complex techniques of painting and drawing."

To get this basic training, Mr. Watson went to East Sydney Technical College, where he studied for four years and graduated with honors in 1939.

"I was painting all the time then," said Mr. Watson, "and in 1940 I won the N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship. But, of course, the war was on and I joined the Army."

War artist

Mr. Watson became an official war artist and went to Borneo and New Guinea. Hundreds of his wartime paintings and drawings are in Canberra's War Memorial.

"After the war I was able to take the travelling scholarship," he said, "and I went to London. I spent all my time in galleries there — and in France, Italy, Spain, and Holland — studying the techniques of the world's greatest painters.

"I began experimenting — using these techniques and trying to evolve one of my own.

"I was aiming at a clarity of form and line—a clarity found in the paintings of artists like Masaccio, della Francesca, and Leonardo da Vinci. And I was tremendously impressed with Rembrandt's range of tone and his humanity.

"Once I had mastered the techniques I was interested in, my paintings entered a natural process of evolution — one style leading to the next.

Solid training

"Most people don't realise that the leading contemporary painters have had a solid and intensive groundwork of basic training. There are no gimmicks and no short-cuts—each painter evolves his own style and method of painting through long, and sometimes painful, experimentation.

"To anyone who wants to be an artist, I would say this — there is no easy-to-ride bandwaggon school of painting. Training is essential so that you know the possibilities of the medium you choose.

"Some of the violent contemporary artistic movements are extremely difficult and complex and there are no short-cuts if they are to be done well.

"You need enthusiasm, intensity, and integrity, and you must begin by learning to draw well. You must spend every moment you can drawing. Don't copy other artists' work, because you won't achieve anything at all. Draw the people and things around you.

"I would say that the most important thing for a young artist is to look and to observe, to train the mind to notice the slightest details—the turn of a head, a smile, the position of the hands.

"When you begin to draw, use a sympathetic medium like pen and ink or charcoal. Draw figures, singly and in groups, observing the way people stand, the composition of the group.

"Remember, don't ever be afraid of making mistakes—it is the only way to learn."

● Douglas Watson, artist, teacher, and author of our series Art Through the Ages and Australian Painters, is holding an exhibition at the Leveson Gallery, Melbourne. The paintings, dating from 1942 to 1961, show the development of his career as an artist. These reproductions are of selected works in the exhibition.



1960: *"THE ORACLE" is a completely abstract picture. The shapes have become more complicated and the interest is in line and movement. Color has become less important and is used only to create an impression of depth.*

neckline, trimmed with a single

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1956: *"THE GRAPE PICKERS" has the semi-abstract style developed by Douglas Watson in London. His interest at this time was in the basic structure of form — the paint technique reminiscent of the Cubist school, using flat planes of color. The paint was thinned out and is of less importance than in the previous period.*

1961: *"EVOLUTION" (below), in which Mr. Watson has abandoned all the traditional techniques. Plastic letters, bottle tops, small pieces of steel, and copper and brass filings have been used, reflecting his intense interest in texture. Painted on the floor, the surface was flooded with kerosene and the materials impressed into the paint while still wet. They reflect a dreamlike world and Mr. Watson's interest in the earth.*



lines. The dress, bow-



Does he object to

GOING STEADY?

Going steady may be entirely up to *you*. He'll be as steady as you want him to be. Think of *that* next time you're out driving together. Young men probably know more about cars than most other age groups! Doesn't it seem crazy then that these *same* young men — the 'under thirties', the 'quick thinkers' with 'fast reflexes', the drivers that are generally most skilled — are also the most killed?

Have you ever considered what a big part *you* can play in saving the life of the man in your life? You don't need telling that he thinks a lot of you. You know that this fellow of yours is a youngster in many ways. Isn't that part of his charm? Those 'little boy' things he does! Like trying to impress you with his driving.



Maybe he'd be genuinely relieved to know that he would impress you much more if he drove his usual safe way. When he's driving let him know how proud you are to see him being courteous, and careful. Show him how much he means to you by asking him not to speed.

Show him you care enough to make him go 'steady' — *with* you — *for* you! Road Safety starts with you.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

House-haunter

"I AM 17 and I like a boy of 20, who boards near my home. He comes over to my place nearly every night of the week. I don't think he knows I like him, and I want to know if he likes me at all. He often asks my girl-friend and me to go for a ride in his car, but I have to refuse, as my girl-friend gives me a horrible look and makes up a stupid excuse. I am allowed to go in his car, as he gets on very well with my parents and he has the same interests as my father. There is a dance soon and I would very much like to go with him."

"Lovesick," Qld.

If he haunts your place almost every night it is unlikely he is coming to see your parents.

But why let your girl-friend dominate you? Next time the boy offers you a lift, accept it before she has a chance to refuse.

There is not much you can do about the dance, but you never know; he may ask you.

Should we kiss?

"OUR school social will be held soon and I would like to ask a nice girl who lives near me. She often comes to our place with my sister, but I have only spoken to her briefly. Should I ask her to go with me and, if so, should I get her parents' permission first? If we go together, should I kiss her goodnight? She is 15 and I am 17."

"T.B.," Vic.

Next time she comes to see your sister get into conversation with her and work the subject around to the school social. Ask her if she would like to go with you, and say you hope her parents will allow her. These days the girl usually asks her parents for permission, so leave it to her. Don't kiss her goodnight after the dance — after all, you barely know each other.

Ridiculed

"I HAVE been going with a boy for nearly six months, and I like him very much. We have known each other for two years and when he asked me to go steady I was thrilled to pieces. You could not find a nicer boy when we are alone, but when we are with friends he starts insulting me and criticising me. Last week he was talking about his car (as usual) and we started to argue. He told me I was only jealous because he thinks more of his car than of me. I was very upset, but he came and apologised later and said he didn't mean it. He is always sorry after he has been rude, but he always does it again. Should I stay with him or should I go out with my friends and have a good time, as I did before?"

"Disturbed," N.S.W.

Go out with your friends and have a good time. A boy who insults you and ridicules you in public needs to be taught a lesson.

What to wear

"COULD you suggest what should be worn at a school dance or social? Some girls say I should wear formal clothes, but others have different opinions. This is the first time I have been to one, as I come from a small country town where functions of this type were not held."

"Wondering," W.A.

When in doubt about what to wear to any function, it is best to ask your hostess or, in this case, the organisers of the function (but ask the girls—boys never know) whether formal or informal clothes will be worn. Dress varies with different occasions at different schools.

Mother's role

"MY son is to be married soon and I would like to know the correct etiquette for the groom's mother on this occasion. What is my place on leaving the church (would it be correct to leave with my youngest son) and at the wedding reception? Should one or both gloves be removed for greeting guests in the receiving line? Who responds to the toast to the groom's mother if no father is present?"

"Country," N.S.W.

Leaving the church after the wedding, the bride and groom are followed by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, then the bride's mother is accompanied by the groom's father (or, if he is not present, by a relative or family friend of the groom's mother), and, lastly, the groom's mother accompanied by the bride's father.

At the reception the bride's parents stand at the head of the receiving line, then the groom's parents, then the bride and groom and their attendants. Women should keep both gloves on when receiving the guests.

When all the guests have arrived the bride and groom lead the way to the banquet table. The bride's father sits on her left and the groom's mother sits on the left of the bride's father. The bride's mother sits on the groom's right and the groom's father (or relative) on the right of the bride's mother.

A son, relative, or old friend can respond to the toast to the groom's mother if the father is not present.

Big mistake

"I HAD been going steady with a boy for 10 months and I was very much in love with him. Unfortunately, he had very bad breath, which I couldn't bear, and when I tactfully told him about it he seemed rather hurt. He assured me, when I asked him, that he wasn't hurt, but I haven't heard from him since. Do you think perhaps I have offended him?"

"Awful," Qld.

Yes, I am sure you have. Even your best friend doesn't tell you things like that (however tactfully) without causing offence.

Surf surfeit

"WE work with a very nice boy in our office. There's only one problem—he raves on madly about surfboards all the time and he even illustrates them. This annoys us, as we are not interested in surfboard riding. How can we tell him without offending him, as we still want to be good friends? We can't stand it much longer."

"Surfie," N.S.W.

A little gentle teasing may give him the hint—but done with a smile, don't be nasty about it. But if you really want to keep his friendship and his interest, it might be worth while cultivating an interest in surfboard riding —every wise girl knows it pays dividends to share a boy's interests.

Right to write?

"FOR a few months I wrote to a boarder at a public school and he asked me to the school dance. A week later I had a party to which he came, and we danced together most of the time. Next day he rang me to say goodbye before he went home for holidays, and he said he would write to me. He hasn't written yet. Some of my friends tell me to write to him, but I don't think I should write first. Would it be right or not?"

"Waiting," Vic.

No, it is up to the boy to write first, so be patient.

Mind made up

"I AM a boy of 16 and I have known a girl for nearly two years. When I first met her she said she loved me, but I thought I was too young to go romancing. But now I see her at school every day, and I have come to the conclusion I like her, as she is all I think about. She is quite pretty and she gets on well with other boys. Could you tell me how to rekindle the flame she once had in her heart?"

"Lonely Tom," S.A.

Two years is a long time in a teenager's life, so possibly the girl now has a new romantic interest. There is no sure-fire recipe for "kindling the flame," but any girl likes to feel that someone is giving her special attention — unless she actually can't stand the boy who is giving it to her. Talk to her whenever you get the chance, dance with her at school dances, and you will soon know if she is still interested in you.

Am I in love?

"I AM a very happy 16-year-old with a wonderful boy-friend. I have been going out with him for two months now and I feel I'm in love with him. I have been out with lots of boys since the age of 14, but have never stayed with one for so long. Do you think it is possible for 16-year-olds to be in love? I think of him all the time, and I can't be bothered with other boys or even my girl-friends. He says he loves me, and, although I've had many crushes before, my feelings toward him are much stronger than a crush. My parents like him and don't mind my having only one boy-friend, so I am very lucky. But do you think it's really love?"

"Happy," N.S.W.

Does it really matter, as long as you are happy? Only time will tell whether or not this is just a passing infatuation, and two months is really a very short acquaintance. At 16 you'll probably be in and out of love a dozen more times before you finally settle down and marry—but there's plenty of time.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

Bring the safety-pin out of hiding, give it the 1962 spring treatment, and add another glamor accessory to your wardrobe.

Just buy a large safety-pin (a nappy pin) and paint it with two or more coats of gold paint.

Right? Now use it to pin:

- Some ivy leaves to your blouse.
- An old medallion to your belt.
- A watch to your sweater.
- Some fake gold coins (from a chainstore) to your suit.
- A wild rose to your evening sash.
- A bunch of violets to your collar.

For safety-pin-happy girls, three medium-sized pins painted gold can be pinned in formation across a pocket, on a belt, anywhere. Get with it.

Torchbearer

"I HAVE been dating a boy for about one month now. Previously he was going steady with another girl, who broke it off. I am sure he still loves her, because whenever she appears he watches her and takes every opportunity to light her cigarette or help her with her chair. He does the same for me, but not with the same eagerness. I feel so left out that sometimes I feel like forgetting him, but I like him very much. Should I tell him that I won't play second fiddle to a former girl-friend or should I be patient and hope he gets over her soon? He often tells me he likes me and enjoys my company, but I am practically forgotten when the other girl is around."

"Left Out," Vic.

That torch he is carrying will go on burning brightly as long as the other girl is still around to light her cigarette from it. Leave him to mourn alone.

Test of love

"LAST year I met a boy and we are very much in love. For the past four months he has been working about 50 miles away and we very seldom see each other. He phones and writes whenever he gets the chance. But, as our love is so strong, he has decided to test it before we get really serious. He is going to take another girl out soon, to see if he still feels the same way about me when it is all over. Do you think he is doing the right thing, and am I doing the right thing in waiting until it is all over?"

"Not In It," N.S.W.

If I were you I would fill in that waiting time conducting a few tests of my own and going out with another boy. Otherwise you may find yourself waiting for ever for your boy-friend's experiments to finish.

neckline, trimmed with a single ... a romantic collar and elbow

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LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

She's tiny, young, but the biggest

● The biggest, beltingest girl singer ever produced by Britain, Helen Shapiro, is also the tiniest. At 15 she stands exactly 5ft. 2in. in her stockinged feet.

FOLLOWING a New Zealand tour, Helen will appear in Melbourne on October 10 and 11, and in Sydney on October 12 and 13. These will be her only Australian dates.

When her first disc, "Don't Treat Me Like a Child," was released, British record-buying teenagers wondered what had hit them. Up till then only the best of the American girl singers had shown the same drive and ability to get a song across.

It made her a star overnight, and her second disc, "You Don't Know," sold more than 250,000 copies within a few weeks of its release. With it she won a Silver Disc—the youngest girl singer ever to be given this award.

Still a schoolgirl at the time, she also became the youngest singer to top the bill at London's famed Palladium.

She has already made two films, "It's Trad Dad" and "Play It Cool," which will begin its Australian release next month.

With Helen on her Australian tour will be accordion player Tony Lavelli, a four times All-American basketball champion, who stands 6ft. 4in.

He studied musical composition at Yale University and, as well as playing the accordion, is a pianist, dance and comedy man.

Australian boys to sing with Helen are **Rob E. G.** and **Frankie Davidson.**

WHEN discussing jazz with the seven young members **of the Yarra Yarra New Orleans Jazz Band,** please never confuse New Orleans traditional jazz with Dixieland.

"New Orleans jazz is the traditional music first played by the negroes, and it was only after white musicians mixed with them that Dixieland emerged," said bearded Maurie Garbutt.

The Yarra Yarras, whose average age is 20, are Lee Treanor, banjo, Maurie Garbutt, cornet, Les Fithall, trombone, Denis Ball, clarinet, Don Hall, drums, Bob Brown, double bass, and singer Judy Jacques.

Their first record, a Crest EP entitled "Yarra Yarra New Orleans Jazz Band," has only been out a few weeks and is doing well, and they expect to have another disc out late next month, this one featuring Judy.

Lee and Maurie, with Eddie Robbins, who has since gone to England, formed the group four years ago, and it wasn't long before they were working at casual dances, downbeat concerts, and jazz festivals.

Pert and pretty 18-year-old Judy, who has been described as a teenage Mahalia Jackson, has been singing with the band for two years.

NEW man with **The Delltones,** bringing the group up to full strength following the tragic death of its leader, Noel Widerberg, is 20-year-old **Colin Laughnan,** formerly of The Crescents. Col should fit in well with the group, and I'm sure everybody wishes him—and the other boys—the best of luck.

WITH **Sven Libaek** now talent-spotting for an Australian recording company and blond **Tim Gaunt** making singing appearances on TV, some people might be wondering what has happened to the third member of the now-dismantled folk-singing Windjammers.

He's **Harald Tusberg** and he remained in Norway, where the group went to make the film "An Eye On Each Finger." He's now script-writing for Norwegian television.

Local talent: Who in the world do you suppose composed (well, sort of) **The Joy Boys'** latest Festival single? None other than the great Tchaikovsky! It's "Waltz of the Flowers," from "The Nutcracker Suite," and the boys have added a string section for the occasion. It's pretty bright just the same, and guitarist **Norm Day** has written a fitting flip in "Gavotte Espresso."

Their recent hit, "Southern 'Rora," must have really made the Joy Boys train-conscious. On their recent North Queensland tour (made with **Col, Frankie Davidson, Judy Stone,** the **De Kroo Brothers,** and **Vicky Simms**) they and the troupe lived and travelled in a special rail carriage complete with shower, kitchen, and their own cook. Just like royalty.



TONY LAVELLI, who will tour with Helen Shapiro.

USUALLY it's the LPs that make a big thing of the jacket. But **Bryan Davies'** new H.M.V. single, "Tenpin Bowling," has a full-color jacket that's a beauty. It's a bright and lively up-tempo number introduced by that glorious sound of bowls sizzling down the lane to hit the pin. Both it and the flip, "You're Gonna Fall," are local compositions by Chet Clark. You're gonna hear 'em.

THERE'S a real breath of old Australia about "Nine Miles From Gundagai" with the **Bush Music Club** performing the title-tune and "Jog Along Till Shearing," "The Drover's Dream," and "To The Shores Of Botany Bay." It's a Festival EP, and the Club goes flat out to recapture the old traditional style.

Pops: Everything combines to make "For The Nero-Minded" (R.C.A.) an LP with a future. **Peter Nero,** who studied at the Juilliard School of Music, plays with the same fresh inventiveness, whether it's in jazz, commercial-pop, or classical vein. Fare ranges from the charming "Dancing On The Ceiling" to "Little Girl Blue" and "Love Is A Simple Thing."



YARRA YARRA New Orleans Jazz Band in action. From left: Denis Ball, Maurie Garbutt, Lee Treanor, Judy Jacques, Don Hall, Les Fithall, and Bob Brown.

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH!

● I see that a Frenchman has started an open-air hairdressing and beauty salon on the beach.

IT seems that 36-year-old Jacques Dessange is the **fresh-hair** fiend, at the Mediterranean resort of St. Tropez.

Belles in bikinis have their hair done as they sunbake in deckchairs, and have facials and massages in a solarium.

A strange place for a beauty shoppe? Well, a beach is probably as good a site as any to hang out a **shingle.**

Now, this is all very fine—depending on the weather, of course.

But the idea, in some ways, seems a bit wet, literally. I see many drawbacks and problems.

For instance, it's always a **plage-r** to see pretty girls on a beach.

But I'd rather know they went swimming to, in a way, let their hair down—not have it put up.

And on a beach there might be plenty of curlers and combers.

But there are never any permanent waves!

Anyway, if M. Jacques has his way, a girl could get the reputation of being a **blue-bottle** blonde.

Many traditional hairdoings would also be changed.

Pony-tails, I suppose, would become sea-horse-tails.

And shark-proof nets would doubtless replace hairnets.

Of course, there's something obviously fishy about the whole thing.

If you mullet over, you'll see that M. Jacques is clearly trying to sell bouffant hairdos to girls with flatheads!

The French salon seems pretty pricy at that.

Actresses and models are among the clients. Brigitte Bardot is a regular.

I suppose it would be all right if a girl had plenty of money—under the circumstances one might say if she can bank on the **whales!**

But perhaps ordinary working girls could be made **gill**-amorous with payments on a sliding **scale!**

The beauty side of M. Jacques' business, too, doesn't impress me on several scores.

The only seasidelight on salon-type treatment I've ever heard of is a **massage** in a bottle.

I must say that M. Jacques seems to be doing a roaring trade.

Which means, of course, that the poor fellow isn't having much fun in the sun.

Perhaps his energy will flag between the bathers!

Well, that's how the sand salon goes against my grain.

It would never do here, anyway.

An Australian's beach is his sandcastle. Not his beehive!

Try **that** on Bondi, girls, and you'll just be stirring up a hairnets' nest!

—Robin Adair

lines. The dress, how-

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

No. 9. A French Castle

Forts turned into houses



FAIRYTALE CASTLE Rigny-Usse, in France, was once a grim, austere fort. Photograph by Jos Jeiter, from "Renaissance Europe" (Batsford, London).

IN medieval times not only were towns and cities fortified but great houses in isolated positions had, from necessity, to be forts.

These castles had elaborate systems of defence with towers and battlements, and deep moats all around them. Their appearance generally was grim and forbidding.

With the coming of the use of gunpowder and increasingly heavy artillery, the castles became obsolete as strongpoints. As they were, however, still very useful as dwellings, their owners began to change the austere, cold fortresses into comfortable, and, incidentally, attractive, houses.

At Rigny-Usse, on the Loire River in northern France, the old fortified towers can be seen under the forest of pinnacle roofs and dormer windows which grew up over the older work. The result is more like an illustration from a book of fairytales than a real building, thus proving that even fairytales have some basis in fact.

There are hundreds of such quaint houses throughout France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and it was around these, naturally, that the famous fairytales were woven.

These adapted castles are a style to themselves and had no influence on the architecture which followed them. They represented the last of the old ideas before new architecture trends took over. However, we can be glad of this rather theatrical period, for it gave us some of the most romantic buildings that have ever been conceived.

Rigny-Usse was only a small fortress-house when it was first built, about 1320. After methods of warfare had changed, it not only grew, its elaborate roof covering more comfortable apartments, but it was gradually increased in size with whole new wings added and new buildings erected around it.

The major work of reconstruction was done in the 17th century by the great and fashionable Parisian architect Sebastian Vauban. It was he who gave Paris its first great boulevards and squares when he tore down the fortifications of the city to build new and more modern ones further out.

Vauban not only turned the old sites of the fortifications into great pieces of civic planning but he did it in such a sensible way that they have influenced town-planning to this day.

He also advised that the dank, squalid houses of the common people should be modernised, but this idea was so far in advance of the times that it did nothing but earn Vauban the displeasure of the King.

However, as Rigny-Usse was a house of the nobility, no restraints were put on the architect and he turned the grim old castle into the fascinating pile of building we see today.

The original building was not on a hilltop as so many castles were, but was set on an open plain, so that all points of the compass could be watched for the approach of hostile forces. This flat setting Vauban thought so unsuitable for the new appearance of the house that he caused whole woods to be planted in order to give the new romantic form of the house an appropriate setting.

This planning of beautiful foliage with cleverly arranged architecture makes a strangely beautiful design.

NEXT WEEK: A Tudor House.



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